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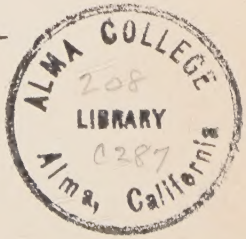

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St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572.

BY THE REV. W. LOUGHNAN, S.J.

A wicked day, and not a holiday!
(*King John*, Act iii. Sc. 1.)

ONLY fanaticism of the venerable and antique type which in quite recent times howled down a gentleman of acknowledged culture and integrity at the Guildhall, because it fancied it saw behind the civic chair of a Catholic Lord Mayor visions of racks, thumbscrews, and the lurid light of the Smithfield fires, is any longer equal to the assertion, often made and never yet retracted, that not content with butchering the Huguenots by thousands on St. Bartholomew's day, in the year of grace 1572, Catholics continue down to this very hour to defend and applaud the massacre, nay, even to keep the anniversary as a day of high celebration. With bigotry of this ignorant sort disclaimer and argument are alike unavailing; we can but once again enter our indignant protest against the charge, and, that done, contentedly leave the vindication of our character to time and that innate sense of justice and love of fair play which sooner or later bring Englishmen round to more equitable judgments about us. In the meantime, there is comfort in the knowledge that all do not think quite so evilly of us, that there are not a few, who if they cannot throw off their prepossessions so

thoroughly as to give us a plenary absolution for all our sins in the past, and in particular for our complicity in the St. Bartholomew Massacre, are yet glad to believe that we are now at the eleventh hour not only heartily sorry for, but thoroughly ashamed of, our misconduct.

So far so good. Mercies, however small, ought to be acceptable to those who, in the matter I am about to discuss, have not been used to much fair or kind treatment. But we are not satisfied with this half-loaf pittance of charity. We want the whole loaf; we do not ask for mercy, we demand justice. Anything short of justice, of a full acquittal from the guilt of the St. Bartholomew Massacre, is in our eyes as bad as no bread at all. Either we are guilty or not guilty; if the former, let us be straightway condemned without the benefit of extenuating circumstances; if the latter, let us have an immediate discharge. We plead Not Guilty; that we are no more to blame for the massacre, than we are responsible for the latest colliery or railway accident, that we come into court with absolutely clean hands, and that no verdict will satisfy us short of an explicit declaration that we leave it without a stain upon our character.

The history of mankind contains many a page as darkly stained with blood as that which records the St. Bartholomew Massacre. Why is the page turned down and the book kept perpetually open, ready for reference, at this most sorrowful chapter? Why is this atrocious deed remembered, when other slaughterings quite as wanton and cruel, the September massacres in Paris, for example, or the fusillades at Lyons, or the drownings at Nantes at

the close of last century, are, if not quite forgotten, at any rate seldom cast up as a reproach in the face of the French people? The reason of the difference is obvious. The St. Bartholomew has been saved from oblivion, is still flourished defiantly in our eyes, still "bewept to many simple gulls" even in our day, for this reason and for no other, that in the popular Protestant judgment it tells as few other historical facts tell against the Catholic Church. In that judgment the hideous deed of blood was the outcome of a plot, long premeditated and carefully arranged, a conspiracy to which a couple of Popes were accessories, the one *before* and the other *after* the fact, for the extermination of Protestantism in France, over which, when it had been consummated in rivers of blood, Rome, and with Rome all the Catholic world, rejoiced as for a great triumph of truth over heresy. This, succinctly, is the Protestant tradition, carefully nursed and industriously transmitted from age to age, which has come to be accepted by the non-Catholic world as the undeniable truth about the massacre. Is it any wonder that Protestant controversialists find in it one of their readiest weapons of offence against us, that they are slow to forget it themselves or suffer us to forget it? For if only the story they tell be the true story, our character is irretrievably gone.

Fortunately modern criticism has done a great deal to throw light on this dark subject by means of fresh diplomatic documents unearthed from the archives of Rome, France, Spain, Venice, and Belgium, which, if they do not unravel all the tangle of this intricate question, are amply sufficient to put three

things beyond all doubt. First, that the massacre was inspired by political, not religious motives; secondly, that the slaughter was not a matter of long, but of comparatively very short premeditation, if it was not actually a sudden impulse of wickedness; and thirdly, that the Church and the Holy See are in no way responsible for, or accomplices in, this most execrable deed. These three questions are so closely connected, that in answering one we are to some extent answering the others. For clearness' sake it will perhaps be best to take them separately and in the order in which I have just stated them.

The St. Bartholomew Massacre was a great crime committed by persons professing the Catholic faith. The guilt of it belongs to Charles IX. and his mother, with their councillors, and to no one else besides, except the actual executioners. We have the shame and the grief of confessing that the perpetrators of what the *Times* once called "the greatest crime, save one, ever committed," were, or rather ought to have been, Catholics—and that is all. To this extent, and to this extent only, has religion anything whatever to do with it. For nobody who is at all familiar with the history of Charles IX. and Catherine de' Medici can for a moment suppose that the massacre was wrought for any but political motives. So far was religion from being at the bottom of the mischief, that in the then state of men's minds nothing but religion could have prevented it. It is the absence, not the presence of religious motive, which is to blame. Apply a simple test to this assertion. Imagine for the nonce a very different set of characters and circumstances. Clear away the net

of intrigue which entangled the Court of Charles IX., sweep it clean of the moral filth with which it reeked, fancy it governed by the principles of the Gospel, set Blanche of Castille and St. Louis on the French throne in the room of Catherine and Charles, and we may be as certain as we are of our own existence, that there would have been no cold-blooded murder done upon the Huguenots, no St. Bartholomew's Massacre at all. The truth is, there was as little real religion amongst the slayers as amongst the slain.

Of the two principal actors in the dismal tragedy, Charles IX. may be treated almost as a *quantité négligeable.* A poor creature at the best, of sickly body and stunted mind, knowing only in vice, he took his cue from his mother and went blindly by her direction. With her the case is very different. To charge her, whom the late Louis Veuillot once aptly described as *moins reine qu' Euménide,* with zeal for religion in dooming the Huguenots to slaughter is about as reasonable as to impute the same exalted motive to little M. Thiers, when he shot his Communards down in the streets of Paris or on the plain of Satory. In name a Catholic, in manners a pagan, a freethinker of the school of Machiavelli with a leaning to the occult sciences, caring nothing for religion and everything for power, ready to use Calvinism, which she hated and despised, when it served her purpose, and no less ready, when it stood in her way, to trample it under her feet, she had as much love and reverence for the Vicar of Christ as her royal sister Elizabeth over the way. Like Henry VIII. she was quite willing to put the gold of the Church into her pocket and the Triple Crown

itself on her head, but she had not the least idea of placing her purse, or her sceptre, or her head at the disposal of the Admiral of Châtillon. She was perfectly prepared to wreck the old faith of France by connivance with heresy, but not to risk the monarchy or her own hold of power by compromising overmuch with faction and rebellion.[1] She had come to terms more than once with the Huguenots, but seeing in the end that the bargain would not hold, because, its patience exhausted, France would no longer ratify it, she fell back like the Italian she was on the resources of her native cunning, and unable to subdue her enemies in the open day adopted the plan of assassinating them treacherously in the darkness of night. Zeal for religion had so little place in the calculations of this false woman, that, when in the secret council held immediately before the massacre she urged her wretched son to adopt her plan of midnight murder, she never once invoked the name of religion, but exhorted him to rid himself at one blow of enemies who had never shown the least respect either for his person or for his authority.[2] Zeal for religion, therefore, was not the motive of the massacre—this will appear still more clearly as we proceed—it had no hand at all in the deadly work; in the words of the canny Scot, who could not see any necessary connection between the religiousness of a town and the number of its churches and chapels:

[1] "Il re e la madre, come V.S. sa, erano venuti a tale, che si dubbitava, se fossero heretici. Ed io da fanciullo ho sentito publicamente nominare la Regina fomentatrice d'heresie." (*Vatican Arch. Armar.* 64, vol. 31; Copia d'una lettera del Padre Panicarola, da Parigi, 26 Agosto, 1572. See Zeitschrift f. Geschwsch. Jahrgang, 1892. Erstes Heft, in note p. 110.)

[2] Bossuet, *Abrégé de l'Hist. de France; Règne de Charles IX.*

"It was no religious zeal ava', but just cursedness of temper." It was a hellish deed conceived in the crafty brain of Catherine, begotten in great measure of her jealousy of Coligny, and wrought in the unrestrained fury of passion by a people burning to deal a final blow of summary vengeance on its hated enemy.

If the Court, then, is not open to the imputation of an excessive zeal for religion, can as much be said, it may be asked, for the French clergy in general, who, as H. Martin, Soldan, Dargaud, and other non-Catholic writers would have us believe, in many places actually encouraged the assassins in their bloody work, and when it was done went and gave solemn thanks to God in His churches for its success?

Baseless allegations of this sweeping kind are a manifest invention of the enemy, of writers notoriously hostile to the Catholic religion, whose malignant attempt to connect the illustrious Church of France with deeds of perfidious cruelty, such as the St. Bartholomew Massacre, has not the faintest chance of success except by the deliberate perversion or the dishonest suppression of historical facts. It is remarkable how rarely we come upon the name of any ecclesiastic in the history of the massacre, and how when we do encounter bishop or priest it is only to find them, as might have been expected, taking a firm stand on the side of humanity. Nothing is more certain than that the French clergy, as a body, with few if any exceptions, were not only innocent of all participation in the crime of Charles IX., but that in many instances they successfully opposed it, often

at the risk of their lives, and that, when not deceived as to its true character, they sternly condemned it. No bishop and no priest was present at the deliberations in which the massacre was decreed. Cut-throat clerics with a crucifix in one hand and a dagger in the other are no doubt effective enough figures on the stage, and would be more thrilling still if they were only more real, historical and not merely melodramatic personages. The Cardinal of Lorraine, in particular, who is sometimes depicted busy in Paris blessing poniards to be presently plunged in the palpitating hearts of recreant Huguenots, was away all this time in Rome, whither he had gone for the Conclave which elected Pope Gregory XIII. as successor to St. Pius V.

So far from countenancing the slaughter, the prelates and clergy of France, animated by the true spirit of Christ, were not seldom the defenders of the hunted Huguenots, screening them against the civil authorities and rescuing them from the hands of the populace, whose fury these same fanatics had done so much during long years of the most lawless and abominable excesses to bring down upon themselves in overwhelming retribution. At Lisieux, as all the world knows, the noble-hearted Bishop, Jean Hennuyer, saved a considerable number of Protestants from the hands of the infuriate people over whom the civil authorities had lost all control. At Toulouse the convents and monasteries took a glorious revenge for numberless past outrages on monk and nun by opening their doors and giving shelter to the persecuted Protestants. At Lyons the Archbishop received more than three hundred of

them into his own palace, which the angry mob assailed and stormed to tear from his arms the victims his charity had in vain sought to protect. At Nantes and Montpellier the clergy were more successful, staying the massacre and saving the lives of great numbers whom they hid away in their houses till the danger was over. At Nîmes, which had been the scene of two of the most cold-blooded among their many atrocious massacres, the lives of numerous Huguenots were saved by the energetic interference of the clergy. In the words of Fleury, who does not usually sin by excessive praise: "The clergy in spite of all the ill-usage they had received from the heretics saved as many of them as they could in various places."[1] The clergy of Paris, it is true, threw open their churches and held services of thanksgiving as for a national deliverance, but they did so, because in company with the rest of the French people, the Pope, and many foreign Courts, they were deceived by Charles' declarations made before the Parliament of Paris and repeated in subsequent statements to all Europe, and were led to believe in the discovery of a Huguenot plot for the murder of the King, with all his Court, and for the overthrow of the Government, a conspiracy in which clemency or delay would have been fatal to the Church, the monarchy, and society.

In a word, if we except the cases in which heresy was only a cloak for rebellion or in which principles were propagated alike fatal to human society and subversive of religion and morality, there is no authentic evidence on record to attest that the action of the

[1] Fleury, tom. xxxv. c. xxxix. p. 170; Caveirac, tom. vii. p. 480.

civil power in putting heretics to death was ever approved by the Church in any country; that she could ever wittingly and deliberately lend her sanction to cold-blooded treachery and murder will be maintained only by that species of obstinate prejudice with which any attempt at argument is sheer waste of time.

Let us pass on to the vexed question, whether the massacre was or was not a matter of long premeditation. Down to the present century historians seem to have been about equally divided on the point. Non-Catholic writers who accused the Pope of a guilty knowledge of the crime felt the need of some such theory; for if it arose out of circumstances immediately preceding its perpetration, the Holy See could have had no knowledge of it. The controversy has in our day been finally set at rest by the comparatively recent discovery and publication of manuscripts from the diplomatic correspondence of the sixteenth century, and in particular of the secret despatches written by Salviati, the Papal Nuncio at Paris, to the Cardinal Secretary at Rome for the information of the Sovereign Pontiff. The premeditation theory is now, therefore, universally rejected by writers of any name, who have made this subject a special study, such as Chateaubriand, who discovered the Salviati cypher, Soldan, Ranke, Lingard, H. Martin, Alzog, and others.[1] This theory long rested on a supposed secret treaty, alleged to have been concluded between France and Spain, in 1567, that is, five full years before the massacre, for the total extirpation of the Protestant religion. How,

[1] Cf. C. Cantu (French translation), vol. xv. Notes Additionnelles, F; Theiner, *Annales*, i. 42; Ranke, *Civil Wars*, &c. vol. ii. ch. i.

we might stop to inquire, how did this terrible secret come to be so thoroughly well kept—particularly amongst a people like the French, who, as Prosper Mérimée observes, are fond to excess of taking the world into their confidence—that the existence of the treaty has always been, at its best, so difficult of proof? Amongst ourselves Hallam[1] gives no credit to this league, as printed in Strype (i. 502), "which seems," he says, "to have been fabricated by some of the Queen's [Elizabeth's] emissaries." But let me first tell the story of the massacre, and comment on it afterwards.

The treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, concluded in August, 1570, had sent a thrill of shame and rage through the length and breadth of France. And no wonder, since it robbed the victorious Catholics of all the advantages which they had won at the price of their best blood shed on the fields of Jarnac and Moncontour, to hand them over to the hated and vanquished Huguenots, by giving the latter uncontrolled freedom of worship, removing their political disabilities, and, as security for the future, putting or leaving them in possession of the four important fortified cities of La Rochelle, Montauban, Cognac, and La Charité. The star of the Huguenots was again in the ascendant. Coligny, who had been degraded from his high office of Admiral and outlawed by the Parliament of Paris in 1569, was received into favour, invited to Court, and even admitted into the King's counsels. The effect of his newly acquired influence was soon apparent in the espousal by the King of the Protestant side in

[1] *Const. Hist.* vol. i. ch. iii. p. 185.

European politics, in the betrothal of his sister Margaret to the young Huguenot King of Navarre, in the secret treaty entered into with England for religious no less than for political purposes,[1] and, above all, in the underhand support extended to the Protestant rebels in the Low Countries. Emboldened by the success of his schemes, Coligny at last took the step which led ultimately to his own assassination and the massacre which followed it, when on the defeat of the Huguenot de Genlis by the Duke of Alva at Mons (June 11, 1572), he strove to push the King into an open rupture with Spain by a formal declaration of war. For the eyes of the Queen-mother were by this time open to the alarming fact, that the influence she had exercised over her son from his cradle was passing to another, and with it her control of State affairs. It was no longer her will or her son's, but the imperious will of Coligny that dictated the foreign and domestic policy of France. She was wounded at once in her maternal instincts, which were strong, and in her ruling passion, love of power, which was stronger still. Of open hostilities with Spain she would not hear until secure of the support of England, and that was more than problematical. But if the war was to be prevented, something must be done, and done quickly. At the meeting with her son in the famous Council of Montpipeau (August 10, 1572) she plied him on her knees with tears, threats, and entreaties, not altogether without effect. The King promised obedience, but, weak and irresolute as usual, soon fell again under the domination of Coligny.

[1] Calendar of State Papers (*Foreign*), 1572, nn. 262, 272.

In Catherine's mind the hour was come to strike a blow which should be decisive of her ascendency, To that ascendency Coligny was the principal obstacle. It seems clear that the Queen's abandonment of her policy of conciliation dates from the interview at Montpipeau, and as little doubtful that she formed there and then her project for the assassination of Coligny. Coligny killed, the King would be once again manageable. The Huguenots would probably fly to arms to avenge his death, a little blood-letting, and the catastrophe might be explained to the world as the final act in the civil war. Accordingly, in the morning of August 22nd, Coligny was fired upon by a hired assassin as he was returning from a visit to the King. The wounds inflicted, though serious, were not mortal. The first blow had failed; it must now be repeated, if only in self-defence. Terrified by her consciousness of guilt and the defiant attitude of the Huguenots clamouring for vengeance, Catherine threw shame and irresolution to the winds.[1] In a secret council held at the palace and composed of the King, Anjou, Guise, and others, she at last overcame the scruples of her son and persuaded him to anticipate the bloody and traitorous designs, attributed to the friends of the Admiral, in the massacre that followed.[2] Coligny was the first to perish at the hands of a party headed by the Duke of Guise in circumstances of peculiar horror and indignity. Then at the first sound of the tocsin, the preconcerted signal, the people of Paris, already for days excited to fever-

[1] Salviati to the Cardinal of Como, September 2nd and 22nd, apud Theiner, *Annales*, vol. i. Mant. Doc. p. 331.

[2] Lingard, *Hist. of England*, viii. ii. p. 96; Theiner, *Annales*, vol. i. pp. 328, seq.

point by the presence and arrogant bearing of the hated Huguenots in their midst,[1] were let loose to work their wicked will, and, their passions inflamed by the memory of a thousand wrongs, they fell to work of slaughter in house and street and lane with a frenzy of rage and a thirst for blood not to be satiated till the very gutters ran and the waters of the Seine were red with it.

The bloody drama enacted in the streets of Paris **was played over again, as we** have already seen, in **the towns and cities of** the provinces, principally in those which had suffered the most cruelly in times past at the hands of the Huguenots; with this difference, however, that whereas in the capital the murders were sanctioned by authority, in the provinces they were generally the effect of popular passion, which the civil governors had not always the power, when they had the will, to control.[2] As to the total number of the slain, it is quite impossible to form an accurate opinion, since the statements of historians on this head are most conflicting, and fluctuate between the two extremes of 1,000 and 100,000. Mr. Froude,[3] whilst giving in the text the latter figure as the number of persons believed at the time to have perished, has the fairness to add, in a foot-note, that in all large numbers, when unsupported by exact statistics, it is safe to divide

[1] Previous Edicts of Pacification had expressly stipulated, that the King's "good city of Paris" was never to be offended by the presence of the obnoxious Huguenot. The leaders of the party with hundreds of their followers had flocked into Paris on this occasion for the celebration of the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret of Valois.

[2] Lingard, loc. cit.; *Revue des Quest. Hist.* vol. i. pp. 330—348.

[3] *Hist. of England*, vol. x. c. xxiii. p. 408.

at least by ten. Even so, ten thousand is probably a gross exaggeration, since with all the pains they may be presumed to have taken to arrive at the correct number, the Calvinists failed to identify by name more than about eight hundred victims for insertion in the pages of their Martyrology.[1]

This in substance is the story of the massacre. It is difficult to understand how writers who allow Catherine to have been one of the shrewdest political heads of her time, can in the same breath contend that the massacre was a plot deeply laid and long premeditated; for surely never was crime of such magnitude, the results of which were to be so far-reaching and so lasting, more clumsily executed. Not only did the contrivers of the alleged plot take no means to secure success, they on the contrary did all in their power to ensure failure. They seem even to have gone out of their way to give the Huguenots timely warning of the storm that was brewing. Instead of so arranging matters that the massacre should take place simultaneously on the same day all over the kingdom, as Assuerus of old had ordered the slaughter of the Jewish people, we are told that the first orders of the King for its execution were issued on the 28th of August, four days after St. Bartholomew's day, a delay which would allow plenty of time for the news of the massacre at Paris to precede the King's despatches and give the alarm to the threatened Huguenots. In fact, the murders in the provinces were the work not of a single day, but of whole weeks, the frenzy

[1] *Martyrologe des Calvinistes*, printed in 1582, and quoted by M. Ch. Barthélemy, *Mensonges Historiques*, 1ère série, p. 220.

of killing spreading from town to town like the ravages of the influenza or the cholera in our own time.[1] Again, what surer way to defeat the plan by alarming the enemy and putting him on his guard, than the attempt on Coligny's life two days before the general massacre? What could the astute Catherine have been dreaming about to jeopardize the entire enterprise, for the sake of anticipating the death of her enemy by two short days? In the hypothesis, then, of a premeditated plot, the measures for its successful execution were from first to last so ill-taken that the massacre was not only not the final act in the war, but on the contrary the signal for a fresh outbreak of civil strife a few weeks later. With a fatality, therefore, which so often waits on wickedness, the crime was a useless and a barren crime. The Catholics were eventually the losers and their victims the only gainers by it, since it has affixed an indelible stigma to the Catholic name, and by the feelings of pity it has evoked in men's minds for the sufferings of the Huguenots, has helped the world to forget, if not to condone, the misdeeds which brought down at last so terrible a retribution on their heads.[2]

[1] The massacres took place at Meaux, August 25; at La Charité, August 27; at Saumur and Angers, August 29; at Lyons, August 30; at Troyes, September 2; at Bourges, September 15; at Rouen, September 17; at Romans, September 20; at Toulouse, September 23; at Bordeaux, October 3; at Poitiers, October 27.

[2] A Nemesis seems to have dogged the steps of the chief actors in the massacre. Charles IX. never held up his head after it, and died two years later. The Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III., was assassinated, while still under the ban of excommunication for his murder of the Cardinal of Guise, by Jacques Clément, in 1589. The Duke of Guise was savagely murdered when as head of the Ligue he was playing in Paris the traitorous part formerly played by Coligny as chief of the Huguenot faction. Coligny was done to death by

But there remains still to be considered the most serious charge of all, the alleged complicity of the Holy See in the massacre.

"What judgment," asked the *Times* no longer ago than September 5, 1892, "are we to form about the Pope who gave his approval to the St. Bartholomew Massacre, and who is now ranked among the canonized saints of his Church?' Is this really the voice of our leading journal, or is it only a familiar echo from Exeter Hall? What judgment are we to form? Why, what judgment can any reasonable being form save only this, that so surely as Pius V. is a canonized Saint of his Church—for the poisoned shaft is aimed at him—so surely did he never, no, never, give his approval to the St. Bartholomew Massacre. A man may not believe in the saints, nor in the invocation of the saints, but if he is a man with a grain of sense, he must admit that there is not on God's earth a more irrefragable testimony to character than that which is furnished by canonization. Hatred of Catholicism to be effective should be seasoned with just a spice of sense, and what man of sense, let him hate the Church with ever so "perfect a hatred," will go the length of affirming that she canonizes the accomplices of murder? Yes, Pius V., in whose elevation to the Chair of St. Peter men, such as St. Charles Borromeo and St. Philip Neri, saw a special intervention of Providence, is

order of Charles IX.; Guise by that of Henry III. Guise spurned the corpse of Coligny with his foot; Henry III. kicked that of Guise in the face. Catherine de' Medici died neglected in January, 1589. "Elle n'eut pas plus tôt rendu le dernier soupir, qu'on n'en fit pas plus de compte que d'une chèvre morte." (*L'Estoile.* Cf. Chateaubriand, *Études ou Discours Historiques*, vol. iv. pp. 297, seq.)

a canonized Saint, whom the Church of God invokes and holds up to the veneration of her children, and in whose honour she offers to God the great sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. The fact, therefore, though only indirect, is yet absolutely conclusive evidence, that the charge of complicity in the St. Bartholomew Massacre, laid at his door by the enemies of Catholicism, is as nonsensical as it is blasphemous.

But this is by no means all. Two things at the outset are perfectly plain: first, that if the Pope had any hand in this most atrocious crime, his complicity must be that of the accessory before the fact, for Pius had been in Heaven nearly four months when the massacre took place; and secondly, that if he gave his approval to it, he must have had some previous knowledge of it, since not even an infallible Pope can sanction that of which he has no knowledge. But what knowledge could Pius have had of a crime, which the very perpetrators, as we have seen and is now generally admitted, had not even imagined till a very few days, a couple of weeks at the most, before its actual commission? An ingenious attempt to solve the problem has been made by Canon Jenkins, who in a letter printed in the *Times* of September 2, 1892, lays it down peremptorily that "the urgent letters of this sanguinary Pope to the King and Queen of France led on to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." Here at any rate we have a distinct and definite charge. It was the letters of St. Pius V. which wrought the mischief.

Now in the matter of these letters we must be careful to keep closely to the high-road, the point

in debate, and not allow ourselves to be led off into the by-lanes of side issues. The question is, therefore, not whether these "urgent" letters were urgent for a policy of greater or less severity against the Huguenots, but whether they were urgent with an intent or an utter recklessness of the consequences of his words, which lays their writer open to the serious charge of complicity in one of the most atrocious deeds of treachery and murder on record.

The policy advocated by St. Pius towards the Huguenots, as revealed in his correspondence with Charles IX. and the Queen-mother,[1] is undoubtedly a policy of stern but just, and it may be added, necessary severity. The world in these days may disapprove of the policy and condemn it as unwise. All that, as we have said, is beside the present question, which is whether a man may not urge another to adopt for self-preservation measures of severity against his assailants without laying himself open to the charge of inciting to deeds of lawless violence. Now the Pope's policy was the very opposite of the policy pursued by Charles and his mother, which had done so much to aggravate the religious troubles of France by constantly allowing the Huguenots to play fast and loose with their engagements, when a little determination would have put an end once for all to their career of slaughter, sacrilege, and devastation. Pius, therefore, on his accession to the Pontifical throne, in 1566, lost no time in urging the young King of France to take effectual measures for the suppression of these

[1] *Apostolicarum Pii Quinti, Pont. Max. Epistolarum Libri Quinque*, &c. Editi operâ et curâ Francisci Goubau. Antwerpiæ, 1640.

obstinately rebellious heretics. His sentence is for an open, vigorous, uncompromising prosecution of the war until all rebellion is completely trampled out. The Pope is moreover perfectly frank and above-board, speaking his mind, not as conspirators and evil counsellors do, in secret corners or under his breath, and with his hand to his mouth, but straightforwardly by public formal Brief, for all the world to see and read and understand. He even sent money and a little army to the help of the King, which covered itself with glory on the fields of Jarnac and Moncontour. Protestants remember only that the Huguenots were heretics; in the eyes of Pius they were rebels also—the two epithets are constantly coupled together in his letters—brigands by land and pirates on sea, restless, insatiable, implacable, and with men such as these he urges the King, again and again, to wage war to the knife, never to come to terms, never to give them any peace until the rebellion has been crushed out of the land. He goes further, he threatens the King with the judgments of God for neglect of his duty to the Church and his own subjects by his criminal tolerance of rebellious heretics, even to the loss of his crown if, like Saul sparing the Amalekites, he spares those who spare neither God nor man. Language strong as this, it may be urged, is a direct incitement to a war of extermination. If so, it is at any rate war, not massacre nor murder, war carried on by soldiers lawfully enrolled and fighting according to the laws of civilized warfare, not waged by cut-throats and assassins, which the Pope is advocating for the extermination of a most savage and relentless rebellion.

But, it may be further argued, that not in the course of the war alone, but even when the heat of battle is passed and the blood has cooled down again, is the King exhorted to show himself merciless to his rebellious subjects. Well, but is mercy to the guilty never an injustice to the innocent? And how, pray, had the Huguenots profited by former leniency if not to commit fresh offences? If unbelief or heresy culminates in persistent overt treason, it finds no mercy under any Government worthy of the name, and it must be remembered that whenever the Pope urges the punishment of persistently rebellious and obdurate heretics, even to the infliction of the death penalty, which may be implied but is nowhere explicitly mentioned in the letters, he has always the legal forms of justice in his mind, often on his lips in such expressions as *justis pœnis, justisque suppliciis quæ legibus statuta sunt; adjuvare ut justitiæ et legibus locus sit.* (April 13 and 26, 1569.) The law which punishes treason with death is to be found on the records of all civilized nations, and in extreme cases, such as this of which the Pope is speaking, there is often no alternative but to remove the traitor from the body politic, as you remove a cancer by the knife, mawkish sentimentality notwithstanding. If it be argued, as Canon Jenkins' letter seems to argue, that letters so "urgent," and they are very urgent, could only result in murder and massacre, I answer that it would be as reasonable to argue, that because the English law visits murder with the death penalty, the press may not, in given circumstances and for good reasons, urge the Executive to a rigorous enforcement of the law without incurring the guilt

of inciting the community to inflict lynch-law on reputed murderers.

The enemies of Pius have even gone the length of asserting that he forbade the giving of quarter, and ordered all rebels taken in battle to be killed out of hand. The assertion is unsupported by a tittle of evidence. But even if true, is the slaying of rebels taken in arms never anything but unjust and unlawful slaying, that is, murder? Is such a summary and severe measure never justifiable homicide? Was it murder in the suppression of the Commune to shoot down men caught *in flagranti*, with the stain of powder on their hands and the mark of the kick of the rifle on their shoulders? And, oh, how tender our conscience when we fancy we have caught a Pope tripping, how little squeamish about our own hard dealings with rebels! Why, the cry for vengeance on the rebel Sepoys still shrills through the air, though it is now more than thirty years since it went up from the Protestant press and pulpits of England. "No nation," wrote the *Saturday Review*,[1] "was ever so irresistibly called to vengeance, and the call will be readily answered." "The mercy which Alva showed in the Netherlands must be all that we know for the present."[2] "It is one consolation, after all we have suffered, that Englishmen now know a little too much about their 'Hindoo fellow-subjects' to be spoony about them. When the country is resettled, the measures adopted will not be tinged with any misbegotten sentimentality."[3]

Quotations of this grim kind might be multiplied almost indefinitely. But enough. Is there not, perhaps,

[1] January 2, 1858. [2] July 25, 1857. [3] September 5, 1857.

after all some little mistake about this hideous charge brought against the Holy See of complicity in political murder? Has it really been left at the right door? Ought it not to have been taken over the way? Has the Canon who bears so heavily on St. Pius V., never heard of a certain address in which the Archbishops and Bishops of the Anglican Establishment were very "urgent" with the "sanguinary" Head of their Church in September of this same year 1572, for the death of Mary Stuart? How "urgent" they were will appear from the following abridgment of their arguments as given by Mr. Froude[1] from a MS. endorsed in the hand of Burghley, arguments which, we are told, are mainly theological. "Magistrates," they said, "are instituted by God for the suppression of wickednesses; Mary Stuart was wicked, and the Queen would therefore offend in conscience if she did not punish her. Whether the late Queen of Scots was Queen or subject, stranger or citizen, kin or not kin, by God's word she deserved to suffer, and that in the highest degree. Saul spared Agag, because he was a king, and for that fault God took the kingdom from Saul. . . . Those who seduced the people of God into idolatry were to be slain: there was an express order that no pity should be shown them. . . . If Mary was allowed to escape, God's wrath would surely light on the prince who spared her. . . . To show pity to an enemy, a stranger, a professed enemy of Christ, convicted of so many heinous crimes . . . might justly be termed *crudelis misericordia*." "So spoke," concludes Mr. Froude, "the English Bishops, conveying, in the language of the day, the

[1] *History of England*, vol. x. chap. xxii. pp. 360, 361

conviction of the soundest understandings." To more homely minds "the conviction of the soundest understandings" will convey only fresh confirmation of the old familiar adage about the unwisdom of over-indulgence in the luxury of stone-throwing if you have the misfortune to live in a glass house. For either they were right or they were wrong, these Most Reverend Fathers in God. If they were right, how is Pius wrong? If they were wrong, then, at the worst, the "urgent" letters of the "sanguinary" Pope, who called for the punishment of armed heresy and treason, will compare not unfavourably with the truculence of men clamouring for the blood of a defenceless woman at the cruel hands of her unscrupulous cousin.

Well anyhow, it will perhaps be argued by our opponents, if Pius V. is acquitted, there is no denying the complicity of Gregory XIII. in the massacre. He at any rate is an accomplice after, if Pius is not an accessory before, the fact.

"Whether in matter of fact Gregory XIII. had a share in the guilt of the St. Bartholomew Massacre must be proved to me," wrote Cardinal Newman to the *Tablet* just twenty years ago, "before I believe it. It is commonly said in his defence that he had an untrue, one-sided account of the matter presented to him, and acted on misinformation. This involves a question of fact, which historians must decide. But even if they decide against the Pope, his infallibility is in no respect compromised. Infallibility is not impeccability. Even Caiphas prophesied, and Gregory was not quite a Caiphas."

Gregory was certainly no Caiphas, and though not a canonized Saint, he lived the life and died the

death of a holy Pope. The man who reformed the calendar and gave his name to it, was in the eyes of his contemporaries—this is the unanimous testimony of historians—a character of singular sweetness and gentleness, the very last man in the world to dream of, or rejoice in, deeds of treachery and bloodshed. But good or bad, his complicity in the massacre must be proved, not simply asserted, for when Catholics murder or massacre it is not a matter of course that the Pope is a consenting party. It is, as the Cardinal says, a question of fact and of proof. Now infallibility is not omniscience any more than it is impeccability. However deeply Catholics revere the Vicar of Christ, they do not, as Protestants sometimes accuse them of doing, invest the Pope with the attributes of the Almighty, "knowing all things, even our most secret thoughts." His vision is limited like yours and mine, gentle reader; even he cannot see through a stone wall. The defence of Gregory commonly offered is the true defence. There is no proof, and never was any proof, that the Pope knew of an intended massacre; but there is proof in abundance that, after the event, its true character was studiously concealed from him by those who contrived and wrought it. The Cardinal of Como's letter,[1] dated

[1] The following extract from Como's letter to Salviati will show how little the Curia was aware at this date (Sept. 8th) of the true state of the case, complaining as it does of the scanty information supplied by Salviati. "While His Holiness, with all the [Sacred] College experienced great consolation and was full of joy on reading this news [he would have wished that your Lordship's despatches had been fuller, more explicit, and circumstantial, this being a matter which deserved that you should write about it in great detail, adding such considerations as pertain to such an event, treating of the origin of these ideas, of the manner in which they have been carried into effect, with whose advice and co-operation, and what are the results which may be hoped

September 8th, asking for further information about the origin of the massacre, its authors, the manner of its execution, and its probable effects, as well as the despatches of the Nuncio in reply, prove conclusively that neither Pope nor Nuncio were in the plot nor in any way accessories to the deed.[1] Even if it be conceded that certain mysterious hints dropped in his presence at Court had given Salviati an inkling of coming treachery, it is at any rate plain from these letters that he had kept his suspicions dark, and that the event took him, no less than the Curia, completely by surprise. Davila, a strong partisan of Catherine's, expressly states that the design was concealed from the Nuncio; the continuator of Mackintosh says that the Nuncio was not in the confidence of those who contrived the plot; even Sismondi is of the same opinion. Indeed Salviati, in informing the Pope of the massacre, states that when, after their first attempt, the murderers discovered that Coligny was not dead, they "determined to throw all shame aside,"[2] words which do not read as if either he or the Pope, to whom he was writing, had any part in their acts.

Yes, the Pope *was* given a one-sided account of the matter and *did* act on misinformation.

for from them for the service of God according to your judgment concerning the event]." . . . *The writer here puts his pen through the passage in brackets, perhaps as being too long, and substitutes in its place the following:* "To say the truth, he would have wished that your letter had been a little fuller, the more so because on numberless other matters you have expressed yourself at much greater length and in greater detail. This, for the love I bear you, I am unwilling to keep from you." (Rom. Vatic., *Francia*, no. 283, 1572. See *Zeitschrift f. Geschwsch*, l.c. note pp. 134, 135.)

[1] Salviati to Como, Sept. 22, apud Theiner, l.c. pp. 331, 332.

[2] Theiner, l.c. pp. 331, 332.

Charles IX. and his mother took very good care that he should be so misled and misinformed, a deception very much more easily accomplished in those days, than in these of telegraphs and "our own" correspondents. The King particularly requested Salviati to keep back his despatch, until his own letter to the Pope should be ready, "as he desired that his Ambassador should be the first to give his news to the Pope."[1] Salviati's letter, though dated on the 24th, only left Paris on the 26th of August, after the King had made his statement to Parliament. That statement was a declaration, read by Charles in presence of the Court and to a full House, to the effect that having, by God's mercy, discovered a nefarious plot to murder himself and all the royal family, to upset the monarchy and destroy the Church, he had inflicted prompt and well-merited punishment on the conspirators. This is the version, which studiously concealing the true character of the massacre and representing it as a necessary measure of self-preservation was embodied in the official despatches and sent off to Rome and all the Courts of Europe. The Sieur de Beauville, Charles' special envoy to the Pope, was moreover instructed to support the tenour of his despatches with such verbal explanations as might help still further to remove from the Pontiff's mind any suspicion of treachery or illegality.[2]

[1] Despatch of Salviati, August 24, apud Theiner, *Annales*, i. p. 329.

[2] Cf. Theiner, l.c. cap. xliii.; also p. 336. See Letter of Louis de Bourbon (Montpensier), dated August 26, in which he tells the Pope, that Coligny had been detected in a conspiracy to kill the King and all the royal family for the purpose of setting up a king of his own religion and establishing Protestantism in France.

Philip of Spain and Queen Elizabeth both believed in the reality of the conspiracy. Philip saw in the execution of the Admiral and his followers the fulfilment of his own advice to Charles to deal vigorously with the Huguenots, until the truth was made known to him, when he condemned the massacre as savouring rather of Turkish savagery than Christian justice.[1] Elizabeth long believed in the truth of the official story, or at any rate acted as if she believed in it,[2] for more than two months after the massacre she told La Motte Fénelon, Charles' Ambassador, when acceding to that monarch's request to stand sponsor to his daughter, born at the end of October, that "as for the condemnation of the admiral and the others, if their ruin were for the safety of the King of France, no one would be more glad than herself that they were dead." [3]

If Philip and Elizabeth, if the people and Parliament of Paris were hoodwinked, why should not the Pope have been deceived as well? What was there to make the story improbable? Was it not, on the contrary, to the last degree probable? For many years—ever since the death of Henry II.—to get possession of the King's person, to separate him from his Italian mother and keep him in their possession, if only as a hostage and security for their own safety, had been a favourite scheme of Condé and

[1] Brantôme, *Vie de l'Amiral de Châtillon*, tom. viii.

[2] Cf. Theiner, l.c. cap. xlvii. He says: "Ipsa Anglorum regina Elizabetha omni in hæreticos studio effusa de eorum conjuratione satis diu non dubitavit." He refers the reader to the *Recueil des dépêches, rapports, instructions, et mémoires des Ambassadeurs de France en Angleterre*, tom. 5, pp. 120, 138, 161, seq. Paris, 1840.

[3] *Dépêches de La Motte Fénelon*, vol. v. pp. 205, 206; ap. Strickland, *Elizabeth*, p. 283.

the Admiral. The conspiracy of Amboise had been followed once, if not twice, by similar projects. Familiar for years past with all this, the Pope hears of an event which is described to him as a stand-up fight between armed men, not as a treacherous and cold-blooded massacre; of a just punishment which he has reason to believe was lawfully inflicted on rebels and conspirators taken red-handed; of a deliverance which saved the life of the King, gave peace to France, and freed the Church from the ravages of an irreconcileable enemy—and all this on evidence, which, with the well-known antecedents of that enemy, it was the most natural thing in the world to accept as trustworthy. Three full months after the massacre it was still thought and spoken of in Rome as the repression of a murderous conspiracy, witness Muret's pompous harangue before the Pope and Cardinals, and in presence of the new envoy, sent by Charles to congratulate the Pontiff on his accession, and to remove from his mind any doubts it might still retain about the massacre.[1]

This, then, is that for which Catholics rejoiced and thanked God; not a lawless massacre, but the defeat of a Huguenot conspiracy, the deliverance of France from a relentless enemy, the triumph of right over wrong. It was natural that they should rejoice over an event which brought peace and safety to their side. Men just saved from an impending calamity do not stop to ask questions about the instruments of their deliverance. At least, they can hardly be expected not to feel and express joy for their safety. The Pope published a Jubilee, that is to say, he ordered

[1] Theiner, l.c. cap. xlvi. and pp. 336, 337.

a solemn thanksgiving to God for what he had been led to consider "a providential and almost miraculous escape" of the King of France from the "knavish tricks" of rebellious heretics, quite as legitimate a subject for congratulation, surely, as the mercy which our Anglican friends until lately commemorated in their thanksgiving services for "the happy deliverance of King James I. and the Three Estates of England from the most traitorous and bloody-intended massacre by gunpowder."[1]

There were, accordingly, processions, a *Te Deum*, illuminations, salvoes of artillery, and all the customary rejoicings on such occasions. The kindness of a friend has supplied me with a cast of the commemorative medal about which Protestants make such a pother. It witnesses as plainly, as anything of the sort can, to the belief of him who struck it in the story of an armed conspiracy put down by force of arms. It is the size of a two-shilling piece, and bears on the obverse the effigy of Gregory XIII., whilst on the reverse, under the legend *Vgonotiorum Strages*, stands the figure of the Destroying Angel, a cross in his left and a drawn sword in his right hand, in the act of defeating an armed band of six or seven Huguenots. Three of these are lying dead, another, perhaps intended for Coligny himself, equipped with helmet, breast-plate, and buckler, and holding in his right hand an uplifted, but broken sword, is on the point of falling; the rest, one of them apparently a woman, are running away in terror. The ground is strewn, as it would be after a fight, with buckler, sword, mace, and halberd. So much for the medal.

[1] Book of Common Prayer, 1824.

Vasari's painting of the St. Bartholomew bears the same witness. Those who are familiar with it describe it as the picture not of a massacre but of a stand-up fight or battle. When, it may be asked, did the paintings of the Vatican or the medals of the Pontifical museum begin to rank as Papal pronouncements? Artists are kittle cattle. When Paul III. took exception to the nudity of some of the figures in Michael Angelo's frescoes, the latter sent His Holiness word to trouble himself more about the reformation of men than the amendment of pictures. Vasari was at this time engaged upon the decoration of the Sala Regia in the Vatican Palace with frescoes descriptive of the Battle of Lepanto. He found an appropriate place in the same hall for a representation in three tableaux of the destruction of the Huguenots, a name which for years had been as full of menace and terror to Christendom as that of the abominable Turk himself. Surely, then, not love of truth, but only hatred of the Papacy can account for the persistency with which, evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, his undiscriminating assailants charge Gregory with approving the massacre, not as it had been told to him, but as history has revealed it to us with all its attendant horrors and the black lie which hid its guilt away, under a cloak of seeming legality, from the eyes of an amazed and horrified world.

But it is time to end. Whoever were the guilty contrivers of the massacre, whether the plot was of short or long premeditation, this much is certain, that the massacre was a purely political *coup d'état* by which, in the forcible language of Joseph de Maistre, "Quelques scélérats firent périr quelques scélérats,"

and that Catholics, as such, and the Holy See, in particular, are free from the least complicity in its guilt. If St. Pius V. was "urgent" for the extermination of rebellious heretics, his urgency was the same in kind as that which had preached the crusade against the Turk and had defeated him at Lepanto, a triumph in which, alas, Catholic France had no hand, she being in that hour (1571), unfortunately for her glory and her best interests, under the dominating influence of the Admiral of Châtillon. If Gregory XIII. was glad and gave thanks to God for the destruction of the Huguenots, this, we know, was because he had received a version of the tragedy which led him to believe, as it led others to believe, that they were only anticipated in their treacherous designs against the French Church and monarchy by timely measures of a regrettable but necessary severity. And so I take leave of the controversy, content if this small contribution to it has succeeded in throwing some little light into the dark corners of a mystery which calumny has done so much to deepen, and which will probably continue to be, in the future as in the past, better known than understood down to the Great Day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

(1207-1232.)

BY ELIZABETH MATHEW.

I.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary lived the span of her short life on earth in the far-off thirteenth century, and she belongs to that wonderful cycle of saints in whom we have learned to trace the personification of the spiritual history of that age of abounding faith and poetic mysticism: St. Francis, St. Clare, St. Elizabeth, and St. Louis—these four names head the Franciscan bead-roll: and their lives, if we read them aright, contain lessons which we all must learn, no matter how different may be the age in which we live and the work we have to do.

St. Francis came to bring back to a warring and troubled world the message of God made Man, in the love and simplicity of the Sermon on the Mount and the Sacrifice of Calvary; in his unfathomable charity and infinite compassion, in his ardour for suffering and zeal for souls, in his contempt for the riches and greatness of the world, and in his love for holy poverty, he left us precepts and examples which are needed to guide us through dangers that in one form or another are always with mankind. St. Clare and her companions and daughters, now known as the Order of Poor Clares, show us how weak women can, by the grace of God, embrace the hardest cross, and forsake, for love of their crucified Lord, every human consolation. And next comes St. Elizabeth, following the Franciscan rule in the world, and teaching us how to sanctify our human

joys and human sorrows, how to spiritualize every act of ordinary daily life; finally, how to bear grief and wrongs patiently and to find in sorrow only a path to heaven. Last, we see in St. Louis of France the ideal hero of Christian chivalry. Under his royal robes he wore the rough Franciscan habit; and he died, as St. Francis had desired to die, on his way to the Holy Land.

Each century has its special characteristics, and the thirteenth century is, above all, the century of true Christian chivalry. It was an age when the Red Cross Knight was the ideal hero not alone of song and story but of actual daily life; when men went forth to do great deeds for the sake of the faith in which they lived. They merged even their nationalities in one all-embracing and ennobling idea of a vast state of Christendom, the Holy Roman Empire, with its double bond of union, the Pope and the Emperor, representing the two great powers which were to dominate the world and rule together, one spiritual the other temporal, in the strength of the Christian faith, which was their standard and their guide.

Far different indeed is the materialistic, sceptical age in which we live; and yet the same Light is above to guide us, the same Christian doctrine is preached to us, and above all the same virtues are required to purify this hurrying, pressing, latter-day existence of ours, as were needed in that far off age of living and generous faith. And therefore, the life of an ideal Christian woman, lived in that world so different from the world we live in, will teach us a lesson containing now, as then, all wisdom and all knowledge. It is a hard and yet a tender lesson. In our daily lives we must take everything as from God and learn to see God in everything; we must do to His little ones, no matter how they may be disguised by surrounding sin, degradation, and misery, as we would that He should do unto us; and above all we must remember that the pomps and glories of this world are as dust and dross in His sight, and that the Christian religion is the religion of the Cross.

Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew II, King of Hungary, was born in 1207 and was sent when only four years old to the court of Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia, to be betrothed to his son, Ludwig. She was brought up at the Thuringian Court, according to the custom of those times, and educated in company with her future husband, so that from their early childhood they loved each other as most dear companions.

The story goes that Hermann of Thuringia had asked the hand of this baby Hungarian princess in deference to the prophecy of the famous minstrel Klingsor, who had told him that a star arising out of Hungary should shed a bright light over Thuringia. The thought is a graceful one, redolent of the poetic imagery of the time; but all we know is that Elizabeth came to dwell in the grim fortress of the Wartburg at Eisenach when she was still a little child, and that there she spent all but the four last years of her life.

Owing to the circumstances of her canonization—for she was declared a saint only two or three years after her death—we have the most detailed records of every incident of her life; her confessor, Conrad of Marburg, and her companions, Gita and Ysentrude, have left accounts so intimate and personal of her every act that in reading them we feel that we know and love her as they did, and can hardly realize that the events described really took place six hundred years ago.

It would seem that from her earliest childhood she possessed, by the grace of God, a marvellous spirit of prayer and a wonderful fund of simplicity and charity. She hated rich garments and the taking part in pomps and ceremonies of the Court, but loved to go amongst the poor and the sorrowful, to minister to their needs and try to relieve their sufferings.

Ludwig's mother the Landgravine Sophia, used to discourage and reprove what she regarded as childish eccentricity. On one occasion, when the Court was attending High Mass in full state and Elizabeth and her companions had been attired in robes and coronets to take their place in the retinue,

the Landgravine was horrified to find her crouching at the foot of a crucifix, bathed in tears, with her golden circlet lying beside her and the rich mantle discarded. "How can I wear a robe and a crown when I see our Lord before me naked and crowned with thorns?" said the child saint. But the Landgravine reproved her.

St. Francis was preaching in Umbria, and the grace which was directing him was working too in Elizabeth's heart, and teaching her the sacredness of poverty and suffering; but then, as now, that gospel was not the gospel of the great and the rich, and Elizabeth had few to encourage or support her.

The Landgravine would have preferred a bride for her son who would live as the world lived and do as others did. But though Elizabeth was as beautiful and as gifted as any other maiden of the Court, she was always trying to get her companions to join her in helping the poor who crowded round the courtyards of the castle, and when they were supposed to be at their tapestry or games they were generally either praying together in the church or secretly stealing out on their errands of mercy and charity. When Ludwig succeeded to the inheritance, his mother appears to have hoped that he would reject his father's choice and choose for himself another bride. She said that Elizabeth was better suited to be a nun than a wife, and that in a convent she could fast and pray far better than at a court. Elizabeth listened in silence and suffered in patience. She loved her betrothed husband with her whole heart and had grown up in the belief that God destined them to live their lives together; but if He willed otherwise she would be content. And so she watched, and prayed, and wept, as many maidens had done before, and have done since, in confident hope that He who had made her and who knew each beating of her human heart would give her grace to know and do His holy will.

To this period belongs the legend which poets and artists have made familiar to us all. Elizabeth left

the Wartburg one morning to take food and alms to the poor in the town below; she was herself wearing the rough woollen dress by which she disguised her identity when on her daily mission of mercy, and under her cloak she carried a heavy basket. Suddenly, at a turn in the path, she found herself face to face with the young Landgrave and his companions returning from a hunting expedition.

Now we know that though Elizabeth was a saint she was a very human saint, and we can imagine how her heart stood still with fear lest her mission of charity should be misunderstood by the one in all the world whose love was precious to her. What if he were angered by her poor dress, and thought indeed, as his mother had so often said, that it would dishonour him to see his bride so lowly?

And then the story tells how the sun shone upon her mantle and made it glisten as if it were of richest silk and gold, and her face was radiant with a beauty it never had before.

"What have you there, sweet lady?" asked Ludwig.

Elizabeth opened her cloak, and behold! the rough burden was no longer there—only a mass of fragrant roses; and her voice, tremulous from joyous astonishment sounded silvery in the still morning air as she murmured, "Roses, dear lord."

The briar roses that grow on the steep hill side above Eisenach are still called 'Elisabethenblumen,' 'Elizabeth's flowers,' and the fragrance of the rose legend brings back to us the poetry and piety of those sweet mystic days when faith abounded and had its reward.

Ludwig of Thuringia was, in his way, as saintly as his betrothed bride, and we are told that while she spent her time of probation in prayer and almsdeeds, he too was learning to be a worthy Christian knight, true to his motto, 'Piety, Justice and Charity,' and to his lady love, Elizabeth. It was in vain for his mother and other advisers to seek to deter him from his appointed marriage, and as soon as he had reached man's estate he insisted that their betrothal should be consummated.

II.

Elizabeth and Ludwig were wed in 1220, and thus, when hardly more than a child in years, Elizabeth entered upon the full duties and responsibilities of womanhood. It is in her life as a wife and mother that we may study the gifts and virtues which make her in so special a manner the model for women living in the world, and serving God in that state which brings the fulfilment of earthly happiness and, at the same time, scope for the highest service of Almighty God. God willed, by a special dispensation of His Providence in becoming man born of woman, to teach us the sanctity of maternity, and, by ordaining that His Virgin Mother should be espoused to St. Joseph, to whom he gave, in the eyes of the world, a father's authority over her and her Divine Son, He established the sacred foundation of the perfect Christian home.

The life of the Holy Family at Nazareth is the life in the light of which all Christian homes have since been sanctified. Although our Lord calls many souls to make for His sake the greatest sacrifice of which human nature is capable—namely, the relinquishing of human love—yet, of the majority of mankind this renunciation is not even asked, and to most of us is given to learn how, in virtue of our Divine Lord's Humanity, our human joys and human sorrows, our longings and our disappointments are to be sanctified and exalted. And in the old chronicler's account of Elizabeth's life with her husband, and of the way in which their love for each other became a means to draw them both to God, we see an example which now-a-days is sorely needed of the marvellous power for sanctification that belongs to Christian marriage.

It is this lesson, above all others, which Elizabeth's life teaches us. Other saints have followed the thorny path of mortification, others have tended the poor and shown their contempt for worldly greatness, in these characteristics she does not stand alone; but she is pre-eminent as one whose love for

her Divine Master was reflected in the love that she felt for the husband He had given her, and who knew how, while abating nothing of her piety and vigorous self-discipline, to remain above and beyond everything else a sweet and loving wife. Ludwig, it must be said, was also the model of a true and faithful husband and, though he does not share her canonization, one cannot doubt that in the eyes of God he emulated her sanctity. In the contemporary records of their lives we find the most tender description of their perfect union. When in the night she arose to pray she would plead that the love they bore each other might never mar their love of God; while she prayed she kept her hand clasped in his, and sometimes he would wake to find her praying, and would join his prayers to hers for themselves, for their people, and above all for the children that it might please God to send them.

When the joy of motherhood came to her, her ardour in prayer redoubled. In thanksgiving for the birth of each of her children she made a pilgrimage, bare-foot and clad in humblest raiment, carrying her baby in her arms, to some poor and distant church, and there she offered up to God the new life He had entrusted to her care, making at the same time the humble offering of a small wax candle as if she were a poor peasant woman. This was in remembrance of our Lady's Purification, and that her child might begin its life in the poverty and lowliness of the Babe of Bethlehem.

While devoted to the duties and joys of her home, Elizabeth was at the same time always ready to take her full share in the responsibilities of her position. Thanks to the influence of her example and her husband's, the Thuringian Court became famous throughout Germany for the valour and honour of its knights and the purity and holiness of its ladies. Elizabeth and her maidens would retire from the gay feasts and assemblies they had graced and adorned with their presence, to lay aside their bright array and go down to the poorest quarters of the town below the Wartburg, to tend the sick, comfort the sorrowful and

above all to succour the helpless little children. In those days, we must remember, the poor depended for help on the spontaneous charity of the rich: neither political economists nor charity organizers were there to stultify the simple Christian doctrine, "Give to him who asks of thee, and from him who would borrow of thee turn not away." So Elizabeth gave and gave and gave, and when his seneschal came one day, during a time of famine, to tell the Landgrave that Elizabeth had given away all the corn in the granaries and that they would soon be as destitute as the poorest around them, Ludwig answered: "No matter; my lady's charity is the greatest treasure in Thuringia." His faith was justified, for what she gave seemed to come back to them a thousand fold. On one occasion an embassy arrived without warning from Elizabeth's father the King of Hungary, bringing presents and asking for an audience. Ludwig sent to Elizabeth begging her to prepare to receive her father's messengers with all due pomps and ceremony, and she suddenly realized that she had just given away all her gay adornments and even her robe of state.

"Surely, sweet lady, you will do honour to your father's friends and appear before them as a princess should appear?"

"Forgive me, dear lord," said Elizabeth, coming towards him in the soft woollen dress and cloak which she wore when going on her missions of charity, and looking up into his face with that tender, anxious look that always made him think of roses, "and, believe me, my father's messengers will not miss the robes and jewels:" and she led the way to the great hall where they awaited her. When she came forward to greet them the Hungarians fell back amazed and dazzled by the radiance of her beauty and the queenliness of her grace, and swore they had never seen so fair a lady.

But it was not by her individual good works alone that Elizabeth came to be known and loved throughout the whole extent of her husband's dominion and beyond it. She and he were unwearied in their endeavours to

help the weak and the oppressed. What she did for individuals he tried to establish as the guiding principles for his general government, so that soon Ludwig of Thuringia became famous as the champion of the poor and an opponent of all tyrants and tyrannies: and this in an age when might was too often mistaken for right. To Ludwig is due the foundation of the famous Benedictine Abbey of Rheinhartsbrunn, while Elizabeth rejoiced to welcome the first Franciscan Friars to Eisenach and placed herself under their direction to carry out in their spirit the works of mercy which she had always so loved to perform. The Friars sent word to St. Francis that Elizabeth was working for him amongst her people, and he, in token of sympathy and love sent her his own ragged brown mantle. She little knew when she received it, how truly and literally the mantle of Franciscan poverty was destined at last to be hers.

Eight years had passed since her marriage. Elizabeth had become the mother of one son and two daughters, and as time went on it seemed that her happiness and saintliness increased together; but the time of trial was at hand. Preparations began throughout Germany for engaging upon a new Crusade to the Holy land. The Emperor Frederick II. undertook to lead it, and many of the princes and rulers of the empire promised to join their banners to his, and to assume the red cross.

We do not know how the inspiration came to Ludwig that he too must join this standard. We can judge what the bare thought of leaving his beloved home must have been to him; we know how he must have longed to be spared. But God's will had to be consummated, and it was decreed in the Divine Providence that Ludwig, the true and perfect knight, should risk his life in the sacred cause.

When a knight enrolled himself for the Crusade he was given a little red cross as a token of his vow. Ludwig received his, and undertook to be ready on a certain day to join the Emperor's forces on the Italian

frontier; and he returned to the Wartburg with a heavy heart.

It was the autumn of 1228. Elizabeth had reached the full perfection of her womanly beauty, and was just then rejoicing in holy thanksgiving with the hope of soon again becoming a mother. To her the sublime responsibility of bringing an immortal soul into the world was the dearest jewel in her crown of earthly joys; and to her heroic Christian virtue the very pains and troubles of maternity were welcome as giving her a share in the cross of expiation to be borne by all womankind. So her soul was encompassed with peace and her heart beat with joy, when her beloved husband came into her chamber and sat beside her couch.

The sun streamed in through the high narrow window, and its light, which shone brightly on her dark tresses, fell upon his handsome face and showed her a look of sadness she could not understand. But he began to talk joyously, and they spoke of the baby who was soon to come to them. Elizabeth asked him if he would consent to dedicate it from its birth to God's service in the hope that it would receive grace for the religious life, either of the monastery of Rheinhartsbrunn, or the convent of Kitzingen. As they talked the sunbeams fell lower and glistened on a chain Ludwig wore at his side. Elizabeth touched the bright links and felt for his pouch: "Dear lord," said she, "we must not forget the poor. While I prepare to welcome our baby I often think of the poor mothers whose little children must begin the world suffering cold and hardship. Give me some gold pieces for them."

His fingers trembled as he opened his pouch. She held out the little white hand whose touch he so loved to feel, and, as he gave her the gold, the little red cross fell out too. Before he could hide it she had seen it, had caught it up, and was clasping it close to her heart.

"Dear lord, dear lord, it can't be true! They can't have given you the cross. O! surely it belongs to

another? God cannot want you to leave me, dear lord? The light of my life would go with you. . . . When we have tried so hard to serve God together, can He really want to part us?". . . .

Ludwig could not speak. But he held her close in his arms, and bade her pray with him as they had so often prayed before, and amidst her tears she was able to falter: "Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done."

III.

Elizabeth and her husband had been called upon to make a supreme sacrifice, and they had made it loyally and bravely. On the day when they bade each other a long and lingering farewell, deep forebodings of unknown sorrows must have overwhelmed her, though he went forth in confident hope of a blessing on his holy enterprise and the reward of a joyous return. Elizabeth, from the moment when her longing eyes ceased to be able to distinguish the flutter of the banner or the glint of steel, and when even the eddying dust had disappeared, turned wearily back to her lonely home to weep and pray for him who was gone. She laid aside her ordinary dress and clad herself as a widow, nor could she find comfort in aught but prayer.

The autumn turned to winter. The time came for her baby's birth and when she had it in her arms how she must have longed that its father had been there to welcome its first smile. Far other was to be the lot of that child of sorrow.

Elizabeth was still weak and ill when the terrible news was brought to the castle. Ludwig was dead. His chaplain and subsequent biographer returned, bringing his ring as a token, with the tidings that the young Landgrave had fallen a victim to a fever which broke out amongst the imperial troops before they embarked from Brindisi. He had died at Otranto, with the calm resignation of the true Christian knight he had always been, so confident of his wife's love and courage that he sent her but one little message, the words of which have not been preserved for us.

The description of her grief in its simple pathos is inexpressibly touching.

"Dead—dead—Ludwig cannot be dead! If he is dead, then all my world is dead, and all the light gone out of it. O my God, spare me! Tell me he is not dead."

And for hours she could only repeat the bitter word, "Dead—dead," as if its awful meaning, which, however hard we try, we cannot realize till it comes to us in a moment of supreme loss and sorrow, was one which could not belong to him, her companion since childhood, her tender husband and friend, her proud and valorous lord.

Up to this point the life of Elizabeth, holy and sanctified as it had been, was a life in which the human and the superhuman had been tenderly blended.

Her husband's death, overwhelming in itself, was to be to her not only the crowning sorrow of her life, but the end of every softening element of human happiness. It pleased God that this faithful soul, who had loved and served Him with every breath of her life, who had taken every joy as a gift from Him to be used as a means of sanctification, should work out the remaining years of her short life in one long spell of renunciation.

First of all she was made homeless. Her husband's brother, bent on usurping the inheritance which by right belonged to Elizabeth's son, Hermann, actually turned her and her children out of the Wartburg, declaring that he alone had a right to dwell there, who was now to rule over Thuringia. Not only did he order her to go, but he gave her nothing and provided her with no shelter. In the Wartburg to this day you can see the picture representing Elizabeth with her three little children clinging around her, and her baby in her arms, slowly coming down the steep path where once she had met her husband when her basket held heavenly roses.

In the town below, amongst the people whom she had spent her life in serving, there was none to give her shelter. She actually found a refuge for a few nights in an outhouse of the Franciscan convent which she and her husband had founded; and, when at last one of her husband's former friends took pity on her and offered to receive her in his house, he did so in terms so cruel and scornful that even her inexhaustible patience and charity were tried well nigh beyond endurance.

At last her piteous plight was made known to her aunt, the Abbess of Kitzingen, and to her uncle, the Archbishop of Bamberg. Owing to their influence she was so far relieved as to be given shelter with her little children in the convent of Kitzingen.

For a few months she abode there, uncertain what to do or how to act, praying for light and guidance. And now a fresh trial came upon her. Her relations, and the friends who had by this time rallied round her, told her that the way she could best serve her children would be by marrying some powerful prince who would be able to protect their interest. Even her uncle the Archbishop pressed her to do this, and from the worldly point of view everything seemed to suggest it. But here she was firm. In the happiest days of her life she had made a solemn vow that not even death should alter her fidelity to the husband God had given her, and that, should she have to live without him, her life would be dedicated to God's service alone. The climax came when, after some long interval, the returning Crusaders brought back with them the embalmed remains of the Landgrave Ludwig to be buried, as he had commanded, in the monastery of Reinhartsbrunn.

This was to Elizabeth a moment of exquisite anguish but of supreme consolation. And when the sad ceremonies were over, and her husband's friends and allies rallying round her had sworn to make her cause their own, she announced once for all her final resolve. That her children should be shielded and protected was her earnest prayer, and she joyously gave over her little son Hermann to be educated as a worthy son

of his father, and to enter in due time upon his inheritance.

Her eldest daughter, now four years old, was betrothed as Elizabeth had been at the same age, to the Duke of Hesse-Cassel, and confided to the care of her future husband's mother; the youngest children, the babies she loved so to feel nestling on her bosom must also go from her—these she handed over to her aunt the Abbess: for the grace of God had come to her and she knew what she must do. And finally, on Good Friday, 1230, the supreme sacrifice came, and kneeling before the crucifix, Elizabeth, who had always despised the riches and state of courts, made the final renunciation, and laying aside her widow's sombre robes, assumed once and for all the coarse brown habit of St. Francis, dedicating herself finally to serve God in absolute poverty and humility.

She would not even occupy an ordinary dwelling, but chose for herself the humblest cottage on the outskirts of Marburg where she had decided to spend the rest of her life. She refused to receive more than a bare pittance from her dowry, and giving all that she had to the poor, subsisted on the proceeds of her spinning.

The confessor who for years had watched her growth in sanctity, and under whose guidance she had placed herself, saw fit to withdraw from her every consolation; he even decreed that her beloved companions, Gita and Ysentrude, who had been with her since they all were children, should now leave her; and he restrained her from the exercise of that unmeasured charity in which she had ever taken such delight, telling her that to live in want was more meritorious even than to relieve distress.

In reading the account of these terrible privations one feels oneself in an atmosphere where to breathe is difficult and where the light blinds our eyes.

Many love St. Francis of Assisi, but few can follow him up the heights of Mount Alverna to the ecstasy of the Stigmata; and we, who rejoice in St. Elizabeth as she lived and worked in the Wartburg, find it hard to

follow and understand this last bitter period of her saintly life. Her biographers tell of heavenly consolations beyond the ken of man, of visions which strengthened her, and God's grace illumining her.

Into her little cottage, as of old into her palace, she brought the sick and the suffering, and in tending their wants forgot her own. From far and near pilgrims came to entreat her prayers and blessing, and it pleased God by miraculous cures, wrought at her touch or word, to testify to her heroic sanctity. She tried to keep her name secret and to many she was only "the grey-clad lady with the soft, gentle voice." But those who knew her were wont to ask for her help: "In memory of your lord who is buried at Reinhartsbrunn, and for whose soul, dear lady, we will never cease to pray."

At stated intervals we know that she herself made a pilgrimage to her husband's grave, where all her earthly joy lay buried, and on these occasions her children were brought to see her.

After two years she had suffered enough. It pleased God to reveal to her the time of her death and when she felt her strength failing she dismissed all those who had been with her, and devoted herself in solitude to preparation for the end.

As we have lived so we shall die; and Elizabeth's death in its calm dignity and tender simplicity fitly closed her gentle, loving life. From her earliest infancy she had been shielded and protected, sin had never come near her; each year had but added to the perfection of her sanctity; yet she had ever followed the rules of mortification and self-denial laid down by the Church to remind us that the Christian religion is the Religion of the Cross; so death came to her without terror or bitterness, and just before dawn on November 19, 1232, at the hour when she had so often awakened to pray in honour of the Nativity of God made Man, she died, as all Christians hope to die, clasping the crucifix and with the names of Jesus and Mary on her lips.

And then suddenly the truth was realized, and the world by signs and wonders came to know that Elizabeth,

once Landgravine of Thuringia, and for the last four years "the soft-voiced lady" who wore the habit of St. Francis, was indeed a Saint.

The records of her life and of the miracles wrought by her intercession during her time on earth and at her grave, by the power of her advocacy in Heaven, were laid before Pope Gregory IX. and she was declared a Saint.

Over her grave at Marburg was erected a church which, despoiled and dismantled as it was at the end of the sixteenth century, remains to this day one of the most beautiful specimens of German Gothic architecture, while the story of St. Elizabeth will remain to all time one of the most perfect examples it has pleased God to give us of the ineffable strength and sweetness of true Christian womanhood.

NOTE—Montalembert's 'Vie de Sainte Elisabeth' is an admirable biography, and contains a complete record of contemporary authorities and testimony as to her life and works. All lovers of St. Elizabeth should read this fascinating book.

GOD.

"*Q.* **Can you tell me, Child, who made you?**
A. The great God, who made Heaven and Earth.
Q. **And what doth God do for you?**
A. He keeps me from harm by night and by day, and is always doing me good.
Q. **And what must you do for this great God, who is so good to you?**
A. I must learn to know Him first, and then I must do everything to please Him."

Such is the opening of a catechism for children, drawn up by Dr. Watts, a preacher of the sect of Independents in England, who died nearly one hundred and fifty years ago; and it would not be easy to better the wording of the statement, which forms the basis of all Christian belief.

His words are chosen here, because, like so many other men in his time and since, he held much Catholic doctrine without knowing it, but had no man to guide him in the building he should raise on that simple foundation. There are too those among Catholics who will be glad to hear how close to their own belief came men, endeavouring without our advantages, but in all sincerity and good faith, to know the mysteries of God.

It was, for instance, that same Dr. Watts, who, meditating on the Crucifixion, wrote the remarkable hymn which follows:—

"When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things which charm me most
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His Body on the Tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

The feeling excited in every religious Protestant when he sings that hymn, the devout thoughts of every Catholic who kneels before a crucifix, could have no existence unless founded on the simple words: "I believe in God," or, as a child might put it: "God, who made the sky above us, and the earth on which we walk, made me; He holds me up by day, lest I dash my foot against a stone; He keeps me by night, when dread darkness is around us; from Him comes all the good I have and enjoy."

Whoever holds that faith with any true grasp of mind believes this also: From Him come not the terror by night, nor the arrow that flieth by day; it is not He who brings evil on us when evil comes.

But we may go much further than this: those words lie at the root of every faith, however maimed or imperfect, by which men have walked in times past. The greater souls among the Jews had more than imperfect faith, as Jesus Christ said of Abraham: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day;" and many of David's words can now only be understood by the light thrown on them by Jesus; but every Jewish child had belief in God stamped on him from his earliest days. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God," was the first religious teaching his ear heard, or his lips were taught to frame.

If we look carelessly or superficially at the religions of Greece and Rome we are struck by the fact that they seem to have had a multitude of gods rather than the One great God, who made heaven and earth; but underlying these fancies, and ringing more truly

in the deep of their souls, was the acknowledgment of one almighty power, sustaining all that is.

When St. Paul would preach his Master at Athens, he did not think it necessary to destroy the falsehoods he saw around him, save by proclaiming the truth which made them incredible. He saw an altar with the inscription: "To the unknown God," and, recognizing thereby that they admitted His existence, declared to them the God whom they ignorantly worshipped.

If we go still further afield: amid the base superstitions of Asia is found faith in one supreme Lord, not wholly stifled in the welter of dying religions and civilizations; while even in the savage, fallen from his high estate, emerging with difficulty from a condition little above the brute, the same idea has never been wholly crushed. One of our great English poets bids us mark:

> "the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind."

It is not then too much to say that universal human tradition testifies to a belief in God, nor will it be denied that, as a rule, the greatest men in each nation have been those who held it most firmly.

Now such a belief can have come into the mind of man only in two ways; if in one of them the belief may be, but it is not necessarily, false; if in the other, it must be true:

1. That the mind of man has itself imagined the Being whom we call God.

2. That He, man's Creator, has revealed Himself to the mind of man.

Which of these alternatives is the more likely to be true?

That there is a great likeness between God and man is universally admitted. Faith in God accounts for this by the second alternative, and accepts as a truth that the Creator, in His wisdom, made man like Himself; that whatever unlikeness now exists is a perverse departure by the creature from the original idea. The first alternative would declare man the creator of the idea of God, Who would then be made in man's image.

But He is not so made.

Theodore Parker, the well-known Unitarian preacher in America, appears to have leant to this view, and said that man's conception of God must partake of man's imperfections; that man could, of necessity, only imagine God as a magnified man. Just as, he says, if a stag, in a primaeval forest, were to frame to himself an idea of God, he could only do so under the form of a very great stag. That is probably true, but it is precisely what man has not done. He must indeed, under the conditions of human language, speak of God's right hand, His compassionate heart, His wrath, and even His repentance; but he knows that he speaks as a man, and when he attempts to define what God really is, he casts aside this language of accommodation, and declares that God is a spirit, who has no body, nor parts, nor passions, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, is not affected by our weaknesses, cannot be comprehended, nor grasped by our puny minds. Whatever of greatness or goodness, of love or pity, of justice absolute and unswerving, of mercy and truth we can conceive, that, and far more than that, is God.

It follows then that the knowledge of God is a revelation from Him, since the God is not that which man would imagine for himself, and there is no third way of knowledge. This revelation is confirmed to our minds, and, if lost, may be in great measure recovered, by the teaching of nature. "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, His eternal power also and divinity." The universe is not made by man, nor self made, and must therefore be made by a Being outside it; and this Being we call God.

But, it may be said, the assertion of, and belief in, God are not universal; there have been in all nations men who believed not in Him. The Psalmist recognized the fact among the Jews, and considered the unbeliever a fool: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God:" and also he asserted that misbelief led to misdeeds as cause and effect. "They," the fools, "are corrupt and become abominable in their ways,

there is none that doth good, no not one."

Much of Greek and Roman literature is full of what we might now call "atheism," if not a denial of God, at all events, so complete an ignoring of Him as to be tantamount to a denial. St. Paul's view of the matter was that no one in that heathen world of Greece and Rome had denied God, unless he liked or wished to do so, that in fact there is no such thing as an intellectual atheist. He underlines, so to speak, the Psalmist's words: "hath said in his heart," and asserts that the affections and the will are in fault, when a man denies, or ignores, or disregards God. He attributes the corruption of the world in his days to the fact that men "liked not to have God in their knowledge:" "wherefore God delivered them up to a reprobate sense, to do those things which are not convenient."

Such is probably the secret condition of many men now who deny or set aside God the Creator. There are, however, very few who actually deny. A direct proof that God exists, in the same way that there is proof that two and two make four is no doubt very difficult to find, but to prove that God does not exist would be far harder. The impossibility of proving a negative has passed into a proverb. The denials of this age are in fact rather the social denials; that man is his brother's keeper; that God has made of one blood all nations, and classes, on earth; as the poet has told us:

> "This age shows, to my thinking, far more infidels to Adam
> Than, directly, by profession, simple infidels to God,"

and there has been probably only one man of considerable ability within the present century who has deliberately committed himself to the declaration: "There is no God." The poet Shelley wrote under his signature in an inn album the word "atheist" in Greek. Of this, however, it may be remarked that he was scarce more than a boy, and that it was a mere brag; further, that God's nature had never been explained to him. He had framed to himself the image of a Being wholly detestable, and repudiated *that*, not the Being who kept him from harm by night and by

day, and was always doing him good. There is probably no man now living, whose opinion is worth having on any other matters, who would write deliberately "atheist" under his signature.

But there are many atheists, in a secondary sense, men who know not God; who do not see Him, who practically and deliberately leave Him out of their lives. Some of these are not fools as we count folly, nor wicked, as we count wickedness.

One of these, a man of high scientific attainments, said some years ago, on a calm and beautiful day, when he had been speaking of the wonders of nature, of his own happy life, and the abundant blessings which surrounded him: "I never go to bed at night, without wishing to say "Thank you" to some One, if I could but see the One to whom I should say it." Surely to such a man a St. Paul, or one sent by God in the spirit of St. Paul, would say: "Whom you ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." Believers will remember the Apostle's further statement that those who seek God, may "haply feel after Him and find Him, although He be not far from every one of us."

But the speaker quoted above was, as he said, an happy man. What if he had been otherwise, and the word which would rise to his lips if he could find One to whom he should speak, were not "Thank you," but "Be merciful to me a sinner," or "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death," or

> "Where is the stream, the happy stream,
> To rid me of distempering heat,
> To lave me in its running strength
> And give my heart a moderate beat?"

What if the day should ever come when he should have ceased to feel himself raised above the common herd by genius or force of character, if that arrogance in intellect, consistent though it was with a tender heart should give way, and he should feel himself to be simply one of that mass of weak human creatures, of whom the great majority have said "I believe in God."

Listen to that poet, who, perhaps more than any

other, breathes the half-sceptical, half-wistful spirit of the nineteenth century:

" 'There is no God,' the wicked saith,
'And truly it's a blessing,
For what He might have done with us,
It's better only guessing:'

'There is no God,' a youngster thinks,
'Or, really, if there may be,
He surely didn't mean a man
Always to be a baby:'

'There is no God, or if there is,'
The tradesman thinks, 'twere funny
If He should take it ill in me
To make a little money:'

'Whether there be,' the rich man says,
'It matters very little,
For I and mine, thank somebody,
Are not in want of victual.'

Some others also, to themselves,
Who scarce so much as doubt it,
Think there is none when they are well,
And do not think about it.

But country folks, who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple,
The parson, and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people;

Youths green and happy in first love
So thankful for illusion,
And men caught out in what the world
Calls guilt, in first confusion;

And almost everyone, when age,
Disease, or sorrow strikes him,
Inclines to think there is a God
Or something very like Him."

Now, if we take that out of the light and mocking verse which does not conceal an undertone of anguish, and translate it into simple prose, we find the same declaration, that now too the deniers of God are the wicked and the foolish, those engrossed in the cares and riches of the world, the idle and thoughtless; that those who confess Him are orderly, quiet, sober livers; who care for the poor; who are often weary, sick, and heavy-laden, and who seek rest for their souls.

The question is one as important for the man as for the child. Can you tell me, man, who made you?

you, man, in the excellence of your strength, you, woman, in the pride of your youth? If we cannot answer this with real conviction, if we are inclined to separate ourselves from that vast company of the living and the dead who have replied: "The great God who made Heaven and Earth," we should, in the name of common sense, be able to give a reason for the negation that is in us, and must, in order to this, ask ourselves the further questions: Does any pride of intellect, or any sin of the flesh come between us and our Creator, always ready to answer us when we cry: "Who will show us any good?"

Perhaps we have not to accuse ourselves of any active unbelief, and are yet conscious that faith has grown less vivid than when we were children; we have withdrawn ourselves from God, and fancied He has hidden Himself from us. Yet if we will deal honestly with ourselves, the depths of our inmost nature have cried to us from time to time, and when most we seemed to have lost Him:

> "O somewhere, somewhere, God unknown
> Exist and be;
> I am dying, I am all alone,
> I must have Thee:"

and perhaps these poor words may aid us to recover the attitude of mind which was ours in tender years, when we knew that God was very near; may help us to say with a more abiding sense of the reality of words:

"*Credo in Unum Deum*,"

and to answer with absolute conviction the first two questions in our Catholic Catechism:

"*Q.* **Who made you?**

A. God made me.

Q. **Why did God make you?**

A. God made me to know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him for ever in the next."

C. Kegan Paul.

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THE USE OF HOLY IMAGES

That we "worship images" and so are idolaters, just like the Pagans, is one of the serious charges against Catholics. Indeed, this is perhaps the most fundamental element in the perverted idea which is still entertained about our religion by so many Englishmen. "Do not join them! Why, they are idolators!" is the phrase which instinctively rises first to the lips, when they wish to warn anyone against us. When one of our churches is entered, the charge seems to be confirmed. Images, or idols, everywhere, just as you find them in heathen temples. And should we venture to defend the usage and explain it, they are down on us at once with the commandment, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing" (or rather "graven image" as their Bible has it) (Exod. xx. 4). And they remind us that the Jews, who must have known, certainly understood these words of the mere placing of images in their houses and temple; nor without good reason, for if once allowed to stand there, worship is sooner or later inevitable, so superstitious are the hearts of men by nature.

We cannot allow that, even in their purely external character, the images found in Catholic Churches resemble those in heathen temples. Still, we admit the outward likeness to this very limited extent, that in both places there are images. But are the inward realities the same? This is the only question of importance.

For the moment let us forget that the comparison has been made, or that any Scripture utterance on the matter has been delivered, and let us estimate our practice in the light of reason.

1. We use images, or statues, of our Lord or the saints, to *remind* us of those they represent; acting on the principle enunciated by the Roman poet in a famous passage :—

> "Things that the ear takes in more languidly
> Affect the mind than those the faithful eye
> Beholds. . . ."

And what Catholic does not feel the truth of this reflection? The sinner kneels down in church with book in hand, and head bowed low, endeavouring to excite himself to sorrow for sin by the remembrance of our Lord's dying love. Presently he looks up at the crucifix, and is deeply moved by the sight. This is not merely an inference as to what might be. It is a common experience among Catholics of what is. Even Protestants, who refuse to kneel before statues, will perhaps know of instances in which the sight of a picture has gone beyond cold words to extract tears of repentance or deeds of heroism.

Possibly some one might object that, however this may be, the method is one from which we are necessarily debarred in our religious worship, because no likenesses of our Lord or his Blessed Mother, or of most of the Saints, have been preserved to us, and in consequence our images have no right to be regarded as truthful representations. But we do not claim for them that they are actual portraits, nor is there any necessity for this. An artist representing the Battle of Thermopylæ could not hope to give a portrait even of Leonidas, much less of his men: nevertheless he might still hope to stir the spirit of an ardent spectator. And so it is with us. What we aim at, no doubt very often with imperfect success, is to portray some appropriate emotion or feeling which we are justified in attributing to our Lord or His Saints; as of love, or sorrow, or compassion, or suffering, or of gracious invitation. Such portrayals are found to be valuable aids towards stimulating the corresponding emotions in the hearts of the suppliants.

2. We show these images a certain respect and honour on account of their relation to the persons

represented; and, since respect, which is in itself an inward feeling, has its suitable modes of outward expression, we bow our heads or kneel down before the statue, or kiss its feet, or sing hymns in its presence.

Is this unseemly? Clearly not, unless we are to pronounce it likewise unseemly to kiss a mother's picture, to handle reverently a family Bible, to crown with garlands the statue of a popular statesman: unless too, since praise and blame go together in this respect, it is foolish and absurd to take offence at dishonour offered to the image of a person highly esteemed. In the eighth century Leo the Isaurian, the iconoclast (that is, the "image-breaking") emperor, outraged the feelings of the faithful quite after the manner of our Tudor iconoclasts by removing and destroying the statues of saints with which the churches abounded. Then the holy Abbot Stephen gave expression to his own and the popular indignation, by casting down and trampling upon a coin bearing the imperial likeness. Nature was too strong in the tyrant, and, forgetful of consistency, he showed his realization that an insult to the representation is an insult to the person represented, by putting the disrespectful Abbot to death. Parallels to this emperor's inconsistency could be gathered from the conduct of his more modern imitators: indeed, one still meets occasionally with Protestants who go much further and show signs of being moved not merely by the promptings of nature, but even by the spirit of fetichism, who behave before a crucifix as if they believed it really possessed some inherent power, not indeed to help, but to harm them.

So far we have brought the Catholic use of holy images to the test of reason alone, and have found it both rational and helpful. We have therefore some grounds for expecting that it will not be found inconsistent with the commandments of God in Holy Scripture. Still there are undoubtedly some expressions in Scripture which on the surface may seem to condemn the practice, and these expressions are wont to prejudice many minds against the Catholic faith.

Let us therefore examine into their real meaning with a little care.

In the first place it is necessary to bear in mind that the Hebrew word *pesel*, the ordinary term in the passages invoked against us, means etymologically "graven thing" but in use is invariably applied to the images of false gods. Its proper English correlative therefore is not "image" but "idol," and the Catholic English translation would be justified in rendering *pesel* always by "idol." Still as this translation is ever studious not to cover any disputable assumption under the folds of a free translation it is wont to render the term literally "graven thing."

The Protestant translation, on the other hand, where it finds *pesel* puts "image" thus predisposing the mind of an unsuspecting reader towards a false interpretation. We have, accordingly, to be on our guard when texts are quoted from the Protestant version, remembering that, if they condemn in unmeasured terms, the condemnation is directed ever against the worship of idols such as are found in heathen temples, not of images such as are found in Catholic churches.

Thus if we translate the precept of the Decalogue, as we are justified in translating it, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any *idol*" it is manifest at once that it does not touch our practice in any way.

But it will be said, What is the difference between the two? Is there any at all? Is not an idol simply an image to which worship is paid, and is not this just the nature and purpose of a Catholic image? In answer, we must first set aside the false implication that we worship images in the sense of the objection; that is, of paying them divine honour or any honour at all for their own sakes. Already it has been explained in what way we honour them and that way has not seemed improper. But we must answer further, that there is a radical difference between heathen idols and our images, one which lies in the radically

different purposes for which they are respectively employed.

Holy Scripture not only denounces idols, but it gives its reasons for denouncing them. These reasons are two in number.

First, idolaters are charged with the absurd and blasphemous belief that their idols have some inherent divinity imparted to them, in virtue of which they can see and hear, can help or harm, the worshippers. Thus (Deut. iv. 28) it is said prophetically "You shall serve gods, the work of men's hands, wood and stone, which neither see, nor hear, nor eat, nor smell." Clearly the meaning here is, "You will come to believe they see, hear, &c., and in this belief will be so absurd as to worship them."

This same reproach is similarly visible in the language of the Psalmist (cxiv. 4) "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths but they speak not; eyes have they, but see not . . . they that make them are like them, and so is every one that trusteth in them." Still more manifestly is this ground of absurdity and profanity indicated in a classical passage in the Book of Wisdom, where, having first described graphically how an idol is carved out of the leavings of the materials from which the appliances of life have first been made, the writer continues: "And he makes a worthy dwelling for it (the idol), sets it up against the wall, attached to it by an iron pin, lest perchance it fall down; looking after it in the knowledge that it cannot look after itself, since it is but an idol and needs to be assisted; and then he makes a vow to it and inquires of it about his goods, or his children, or his nuptials, and does not blush to speak with that which is without a soul; and asks of the weak for the vigour of health, of the dead life, of the helpless help; asks aid in his journey from one who cannot walk; about obtaining and working, and the issue of events, from one who is useless for anything" (xiii. 15—19).

One ground then for the condemnation of idolatry is, that it involves the folly of attributing to blocks of

wood and stones the attributes of divinity, and thereby outrages the majesty of the One God, "who will not give His glory to another" (Isaiah xiii. 8).

The second iniquity in this practice is found when the idol is imagined by the worshipper to be a real likeness of the Divine nature. To this, reference is made in Isaiah xlvi. 5 "To whom have you likened me and make me equal, compared me, and likened me? They gather gold from the bag and weigh silver in the balance, hiring a goldsmith that he may make a god and they fall down and adore." And again in Acts xvii. 29: "Since we are the offspring of God, we ought not to account the divinity to be gold or silver, or stone, which are the offspring of the art and thought of man." These passages prove that so false a notion of divinity, although to us it may seem inconceivable, did in fact prevail among the idolaters of those days; and it is obvious how great must be the offence against the infinite majesty of God, committed by men who would liken Him to things which by comparison are so mean and vile.

In view of two such blasphemous elements in the worship of idols, the stern and unmeasured denunciations, so plentiful in Holy Scripture, do not take us by surprise. On the other hand, when we return to consider our own Catholic use of holy images, is there in it the faintest trace of either of the two evils? Are we, whether poor or rich, in the habit of imagining, or under the slightest temptation to imagine, that a sacred image has power to see, or hear, or help us, or any inherent virtue of its own, beyond the natural qualities of wood and stone; or that it resembles the Divine nature?

A Catholic would respond to this question with some irritation. He would feel indignant at being thought capable of the enormity. "Of course not, who would have the face to impute to us so foolish a blasphemy, so blasphemous a folly?" But a Protestant might rather say: "Wait a little: do you truly mean to say that you do not look to *particular* images to help you in your necessities? What is the meaning otherwise of such phrases as 'miraculous image' ap-

plied to the images in certain celebrated sanctuaries, as Our Lady of Victories at Paris, Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genezzano, Our Lady of Guadaloupe in Mexico? And again, do you not imagine the crucifix to be in some sense a likeness of our Saviour? and, indeed, do we not sometimes see in your hands representations of the Blessed Trinity?"

True we do cherish with special affection certain particular images on account of divine favours granted through their instrumentality: and we do also regard the crucifix as in some sense a likeness of our Lord on the Cross, as we likewise regard images of our Blessed Lady and the Saints as partial likenesses. But the difference between these beliefs of ours and those condemned by Holy Scripture in idolators is immense.

Let us examine into the two classes separately. In children's tales we read sometimes of wishing rings, and a captive might well long to have one, so that by wearing it he might receive his desire and pass out into liberty through the open doors of his prison. English Histories tell us the story, or legend, of Essex and the Queen's ring, in the possession of which he trusted as the means of regaining his liberty, because he knew that out of regard to it he had a claim upon the royal mercy. In each case we have a ring, a material object, cherished as a means of deliverance from captivity. But in the one case the physical power to deliver is supposed to be inherent in the material object itself; in the other, the physical power to deliver resides in some external intelligent agent, and the power in the material object is only the moral power to appeal, on account of some special circumstances, with a very special force to the heart of the intelligent agent. The first of these two cases offers a parallel to the Protestant misconception of the reasons, the second to the truth of the reasons, which move us to attach a peculiar value to particular images.

Is there anything in Scripture to condemn this preference for particular images? Let us go to Scripture and see if we do not rather find there its justification.

Out of many passages which would be in point, we may select two which should appeal with force to English Dissenters. Do these last ever reflect, when they name their chapels "Bethel," or "Ebenezer," that they are marking the inconsistency of their denunciations of Catholic affection for particular images? Bethel ("House of God") is the name of the spot where Jacob saw the ladder reaching from heaven to earth, and where he set up an altar in remembrance of the Divine favour (Gen. xxviii. 18, 19). Ebenezer ("Stone of Help") is the place where Samuel set up a stone to commemorate another Divine favour, the deliverance of Israel from the hands of the Philistines (1 Reg. vii. 12). We can imagine how often in after ages the devout Israelite passing by Bethel and Ebenezer would have prayed there, that the God who had been gracious to his forefathers in those spots would be gracious also to him. And may we not also believe that a devout English Dissenter, if journeying in those parts, would be prone to kneel down and utter the same prayer? Is it not in fact in this self-same spirit that he is fond of giving these names of Bethel and Ebenezer to his own chapels? Yet what difference is there between this spirit and that which makes the Catholic love the image before which saints have prayed, and where he has reasons for believing that God has often displayed His power and love by many a signal miracle? And if man's heart is wont to be thus stirred and to realize more deeply God's presence when he kneels down in places or before objects hallowed by past divine favours, is it unintelligible that God in return should have regard to man's nature as well as to His own, and use these particular places or objects as special channels for His further favours?

Perhaps it will be said that this may be a correct account of the belief of the more educated Catholics, but that it is far otherwise with the ignorant peasantry in Catholic countries; that such people unquestionably regard their images as fetiches having an inherent power like that attributed to a magic ring,

and that they must be taken as illustrating the true tendency of the Catholic doctrine. Of this charge it must be said in reply, that it is simply a gross slander. Few of those who make it have ever come into any real contact with the Catholic peasantry. Those Protestants who claim to speak from personal observation are invariably narrow-minded persons quite incapable of intelligent observation, persons who look only through coloured glasses, who go among the Catholic poor with the firm conviction that they are going among idolators, and who accordingly find in the subjects of their investigation not what is really there, but what they have first read in from their own prejudices. These remarks refer to the Catholic poor in general. Of course it is possible (though indeed it would be hard to find instances, and much harder among Catholics than among Protestants), that there are ignorant persons whose belief amounts to superstition. But what then? These are persons whom the Catholic Church, in spite of all her efforts, has not been able to reach in order to instruct: whether through their want of capacity to understand, or will to listen, or other causes. And surely the tendency of a doctrine is to be estimated by its effects in those who hold it, not in those who do not, in the instructed not in the uninstructed.

Now a word on the other charge, that in venerating holy images we are possessed by the belief that they resemble the Divine nature. And here we must separate the representations of the Blessed Trinity occasionally found amongst us, though not in our churches and not frequently used, from the representations of our Lord Jesus Christ.

No Catholic ever dreams of regarding the representations of the Blessed Trinity as more than symbolic; just as the glorious brightness called the Shechinah was a symbol, not a resemblance, of the Divine presence in the inner sanctuary of Solomon's Temple (3 Kings viii. 11), or just as its flag is the symbol of a nation's power and dignity. The symbols, too, in these representations of the Blessed Trinity are sug-

gested by Holy Scripture itself. The Eternal Father is symbolised by the figure of a venerable old man, because God thus showed Himself to Daniel in his vision as an "Ancient of Days" (Dan. vii. 9): the Eternal Son by our Lord's crucified Humanity; the Holy Ghost by the dove (St. Matt. iii. 16). There is no impropriety in using symbols like these, as there is no danger of the symbol being mistaken for a resemblance and creating a false impression of the Divine nature. In days long past, when paganism with its idolatry was everywhere rampant, and the Church had not yet, or had only recently, been established, there might have been this danger. But now when centuries of Christian training have so firmly fixed the knowledge of the spirituality of the Divine nature, the notion that God could be material is too absurd to be entertained by any save madmen.

When we set the crucifix before our eyes, of course we do believe that it resembles our Blessed Lord on the Cross. But there is no harm in this, since no false impression is derived. If indeed we imagined the crucifix to resemble the *Divine* nature, there would be harm. We are far, however, from that blasphemous absurdity. All that we do is to make for ourselves a likeness of the human nature which our Lord assumed. There cannot be danger lest in doing this we should be led to a false idea of the nature of God. If there were this danger in looking on a representation of the Sacred Humanity, there would be the same danger in looking on the Sacred Humanity itself. Whence it follows that those who reprehend us for making a crucifix are actually laying a very serious charge against our Lord Himself, who assumed this nature, among other reasons, notably for this, that He might draw us to His love by the "cords of Adam;" that is to say, by the attractiveness to us of a nature which is our own and which our own senses can handle, and particularly of a countenance in which we can read in language to us intelligible, the reflection of a Divine love that has passed through a human heart.

We have confined our explanations exclusively to the case of representations of our Blessed Lord. Of course we also set up in our churches images of saints and use them in the same way to assist our devotion. But there is no need to add anything further in regard to this other class of images, since the application of the explanation given is the same in both cases, except indeed, that there is still less colour for the charge that to make an image of a saint implies a false idea of his nature.

The reader now knows what is the Catholic doctrine about holy images; but it will be well to add some further observations on the terms in use among us in connection with the subject. Do we accept the phrase that we "worship" the images? That depends on the meaning attached to the term "worship." This term, as also the term "adore," was anciently used in a much broader sense than is wont to be attached to it now. They both meant simply "to show respect." We have instances of this ancient usage, as regards the term "worship" in the phrase, "with my body I thee worship" in the Anglican Marriage Service; and again in the address "your worship" given to such purely human officials as mayors, to whom no one ever thought of ascribing Divine attributes. And the Latin *adorare*, with which our "adore" corresponds, was the proper word to denote the reverence required of a soldier by his officer. As long as this broader signification attached to the terms, they could be employed without fear of misapprehension of the veneration paid to images of our Lord and the saints as well as of the veneration paid to the saints themselves.

Now-a-days, however, the word "worship" and still more the word "adore" have contracted a narrower sense, and are used to signify exclusively Divine worship, the worship or adoration due to God only. At all events this restriction is common if not universal. Under these changed circumstances Catholics generally abstain from using either of these two words except in reference to God, and

in their place are wont to speak of "venerating" the saints and their images. There are, however, some cases in which we still adhere to the older terminology which has come down to us from remote ages: just as the Anglicans in their Liturgy employ terms in a sense which is no longer permissible in ordinary intercourse; for instance, the term "prevent" to signify "go before." The most remarkable of these cases is the touching ceremony of Good Friday called the "Adoration of the Cross." The cross, which has just been uncovered in memory of the disclosure of its mystery to the world having taken place on that day, is laid on a cushion, and each person in the congregation kneels three times before it and then kisses it. The word "adoration" which has come down to us from remote ages as the name of this ceremony, means nothing more than "veneration."

Some other terms in use among us need not so much to be vindicated as explained. For the sake of accuracy in defining our conceptions, we use the words *latria* and *dulia* (two Greek words) to signify respectively the worship due to God and the veneration due to the saints: and the word *hyperdulia* (*i.e.*, a higher kind of *dulia* which nevertheless is not *latria*) of the veneration due to our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God. Again, we call the worship or veneration due respectively to God or the saints, *absolute* worship or veneration: and the veneration due to the images of our Lord or the saints *relative*; because it is given to them not on their own account, but on account of their relation to those whom they represent. In this sense we should say technically that the crucifix was to be venerated with relative *latria*, but the image of a saint only with relative *dulia*. If these terms should seem barbarous to some purists, more reflecting minds will perceive that it is a great assistance to accuracy of thought to have terms which so precisely designate important differences of meaning in the use of the word "worship."

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How "the Church of England washed her face."

BY THE REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

WHEN the continuity of Anglicanism with the Church of England is questioned, and the serious nature of the Reformation changes is insisted upon, the Church Defence lecturer has his ready reply in a comparison which is considered to settle the controversy without need of further examination. What the Reformation did was to sweep away certain Popish abuses, which had sprung up in the middle ages, and tarnished the primitive purity of doctrine. The Church of England "washed her face," an operation which did not involve then, any more than it does elsewhere, a dissolution of personal identity.

In the mouth of a Protestant who glories in that designation, the similitude is in some sense intelligible. Whether continuity was broken or not, there was certainly a transition of English belief from a doctrinal system which Protestants regard as filthy to one which they regard as pure. But Dean Hook, who first used the phrase, believed, when he spoke of the Church "washing her face," that the spirit actuating the Reformation changes was Catholic in the sense in which High Churchmen understand the term. And the Dean has managed to read this idea into his history of the period so completely, that, as

a writer in the *Guardian* of September 17, 1890, has observed, "any one might read his Lives of Parker and Grindal without discovering that they were distinctly Zwinglian, and would find the Calvinism of Whitgift almost concealed." In this strange perversion of history he has been followed by modern advocates of continuity, who probably rely largely for their facts on a convenient work like the Dean's *Archbishops of Canterbury*. There are other High Churchmen, however, who have given heed to the new publications of original documents, and the more exhaustive studies of recent years, and they have come to a very different conclusion as to the character and effect of the Tudor measures. For them the scrubbing-brush was dipped in very muddy water indeed. Not till the days of Laud, nearly a century later, did any operation which could be called washing take place, and then the dirt removed was just that which the Tudor changes had laid on:

> There is no history of the Church of England which gives any adequate idea of the degradation into which religious observances had fallen at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, and the consequence is that few people understand the immense debt of gratitude which they owe to Archbishop Laud for the recovery from that condition—a recovery almost wholly due to his indefatigable endeavours to restore a more Catholic tone to doctrine and practice. We propose, therefore, in this and two following articles to supply this defect as far as may be possible. (*Guardian*, Nov. 9.)

These are the words of Mr. Pocock, words with which he begins his three recent articles in the *Guardian*[1] on the "Church of England in the Times

[1] See *Guardian*, Nov. 9, Nov. 23, Nov. 30, 1892.

of the Tudors and Stuarts." Mr. Pocock's authority on the Reformation period is well known, and he is a leader among those who have pointed out that till the time of Laud hardly a vestige of modern High Church views can be discovered. It is to be hoped that he will republish his three valuable articles. Meanwhile, as their interest is so great, we propose to set before our readers a summary of their contents.

Mr. Pocock's purpose is to show that the Elizabethan Church passed through an original Zwinglianism to more and more pronounced Calvinism, and that the passage was attended by a parallel downward progress in the religious spirit and morality of the country.

Elizabeth's religious policy, though worked out under different conditions, was in principle identical with that of her father. She probably felt very little attraction for Protestantism in itself, and was certainly averse to its harsher manifestations. She placed herself at its head, because circumstances indicated this position as her best chance of maintaining and enlarging her sovereignty. The two ideas in reference to ecclesiastical affairs which she had most at heart, were that the Bishops were nothing but her delegates, and that Church property was an excellent quarry for replenishing her finances. Her well-known answer to the Bishop of Ely illustrates the first of these points:

> Proud Prelate, I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you know that I who made you what you are can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement by God I will immediately unfrock you.

And, says Mr. Pocock:

Cecil regarded them as mere officers of the State. . . . Among his memoranda occurs the following: "It is expedient that the Queen shall be well informed of the sufficiency of the Bishops, with a view to the removal or reform of such as are out of credit with the people under their charge for their manifest insufficiency or covetousness." . . . Neither can any other view of the office of a Bishop be found in any utterance till near the time when Bancroft preached his celebrated sermon in 1588.

Of the Queen's inroads on the Church lands he gives the following account:

By an Act passed in the first year of the reign of Elizabeth, the Queen was empowered to exchange the lands of any vacant bishopric for impropriate tithes which had belonged to the monasteries in the diocese. The Act provided that the exchange should be on equal terms. But during the vacancy of the see there was no one to raise objections, and the exchange effected was simply robbery, the newly appointed Bishop being generally some insignificant person who was glad enough to accept the preferment, however impoverished and clogged with uncomfortable conditions. . . . Grindal, it seems, had scruples whether he ought to accept a bishopric fettered with such conditions, and applied by letter to his friend Peter Martyr for advice. But before he received any answer he had decided the question on his own responsibility, and consented to the spoliation, without which he would never have succeeded to the see of London, rendered vacant by the deprivation of the celebrated Edmund Bonner. The value of the lands taken from Canterbury alone was £1,300, which is equivalent to several thousand pounds of the present day. And it appears from a letter written by the Queen herself, which has never been printed, that the long delay which took place before the confirmation of the elects of Canterbury, London, and Ely, was owing chiefly to the fact that the exchange between these sees

and the Crown of certain temporalities had not yet been effected. The same account has to be given of the long intervals that took place between the death or translation of a Bishop and the appointment of his successor. The sees had been in some cases stripped too much to admit of any further spoliation, but it was easy to appropriate the revenues of the bishopric during the vacancy of the see, and this is the only reason to be assigned for the average interval of two to three years during which each bishopric was from time to time kept vacant; as well as for the fact that Bristol and Ely were each without a Bishop for thirty years of the reign. Oxford enjoyed episcopal superintendence for exactly three years and six months during the forty-four years of the reign of Elizabeth, the revenue of the see going to Sir Francis Walsingham, who was accused when he founded a divinity lecture in the University of hiding sacrilege under the pretence of propagating truth. This system of spoliation was continued all through the reign at each successive avoidance of a see; so that when Day succeeded Wickham at Winchester in 1596 he demurred to surrendering a rent charge of £400 a year, on the ground that the see which had been estimated at £3,000 a year would then be reduced to £500. He was thereupon suspended by the Queen till he had made a compromise, much, it was said, to the prejudice of his successors in the bishopric, but as he himself expressed it, as much as his conscience would allow.

Nor was it the Sovereign only who saw in the Church property mainly an opportunity for plunder:

We have said that the Bishops were for the most part insignificant persons. Many of them were also men of indifferent character, and few of them are altogether free from the imputation of nepotism, covetousness, truckling to the civil authorities, impoverishing their sees by letting out the lands on long leases, and in more than one or two cases, one an Archbishop, purloining the lead from the cathedrals.

And again, in the second article:

I suppose I should not be far from the truth if I were to describe the Episcopate of Elizabeth's reign as having scarcely any other history than that of entering upon their bishoprics under simoniacal contracts made with the Queen or her favourites, of spoiling their dioceses to the prejudice of their successors during their occupancy of the see, of engaging in suits for dilapidations upon a death or translation between the newly appointed Bishop and the outgoing prelate or his heirs.

Mr. Pocock tells us, "it is no subject for wonder that the Bishops are such as we have described them. The choice for the Queen and her sagacious Minister was very limited," and all the bishoprics save one had to be filled up. Perhaps the Queen and her Minister had independent reasons for not desiring men of much character. Better men, even if they were to be found among the Protestants, would have been less pliant instruments in the royal hands. Still, as Mr. Pocock reminds us, her choice was limited to a certain class, the men of Protestant leanings, who on her sister's accession had fled into Germany and Switzerland:

Of the clergy who had been imprisoned or banished during the reign of her sister Mary, there were two classes who may be roughly designated as Zwinglians and Calvinists. Those who had been imprisoned had such violent altercations that one party refused to communicate with the others, whom they designated as free-willers, because they would not commit themselves to all the horrors of an unmitigated Calvinism. They were also at issue about certain minor matters, such as the lawfulness of playing at bowls. Quarrels of a similar kind had originated amongst the exiles, who had been refused admission at all places where Lutheranism prevailed, being designated by the Lutherans as the devil's martyrs, because of their supposed

adoption of the tenets of Zwingli or Calvin. They had settled in various towns of Switzerland and in considerable numbers at Frankfort. Here violent altercations arose, the moderate party being content to abide by the Zwinglian form of doctrine which as they thought pervaded the Second Prayer-book of the reign of Edward VI., whilst the more fanatical considered the book as too Papistical, and were for a further reformation of it, such as had been contemplated at the time of the premature death of the King. These latter retired in a body to Geneva and Basel. Speaking generally these were Calvinists and the others Zwinglians. The two systems may be sufficiently, though, perhaps, roughly described as the one consisting mainly in the disparagement or denial of sacramental grace, the sacraments being regarded as symbols and not instruments of grace; the other, pronouncing the sacraments as in some way efficacious, but only to the elect, by increasing the grace they previously possessed and from which it was impossible for them entirely and finally to fall away. Zwinglianism had been, however, somewhat on the wane since the Consensus Tigurinus of 1549, when rationalism seemed for a time to have bowed before the piety and the genius of Calvin. Such were the parties from which Bishops had to be chosen, and for the most part the preference was given to the Frankfort and Zurich exiles who adopted the more moderate position, and were likely to give less trouble to the civil power.

We can thus perceive what was the doctrinal position of the Elizabethan Hierarchy, how far removed they were from the thoughts of modern High Churchmen. Cheney, the former tutor of Campion, who became Bishop of Gloucester, was the only one among them who was so much as a Lutheran in his views, and his Lutheranism brought him into trouble. That such people had no conception of anything Divine or sacramental in their office goes without saying:

As to the belief in an Apostolical succession in the Episcopate, it is not to be found in any of the writings of the Elizabethan Bishops. Unmistakable evidence of this as regards Bishop Jewel of Salisbury exists in his correspondence with Archbishop Parker with regard to the interference of Lancaster, Archbishop-elect of Armagh, in ordaining priests in his diocese. It seems that Lancaster had taken upon himself to admit divers persons into holy orders, and amongst them one whom Jewel had for eight years, for what appeared to himself good reasons, refused to ordain. He makes no complaint of the illegality, much less of the invalidity of the act, but only of the indiscretion of the Archbishop-elect. Now, this letter is dated April 26th, 1568, and June 13th in the same year Lancaster was consecrated by the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishops of Meath and Kildare. If he is the same person who had held the see of Kildare 1550–4, he must either have acted as Bishop without being consecrated, or else he underwent a second consecration in 1568. There is nothing more wonderful in the whole history of the Church in England at a time when probably not a single Bishop was to be found who believed in his own Divine commission or in the efficacy of the sacraments, when almost without exception they were indifferent to any other considerations than that of promotion and the providing for their own families.

Mr. Pocock does not discuss the bearing of this general disbelief in the sacramental character of Holy Orders on the validity of the Orders conferred. Personally he would evidently say that it had none ; that by God's singular providence a sufficient rite had been administered by prelates sufficiently qualified and that validity was therefore happily secured. The *Guardian* (Nov. 9th) also takes this line, in a leader on Mr. Gilbert Child's article in the November *Contemporary*. It is there maintained that the intention of the minister being acknowledged even by (Roman) Catholics to be merely the intention to do whatever

our Lord may have intended by the ceremony, no argument against the Elizabethan Orders can be raised on this ground. It would be beside our purpose to enter adequately into this question, but we would remark by the way that an equivocation lurks in this representation of the Catholic doctrine. When the form employed is free of ambiguity, and has its own certain sense attached to it by the Church which sanctions it, the intention above stated is enough, and there may consequently be valid administration even when there are heretical views as to the meaning of the form in the mind of the officiating minister. But when the form employed is ambiguous, still more when the ambiguity is determined in an heretical sense by the authorities who draw it up, an heretical acceptation of its meaning in the mind of the officiating minister can render his act invalid. This is only according to the ordinary laws of speech. When words are plain we go by their plain meaning; when they are ambiguous, we look to the mind of the speaker to determine which of the possible senses comprised within the ambiguity is intended. Now the form of ordination used under Elizabeth was at the least ambiguous. When compared with the Catholic ordinals in previous use, we see that it had been altered in such a way as to lend itself to the Zwinglian doctrine, according to which the essence of ordination lies in appointment by public authority to minister in the congregation, and the religious rite is merely a ceremonious mode of conferring the appointment.[1] Such a rite in the hands of men with views like

[1] Cf. Art. xxiii., which contains a similar studied ambiguity.

these Elizabethan clergy is held by us to be clearly invalid.[1]

To return from this digression. Other sacraments fared as ill as Orders. Extreme Unction disappeared for ever: and Confirmation was lightly regarded.

As regards the rite of confirmation, there seems every reason to believe that it was seldom administered even in the early days of Elizabeth. We know for certain that it was much neglected towards the end of the sixteenth century. The early age at which it had been usual to administer it probably formed an excuse for its gradual disuse, for it is not likely that any Bishop in the reign of Elizabeth believed in it as anything else but a ratification of the baptismal promises on the part of the recipient of the rite.

Such is Mr. Pocock's account of the Bishops. Of the inferior clergy he has as unpleasant a tale to tell. The Church Defence doctrine is that the Elizabethan changes were generally felt to be both necessary and becoming, even by the Catholics, who accordingly found little difficulty in conforming: that the number of the clergy who stood out and started the "Roman schism" in the country fell short of two hundred. Catholic writers have often shown the untenability of this view. But in vain: it is still preached up and down the country, and even Archbishops have not refused to smile upon it. Will they now abandon this unhistorical contention, in view of Mr. Pocock's testimony against it?

What is commonly affirmed that all the clergy conformed to the new order with the exception of about 200 cannot possibly be true. That number nearly represents the number of Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, Canons of

[1] Cf. Estcourt, *Anglican Orders*, cc. iv. v.

Cathedrals, Heads of Houses, and Fellows of Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge who are known to have refused to adopt the new service of the Prayer-book, which, it must not be forgotten, was materially different from that which is in use now. And the great number of ordinations which took place in the early years of Elizabeth's reign, and the number of priests and deacons ordained from time to time, prove that there must have been a large number of vacancies in the parsonages of the country. It is impossible that the number should have been so small as 192, as thirty-four years later, in the year 1602, the number of Roman priests who were living peaceably and giving no trouble to the authorities is spoken of as being considerable. The survivors of persons who were priests in 1558 could have been counted on the fingers in 1602 if there had been, as has been alleged, only 192 at the earlier date. Moreover, we know that in many dioceses a large proportion of the parishes were not served at all. Again, in the first year of Grindal's episcopate many of the clergy had obtained licence to live beyond seas, upon what was called misliking of religion, and their places were partially filled by thirty different ordinations which he held, at which he admitted 160 deacons and nearly as many priests to holy orders, a much larger number than can be accounted for by the deaths of incumbents or curates. . . . Archbishop Parker, too, held five ordinations at Lambeth in less than three months after his consecration, at the last of which alone there were 155 priests and deacons ordered. The same conclusion comes out from the information given, January 24, 1561, by the Bishop of Ely—viz., that of the 152 churches in his diocese only 52 were properly served, there being 34 that had neither rectors nor vicars. It appears also that in the diocese of Norwich about half of the eight or nine hundred parishes had no rector or vicar, though the want was in some places supplied by a curate. And in the year 1565, so great was the destitution that the returns from about half the dioceses show that nearly a thousand parishes were wholly without spiritual superintendence. In the diocese of Lincoln there were about 100 vacant cures, whereas in two Welsh dioceses

there were none. Is it conceivable that here and in the Isle of Man, where there could scarcely have been services in the vernacular, there being no translations of either Bible or Prayer-book, the older clergy should have continued their ministrations for a time after the old fashion? About the same time Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, says of his 1,200 churches 430 were vacant. If this is not sufficient to prove that the clergy did not all conform, what is the meaning of Jewel's observation in his letter to Peter Martyr, August 1, 1559? "Now that religion is everywhere changed the Mass priests absent themselves altogether from public worship, as if it were the greatest impiety to have anything in common with the people of God." (*Zurich Letters*, i. p. 39.)

If the clergy were so largely Catholic, we can assume that the laity were similarly disposed towards the old faith: and we should anticipate the same distinction among them of a smaller number remaining true to their faith at all costs, and a large majority yielding outward conformity out of deference to the times, while they preserved their Catholicism in secret. And so it was. We have Mr. Brewer's well-known testimony that not till late in her reign would it have been safe for Elizabeth to take a religious census of the nation. Mr. Pocock cites a passage from an interesting account of the diocese of Chichester in 1569, which tells in the same direction.

In many churches they have no sermons, not one in seven years, and some not one in twelve years. Few churches have their quarter sermons according to the Queen's injunctions. In Boxgrave there is a very fair church and therein is neither parson, vicar, nor curate, but a sorry reader. In the deanery of Medhurst there are some beneficed men which did preach in Queen Mary's days and now they do not, nor will not, and yet keep their livings. Others are fostered in gentlemen's houses, and some betwixt Surrey and Hampshire, and are hindrances of true religion,

and do not minister. Others come not at their parish church, nor receive the Holy Communion at Easter: but at that time get them out of the country until that feast be passed. In the church of Arundel certain altars do stand yet to the offence of the godly. They have yet in many places images hidden and other Popish ornaments ready to set up the Mass again within twenty-four hours' warning. In the town of Battle when a preacher doth speak anything against the Pope's doctrine, they will not abide, but get them out of the church. In many places the people cannot yet say their Commandments, and in some not the articles of their belief. In the Cathedral Church of Chichester there be very few preachers resident; of thirty-one Prebendaries scarcely four or five. Few of the aldermen of Chichester be of a good religion, but are vehemently suspected to favour the Pope's doctrine, and yet they be Justices of the Peace.

The number of those who conformed was very considerable, and we should be far from denying it. Martyrs are seldom other than a small minority, and that was an age of which fortitude was far from being a characteristic. Still Mr. Pocock is with us in judging that their conformity was outward only.

The apparent acquiescence of many was, perhaps, less due to an approval of the changes than to the hope they entertained that either they might be only temporary or that they might perhaps eventually be sanctioned by the Pope. Many gradually dropped off as such hopes began to appear illusory, and this in part accounts for the gradual increase of the Roman party all over the country.

This widespread refusal to conform and still more general dislike of the new doctrines caused great difficulty to the Crown and the Bishops. What had happened two centuries previously repeated itself, though without the same excuse. Then the Black

Death had almost denuded the country of its clergy and necessitated the recruiting of their ranks by persons of no proper education or preparation. The Reformation itself was but the distant consequence of the evil. Now a still direr pestilence had passed over the country, and left the flock without shepherds to feed it. And those who had done the deed must needs have recourse again to the ranks of the uneducated and unprepared to supply their own conception of the shepherd's office. Grindal's experience at London, in the first ordination he held, is mentioned by Mr. Pocock as a typical case. "Few of his candidates had a University or any other education, most of these being tradesmen or mechanics of mature age, many being over forty, one of fifty, and another of sixty." And, again, we read:

> In February, 1585, at an interview between the Queen in Council and some of the Bishops, Burleigh accused them of making many rude and unlearned ministers, instancing particularly Overton, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, who made seventy ministers in one day, some shoemakers and other craftsmen, to which the reply of the Bishop of Rochester was that if they would have none but learned ministers admitted, and he had himself never ordained more than three at once, better livings must be provided for them, and the Archbishop of Canterbury added that it was impossible for the realm to provide learned preachers enough for the thirteen thousand parishes. To this the Queen rejoined with an oath that what she wanted was not learned men, who were not to be found, but honest, sober, and wise men, and such as can read the Scriptures and homilies unto the people.

And yet after all "many churches were served by laymen:" for "the Bishops were at their wits' ends to find men to fill the vacant ones."

These clergy of the second order outran their superiors in their Protestant proclivities. The Bishops were Zwinglian. The clergy were Calvinistic.

Calvinism, which subsequently overran the whole Church, was the dominant creed even at the very beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. For though Elizabeth's first appointed Bishops were of the Zwinglian rather than of the Calvinistic school, the laity, as well as the majority of the clergy who had fallen in with the new learning, were for the most part Calvinists, the tenets of the French Reformer having already been extensively adopted, though their great development in the country belongs to a later date.

Calvinism was firmly enthroned at the Universities. Thus the Cambridge authorities in 1581, returning thanks to Beza, who had presented them the famous Codex D of the Bible, say: "We assure you that, saving the unique position which we recognize in Holy Scripture, there are no writers of any age whose works we esteem of higher value than those of that remarkable man, John Calvin, or your own." And at Oxford, in 1579, a statute was passed: "That the younger members of the University should be instructed either in Calvin's or in the Heidelberg Catechism, and that they should afterwards read the works of the Swiss divine, Bullinger, who had succeeded Zwingli as a teacher at Zurich, and the Institutes of Calvin." Another cause and witness of the prevalence of Calvinism was the popularity of the Geneva Bible—the *Breeches* Bible, as it is usually called. This was a translation made at Geneva by the English Calvinists "fortified with marginal notes, short and terse and much to the point, intermixed with a good deal of Calvinistic misinterpretation;"

and "the form of belief fostered by these notes can scarcely be said to have expired till the present century, if indeed it does not still survive here and there among members of the Church of England." This version was hateful to the Queen, and also to Parker and the Bishops, who with an exception or two were Zwinglians. These tried to suppress it, but in vain. It was the version most used in churches, and one hundred and forty editions of it were printed before it was effectually suppressed a century later on by Laud. When Grindal, who had Calvinistic tendencies, succeeded Parker in the Primacy, this Genevan Bible began to be printed in England, and a Calvinistic Catechism of a pronounced character was inserted between the two Testaments.

We naturally inquire in what manner these new ministers, so uncultivated and fanatical, discharged their official duties, and what was the general effect on the religious worship of the country. Mr. Pocock meets our desires with several passages.

Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, had attributed the burning of St. Paul's Cathedral to a judgment of God on the "walkings, talkings, chidings, fightings which had been going on in the church, and that especially in time of Divine Service." And the same Bishop, not in the impassioned language of a sermon, but in a sober piece of writing, says:

"Come into a church the Sabbath day, and ye shall see but few, though there be a sermon, but the ale-house is ever full. Woe worth the Papist therefore, in this kingdom, for they be earnest, zealous, and painful in their doings. . . . A Popish summoner, spy, or promoter will drive more to a church with a word, to hear a Latin Mass, than seven preachers will bring in a week's preaching to

hear a godly sermon. O what a condemnation shall this be, to see the wicked so diligent and earnest in their doings to set up anti-Christ, and Christian rulers and officers of all sorts having the whip of correction in their hands by God's law, and the Princes have so coldly behaved themselves in setting up the kingdom of Christ, that neither they give good examples themselves in diligent praying, and resorting to the church, nor, by the whip of discipline, drive others thitherward."

This was in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign. Later on we have a report sent to the Council by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners regarding the condition of the counties of Cheshire and Lancashire. They say that:

Small reformation has been made as may appear by the emptiness of the churches on Sundays and festivals, and the multitude of bastards and drunkards. Preachers are few; most parsons unlearned, and those that are learned non-resident, divers unlearned persons being daily admitted by the Bishops to rich benefices. Many, even Justices and coroners, have never communicated for more than thirty years. The people so swarm in the streets and ale-houses during service-time that in many churches there is only the curate and the clerk, and open markets are kept during service-time. Cock-fights and other unlawful games are tolerated on Sunday during Divine Service, and Justices of the Peace and Ecclesiastical Commissioners are often present.

And a century later Mr. Pocock thus presents us with the picture of the state of affairs which Laud was endeavouring to remedy.

The account of the state of things which the Archbishop [Laud] set himself to remedy would simply be incredible were it not attested by hundreds of contemporary documents, which Protestant historians have found it convenient to pass over in silence, but which can no longer be ignored,

since they have been analyzed and their contents calendared in the volumes of State Papers issued under the authority of the Master of the Rolls.

From these documents it appears that the ordinary matins and evensong, the only service used on Sunday in the churches, was said by the minister, who, in most cases, wore no surplice and curtailed the prayers in various ways, to make room for the sermon, if indeed he did not omit them altogether. The congregation sat, the men wearing their hats or not, as it suited their convenience, the Communion-table, standing in the body of the church, being made the receptacle for such hats and clothes as were not worn, and frequently used as a seat by any one who was not accommodated with a pew. Sometimes a clergyman will defend his practice by alleging that he has not worn a surplice for thirty years; and it is plain that its disuse had been gradually increasing as the Puritan ministers succeeded to the places of such priests as had conformed at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. During the time that Laud had held the bishopric of London he had exerted all his influence to put down these irregularities, but he was sadly hampered by the class of Bishops with whom he had to deal, so great was their ignorance and worldliness. Wright, Bishop of Bristol, we must suppose was one of the better sort, for in 1632 Laud got him promoted to Lichfield and Coventry. Yet even he allowed the singing men of his Cathedral to act as if they were priests in laying hands on the clergy ordained by him, and he apologized to Archbishop Harsnet of York and Laud of London for having allowed this of very necessity, the Dean and Chapter not being available for the purpose.

And there were worse things even than these.

The Vicar-General of Lincoln says, in his Visitation of the diocese, September 19, 1634, that many Prebendaries had never seen the church, that ale-houses, hounds, and swine were kept in the churchyard very offensively: that at Louth the clergy and laity were much given to drunkenness, the goodly church of Boston much decayed, whilst at Huntingdon the vicar of Odell never used the surplice or

the sign of the Cross at Baptism, and at Alesbury the clergy performed clandestine marriages with gloves and masks on. Neither are these at all exceptional cases. Even as late as October, 1637, we find the churchwardens of the parish of Knotting, in Bedfordshire, charged before the Official Commissary of the Archdeacon with having allowed for the last three years cock-fighting to go on in the chancel of the church, the minister of the church, with his sons being present and enjoying the sport.

When we read of all this we are prone to ask if Norwich did not deserve congratulations rather than condolences, when, as its new Bishop reported in 1635, "in all the thirty-two churches in the city of Norwich there was not one in which there was any morning service or sermon."

Religious decadence like this could hardly fail to bring moral decadence along with it, and this is the description which Mr. Pocock gives of the reign of Elizabeth:

And now the question may fairly be asked, What was the effect of this kind of teaching upon the nation at large, or at least, whether directly consequent or not upon the religious teaching in the churches, what was the general standard of religion and morality in the country? This question can be approximately answered by reference to contemporary sermons and diaries and the State Papers of the period. The account given by Bristowe in his *Motives to the Catholic Faith*, published in 1575, must of course be looked on with some suspicion. After enumerating the results of Calvinistic teaching of the last sixteen years, he says he need not refer to the testimonies of Luther and Erasmus, because the deterioration of morals was most evident in our own country:

"Never was less humility and charity, never more whoredom and perjury, so that nothing is to be looked for but universal destruction and utter desolation."

He concludes his account as follows:

"And of all most ill, most wicked, and therefore everywhere most despised, most scorned, the superintendents and ministers themselves, that if a book should be made of their several behaviours, as it would presently be confessed, so would it of posterity be scarcely believed."

Some deduction has also to be made from the impassioned invectives of Protestant preachers such as the French convert John Veron, who says that he laments that many who were a match if they go to plain Scripture with any doctor of the Papist part, lived so abominably:

"Whoredom, drunkenness, and gluttony unto them is but sport and pastime. They backbite, they slander, they chide, and strive. Among them there is no modesty, no soberness, no temperancy. All deceit, all craft, all subtlety, and falsehood reigneth among them. Whereas if ye hear them dispute and reason of the Scriptures and Word of God, ye will think that they be very angels that be come down from Heaven. So godly they talk. So godly they speak."

Such is the uniform testimony of the Reformers even in the reign of Edward VI. The witness given by Bradford, perhaps the most earnest and sincere of all the prominent members of the Protestant party, is too well known to need repetition here; and the character of the man renders it entirely trustworthy. The State Papers of the reign of Elizabeth bear the same testimony. On February 18, 1560, Horne, Dean of Durham, complains of the licentious manners of the people. In 1561 Scory, Bishop of Hereford, writing to Cecil, says that his Cathedral is a very nursery of blasphemy, whoredom, pride, superstition, and ignorance. The scandal had reached the Archbishop's ears, for in the following year he and the Bishop of London petitioned Cecil to get the Queen to authorize the Bishop to hold a Visitation of the Cathedral from time to time, "Whereby that church shall be purged of many enormities and God's glory greatly advanced." The Visitations, however, produced but little fruit, for twenty years later in a letter addressed to the Bishop the writer complains of the contrast between the listlessness of the service and the

disregard of the truth of the Gospel in his day, and the fervour of the frequent services and the zeal and devotion which he could himself remember in the dark days of Queen Mary.

In the same year Bishop Best of Carlisle reports the priests of his diocese to be wicked imps of anti-Christ, false and subtle; and three years later Bishop Pilkington of Durham gives a most lamentable account of the northern counties, the wickedness of which he attributes to the neglect of their dioceses by the Bishops of Chester and Man.

We have confined ourselves almost exclusively in this article to citations from Mr. Pocock. It would have been possible to confirm and supplement what he tells us from other sources, but, considering his high authority, it has seemed better to leave his statement as it stands, rather than to mix it up with facts, which, however true in themselves, might seem doubtful to an Anglican reader as coming from a suspected source.

Perhaps it may be pleaded in reply to this formidable indictment that the responsibility for the condition of things ought not to be laid exclusively on the backs of the Elizabethan clergy; that the same dissolution of morals and irreligious spirit had existed in the years immediately antecedent to the Reformation, and that such an Augean stable necessarily took a long time to cleanse.

We are far from denying that there was much demoralization to the earlier period referred to. On the contrary, we would trace to its existence the very possibility of the Reformation. Dom Gasquet, when commenting on the unsatisfactory condition of the clergy at the time when Henry VIII. began his evil

course, quotes very appropriately a passage from Bellarmine:

I declare that false teaching, heresy, the falling away of so many peoples and kingdoms from the true faith, in fine all the calamities, wars, tumults, and seditions of these distressing times, take their source from no other cause than because pastors, and the other priests of the Lord sought Christ, not for Christ's sake, but that they might eat His bread. For some years before the Lutheran and Calvinistic heresy, as those testify who were then living, there was in ecclesiastical judgments hardly any severity, in morals no discipline, in sacred learning no teaching, towards holy things no reverence. The renowned glory of the clergy and sacred orders had perished; priests were despised, laughed at by the people, and lay under grave and constant infamy.[1]

But the Anglicanism of Elizabeth and her successors, instead of effecting any amelioration in the country, made things much worse than before. Mr. Pocock, in a passage quoted above, has referred in illustration of this to a letter written about 1583 or 1584, to Scory, from his cathedral city of Hereford, by one whose sympathies were all on the Protestant side. Dom Gasquet has introduced this letter into the first chapter of his book on Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer, and it is worth extracting:

Right honourable and reverend Father, my bounden duty always remembered. May it please your lordship to be advised or put in memory that in the dark days of Queen Mary the Dean then and clergy of your Cathedral Church of Hereford, did orderly observe their superstitious orders and were present thereat continually, except certain days of license which are called days of jubilee, and did preach their superstitious dregs not only but also did in their outward living keep great hospitality, for every night

[1] *Concio de Dom.* Lætare. Ap. Gasquet, *Monasteries*, i. p. 20.

at midnight they with the whole vicars choral would rise to Matins, and especially the domydary for the week being, would be first there at five o'clock in the morning, at St. Nicholas Mass, then at other Masses at certain altars, then at eight of the clock our Lady's Mass was solemnly said, then at nine the Prime and None, then the High Mass was in saying until it was eleven of the clock, besides every man must have said his own private Mass at some one altar or other daily. Then after dinner to evensong until five o'clock, in which time of service a number of tapers were burning every day and there was great incensing at the high altar daily to their idols and there was a lamp burning day and night continually before their gods, and every Sabbath-day and festival-days St. Thomas' bell should ring to procession, and then the Dean would send his somner to warn the mayor of the procession, and then upon the somner's warning the mayor would send the serjeants to the parish churches, every man in his ward to the aldermen, then the aldermen would cause the parish priest to command all the free men to attend on the mayor to the procession and sermon, or lecture (if) for want of a sermon there should be a lecture in the chapter-house every Sabbath and holy day notwithstanding they were at High Mass in the choir. So zealous and diligent were the temporality then in observing those dregs of the clergy. Then the Dean and clergy would come so orderly to church with such a godly show of humbleness and in keeping such hospitality that it did allure the people to what order they would request them. This is true for I did see and know it, but then did I as a child and knew not the truth and then such heavy burdens were but light, but now in these joyful days of light how heavy is it amongst a number of us to come two hours in the day to serve the true God, the everlasting King of all glory, but too lamentable to think on it, and much more grievous to him that did see the blind zeal in darkness so observed, and now in the true light and pathway to salvation neglected. Then were these tapers and lamps greatly plentiful with incensing to idols most costly even in the clearest day of summer, and now not scarce one little candle is allowed

or maintained to read a chapter in the dark evening in the choir. And as for resorting to hear the truth of the Gospel it is little regarded. I will not nor dare say in those that reap the fruits thereof, although I speak the truth, notwithstanding the visitation.

Had the change been from error to truth, it should have been attended with a marked improvement in religious fervour and morals: just as has invariably been the result when any Catholic reformers, like St. Francis and St. Dominic, or like St. Ignatius, have risen up and warred against the sinfulness of their age. Since the transition was from bad to much worse, and we have a direct causal connection between the increased evil and the "new learning," we can only apply the principle, "By their fruits you shall know them."

It would be unjust in itself and contrary to our own wishes not to notice the other side of Mr. Pocock's picture. The purpose of his articles is not merely to show up the state of religion under Elizabeth and James as quite unworthy of our sympathy, but to bring into prominence the work of Laud in effecting an improvement. It was then that High Church ideas were first originated, and it was natural that the attempt should be made to graft these on the organization which these strivers after better things found in existence among them. It was over this that Laud laboured during the thirty years of his episcopate, with success which Mr. Pocock judges considerable, and though the Rebellion cut short his life and interrupted his work, since Juxon and Sheldon, Gunning, Wren, and others who took it up again after the Restoration, were men of his forma-

tion, he may justly be credited with the paternity of their labours and results. In some sense also Mr. Pocock seems to be right in attributing to them "the late development (of the recovery at the Restoration) of which, after two hundred and thirty years of a wonderfully chequered history, we are in the present enjoyment of." That is to say, although the Anglican Church relapsed into its earlier condition of religious apathy and neglect, and had its fits of Puritan revivalism, till close on our own times, and although, on the other hand, the ideas now in favour with the High Church party go far beyond any that can be found in the works of the Caroline divines, still the ideas generated under Laud and his more immediate successors have persisted, and have been among the true causes of the modern movement.

We have said that we have no wish to ignore this Laudian reformation, but rather every wish to view it sympathetically. It was a movement towards, not away from, Catholic truth as we understand it; and it has always seemed to us a matter for great regret that High Churchmen should regard us, rather than the Puritan party, as the objects of their special doctrinal antipathy; and matter for still greater regret that Catholics should have reacted on this hostility of certain Anglicans towards them by employing bitter language and indulging at times (at times only) in harsh feelings. There is no doubt that men like Dr. Littledale in the past, and a few others who might be named in the present, by their gross unfairness and manifest insincerity are responsible for a great deal of this irritation among us. But

why must we take these men as typical of the entire party? Cannot we remember other names besides theirs, and do we not often meet in private life with Anglicans who are equally conspicuous for their fairness and friendliness? If there is a *Church Times* with a gallery that it can play to, is there not also a *Guardian*, which is always fair and courteous? And if we thus admonish ourselves, may we not appeal also to all truth-loving Anglicans to meet us in the same spirit? It is at all events in this spirit that we invite attention to Mr. Pocock's picture of the religious collapse under Elizabeth and James; that is to say, not in the way of exultation over the discomfiture of an Anglican illusion, but rather in the way of hope that a better understanding between us may be promoted. Modern High Churchmen, unless they go out of their way for the purpose, are not committed to the defence of all this revolting lawlessness which Mr. Pocock describes. They are quite entitled to detest it all as a deplorable calamity, and to attach themselves in preference to the real amelioration dating from Laud. But then it follows that the movement to which they belong represents not a departure from the Catholic ideal, as it is understood by all others save themselves, but an approximation towards it. And if it is such, is it not becoming that, like many of the older Tractarians, they should regard us not as their special foes, but rather as persons with whose religious position they can have more sympathy than with any other?

They complain, we know, of our exclusiveness as being so uncharitable, and ask how it is possible to sympathize with a position which meets you only

with uncharitableness. There is something plausible in this way of stating the case, and perhaps it is not surprising that minds should be captivated by it. But we would ask any Anglican reader of these pages to reflect whether after all to be exclusive in the matter of religious belief is necessarily to be uncharitable. The Anglican conception of the Catholic Church considerably enlarges its borders, but are not Anglicans quite as exclusive as ourselves in their attitude towards those who lie outside the Church as they conceive it? And yet, do they feel themselves to be uncharitable in this exclusiveness, and not rather to be showing the truest charity when they exhort Dissenters to give a candid hearing to their arguments, and hope to gather them into their communion? Now, this is just our position towards all others, Anglicans included. We have confidence in the truth of our position, which involves that momentous benefits to the human race are to be found only in communion with the Holy See: and we accordingly are impelled to lay the grounds of our conviction before our brethren without and beseech them to give a candid hearing. It is charity which impels us, not any wretched party feeling: the desire that friends should share the good things of truth along with us, not that we should score a triumph over adversaries. Is there anything unsympathetic in an attitude like this?

And if there is nothing in our personal bearing to repel friendliness, may we not recur to our former point and suggest that the moral of such a lesson as Mr. Pocock has to teach us is to attract a candid and sympathetic attention to the claims of our position?

The High Church movement, from its commencement under Laud, has been a progressive abandonment of the Protestant creed and return to that of the Catholic Church. Then why such hostility to the articles of that creed which still remain ungrasped, and towards the communion in which they find their fullest realization? Would it not at least be desirable to give them a fair study, and to seek help in understanding them from those who are able to give it, rather than from those who have a direct interest in misrepresentation?

St. Pius V.

(1504–1572.)

By the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.

St. Pius was one of the many saints raised up by Almighty God to be pillars of the Church amidst the calamities of the sixteenth century. Born in 1504, in the pontificate of Julius II.—the Pope who began the erection of St. Peter's Basilica—elected Pope himself in 1566, and dying in 1572, he saw the greater part of that eventful century.

Between the date of his birth and that of his election to the See of St. Peter, as many as nine Popes governed the Church, Leo X., who condemned Luther, and Clement VII. being of the number.

He was born in the reign of Henry VII. of England; was a child of five when Henry VIII. ascended the throne; lived through the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary; became Pope when Elizabeth had been eight years queen, and died during her reign.

His lot therefore was cast in troubled times, and as a champion of God and the Church, he saw much active service, and enjoyed few peaceful days.

His family name was Ghislieri, his birthplace the little town of Bosco, not far from Alexandria in Lombardy. His family, though of noble descent, had been reduced to poverty, and his father's whole property was

a small vineyard and a flock of sheep. The saint was born in 1504, and received in baptism the name of Michael, a fitting name for one destined to be so brave a warrior and captain in the cause of God and the Church. His boyhood was passed, like that of David, in keeping his father's sheep, but his desire to devote his life to the service of God sprang up very early in his mind, and he spent much of his time in humble prayer that a vocation to the priesthood might be vouchsafed to him. The poverty of his parents appeared an insuperable difficulty, but God, who intended the young shepherd to become the Universal Pastor, led two Dominican religious to his father's house. Charmed with the boy, they offered to educate him gratuitously, and Michael, with his father's blessing, joyfully accompanied them, rapidly progressed in his studies, and made his profession in the Convent of Voghera on May 18, 1521. Only two days before, Ignatius Loyola was wounded at Pampelona. Leo X. was Pope, and Luther had just burnt the Papal Bull and declared war against the Church, so that God was secretly preparing two saints to oppose the enemy.

After completing his course of studies, and taking degrees in philosophy and theology, he was appointed to read these sacred sciences with the students in the convents of Reggio, Pavia and Parma, an office he fulfilled to the satisfaction of all. At Parma he defended publicly before the Fathers of the Provincial Chapter thirty propositions directed against the recent errors of Luther, and the auditors agreed in their applause of the learning and talent combined with genuine modesty and humility of the young professor, who received the degree of Master in Theology. His diligence was extreme and his application incessant. Idleness he held in detestation, and all the recreation he needed was the change of serious pursuits; from scientific study to spiritual reading; from prayer to active works of charity. His observance of rule was exact, his conviction being that penance was a necessary law until the end of life. During the whole of his life as a religious, he never

ate meat, kept most carefully the long fast from September till Easter, and rose for midnight Matins with unfailing regularity. During the many years in which he was engaged in teaching, the Constitutions dispensed him from night Office, but he would never avail himself of the dispensation, saying that it would only encourage the flesh to rebel against the spirit.

As Prior, at different times, in the convents of Viguano, Soncino and Alba, in the province of Lombardy, one of his principal aims was to promote earnest and constant study of Scripture and theology among the religious, for he considered sacred learning as an essential part of the spirit of the Order of St. Dominic. He devoted himself with burning zeal to the duty of preaching, and, when thus engaged, he used to travel on foot, keeping silence, so that, like St. Dominic, he might converse with God.

During the period of his office as Superior at Alba, an opportunity presented itself for the display of that intrepid courage and determination which was one of his most remarkable characteristics. Three hundred ruffians, disbanded soldiers of the French army, presented themselves one day before the gates of the Convent of the Dominican nuns, with the intention of plundering the house and insulting the poor helpless Sisters. Father Michael was happily at hand, and, fearlessly meeting them at the door, commanded them, with an air of great authority, to depart at once, threatening them with the anger of God if they dared to molest the nuns. Cowed by his words and the courage he displayed, they changed their purpose and left the Convent in peace.

The Governor of Milan appointed Father Michael his almoner, and though large sums of money thus passed through his hands, he steadily refused to accept any personal gift, and even for his community he would only allow alms of a small value. He would not accept the gift of a cloak to protect him from the rain, though he was obliged to walk many miles to hear the confession of the Governor. "A Superior," he used to say, "is bound to set an example to his subjects; and to avoid

all the inconveniences of poverty, with the reputation of being poor, is absurd."

The next office entrusted to Father Michael was one of much importance, and entailed constant labour and vigilance. He was appointed Inquisitor for the north of Italy, and one of his special duties was to prevent the introduction of heretical books by the passes of the Alps. The very name of "Inquisitor" has an evil sound in this country, and even many Catholics have vague ideas as to the functions of the Inquisition. Speaking broadly, the Inquisitor was the public guardian of the faith and morals of the people. Without attempting to write an apology for the Inquisition, it may be useful to state the principle upon which it was founded. We must remember then that what is called in our days "religious liberty"—that is, the supposed right of every one not only to believe in his own mind, but also to preach and teach, his own opinions upon revealed truth, however repugnant those opinions may be to the doctrines of the Church—was utterly unknown anywhere in the sixteenth century. There was only one Church throughout Christendom, with the Pope at its head. The Church was acknowledged by all as a spiritual kingdom founded by Christ, teaching and ruling by His authority; and all men considered it the duty not only of the Church, but of the secular government also, to prevent heresy from being preached or disseminated by books among the people. All government was then what we should call "paternal," and as only one Church and one revealed doctrine was recognized, it was considered high treason against God and the authority of the State to allow false doctrine to be preached. A father of a family would consider himself guilty if he allowed blasphemous or immoral books to be introduced into his house or taught to his children, and at that time all authorities, ecclesiastical and lay, considered it not only their right, but their positive duty, to prevent the spread of heresy, and to punish it as a crime.*

*The Catholic idea of the Inquisition will be found very clearly explained in the *Clifton Tracts*. See also *The Spanish Inquisition* by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.; Catholic Truth Society, 1d.

To prevent the introduction of heretical books into Italy was one of the duties of Fr. Michael's office. His head-quarters were at Como, and he was often obliged to make laborious journeys on foot, over ice and snow in winter, along dangerous ravines and steep mountain paths, and under the burning sun in summer; but his last thought was to spare himself, when the interests of souls where at stake. He was ever ready to preach, instruct, exhort; but with his companion on the way he conversed but little, and only on spiritual things.

Early in 1551 the business of his office brought Fr. Michael to Rome. Some months of that year he spent in peaceful retirement and prayer in the Convent of St. Sabina. He was now forty-seven, and this short breathing-time was evidently appointed for him to prepare him for the labours that awaited him in the future, and increased with every year of his life. It was as if our Lord had said to him: "Come apart into a desert place and rest a little." St. Mark vi. 31. The cell he sanctified by his prayer and penance during these precious months has been changed into a chapel.

In June, the Commissary of the Holy Office died, and, by the influence of Cardinal Caraffa, Father Michael Ghislieri was appointed to occupy that important and dignified position. For some time he lodged in the Cardinal's palace, but with all the simplicity and poverty of his convent life. Moved with the most tender compassion for the poor criminals confined in the ecclesiastical prisons, he visited them constantly, doing his utmost to win their confidence and their souls. Above all, he instructed them most patiently and carefully in matters of faith, and left no argument untried to convert them, while his prayers for them were unceasing night and day. At the first sign of good disposition, he showed them every mark of kindness, and invited them to dine at his own table.

Cardinal Caraffa became Pope in 1555, under the title of Paul IV. During the conclave, the whole authority vested in the Cardinals of the Holy Office was entrusted

to Fr. Michael Ghislieri, a position never bestowed on any other prelate; and soon after, Paul IV. obliged him to accept the united Bishoprics of Nepi and Sutri. Immediately after consecration, the new bishop visited his diocese with great care, remedied abuses and, established discipline among the clergy; while he introduced practices of piety, especially that of frequent communion among the faithful. He then made an earnest petition to the Pope to allow him to resign his dignity and to retire to the peace of his convent life, a request which Paul IV. met by creating him Cardinal. From the place of his birth, he was always known as the Cardinal Alessandrino, though his titular church was the Dominican one of the Minerva. Paul IV. also appointed him to the office of supreme and perpetual Inquisitor for the whole world, giving orders that all Bishops should recognize him as their superior in matters belonging to the functions of the Holy Office; a power, says the bull of canonization, never before or since given to anyone. Accordingly a thousand difficult and delicate cases were submitted to his judgement from all quarters, and he became the leader of the forces of the Church militant in those troubled times.

Paul IV. dying at the age of 83, in 1559, was succeeded by Pius IV., who translated Cardinal Alessandrino to the see of Mondovi in Piedmont. The whole face of the diocese quickly changed under his zealous rule, and after a general visitation, he appointed a coadjutor and returned to his duties in Rome. The last session of the Council of Trent was then sitting, and some of the Cardinals, among them St. Charles Borromeo and Cardinal Alessandrino, were retained in Rome to form the council of the Pope. The courage of the holy Cardinal was shown not only against the enemies of the faith, but in more delicate cases, in which he felt obliged to withstand even Cephas, in the person of Pius IV., to the face. Such was the influence of his straightforward and disinterested boldness, that Cardinal Bassuto often declared that the opinion of Cardinal Alessandrino outweighed that of all the rest of the

Sacred College combined. In 1564 he was so dangerously ill that his death, to his own great joy, appeared certain, and he composed a simple epitaph for his tomb; but God had other designs, and restored him to health. In the next year, Pius IV. died, assisted in his last moments by St. Charles Borromeo and St. Philip Neri.

Cardinal Newman thus describes the conclave that followed:—"It is remarkable that Cardinal Alessandrino was not the first object of his [St. Charles Borromeo's] choice. His eyes were first turned on Cardinal Morone who . . . had served the Church on various occasions with great devotion and with eminent success. . . . Such then was the choice of St. Carlo, and the votes were taken; but it seemed otherwise to the Holy Ghost. He wanted four to make up the sufficient number of votes. St. Carlo had to begin again; and again, strange to say, the Cardinal Alessandrino was not his choice. He chose Cardinal Sirleto, a man most opposite in character and history to Morone . . . St. Pius, as well as St. Carlo, advocated the cause of Cardinal Sirleto, and the votes were given a second time; a second time they were short. It was like holy Samuel choosing Eliab instead of David. . . . At length and at last, the Cardinal Alessandrino himself began to attract attention . . . It was just at this moment that our own St. Philip was in his small room at St. Girolamo, with Marcello Ferro, one of his spiritual children, when, lifting up his eyes to heaven and going almost into an ecstasy, he said: 'The Pope will be elected on Monday.' On one of the following days, as they were walking together, Marcello asked him who was to be Pope. Philip answered, 'Come, I will tell you; the Pope will be one whom you have never thought of, and whom no one has spoken of as likely; and that is Cardinal Alessandrino; and he will be elected on Monday evening without fail.' The event accomplished the prediction; the statesman, the man of the world, the accomplished and exemplary and amiable scholar, were put aside to make way for the Saint. He took the name of 'Pius,' at the particular request of St

Carlo, and out of respect to the late Pope. It was some time before he could be induced to utter the word, 'Acceptamus—we accept,' prescribed by the ceremonial and when at last he did so, it was with a profound sigh, repeating several times:—'As a simple friar, I had great hopes of salvation; as a bishop, I had much fear; but as Pope, how can I hope?'"

The coronation of the new Pope took place on January 7, 1566, the anniversary of his birth and baptism. He was sixty-two years old. He began his reign by abundant alms, but instead of having gold pieces thrown to the crowd, according to custom, he distributed double the ordinary amount to persons known to be deserving. Moreover, in place of expending a large sum yearly in providing a banquet for cardinals and ambassadors, he bestowed it on the poor, saying: "The Sovereign Judge will not reproach me for not feasting the rich, but He would, were I to neglect the poor." When told that many trembled when they heard of his election, owing to his reputation for severity and inflexible justice, he replied: "By the grace of God, I will treat them so kindly, that they will be more afflicted at my death than they are now frightened at my election."

On the day that he went in solemn procession to the Basilica of St. John Lateran, to take possession of it as Bishop of Rome, he recognized in the crowd one of the inhabitants of Bosco, named Francis Bastoni, who had formerly done him some little services. The humble are always grateful, and the Holy Father, calling Bastoni to his litter, gave him his blessing, reminding him of the kindness he had shown him when a simple religious, and appointed him Governor of the Castle of St. Angelo. A peasant in like manner, who had sheltered him during the night when he was flying from those who sought his life near Bergamo, was sent for by the Pope. As he stood abashed before the Pontiff, not knowing why he had been summoned, the Holy Father said, with a most kind expression, "My good man, you do not recognize me; I am that Dominican religious whom you

sheltered sixteen years ago: I have never forgotten your kind hospitality, and desire to make you some return." He then ordered an abundant dowry to be given to the man's two daughters, gave him five hundred crowns for himself, and had lodgings in the Vatican provided for him as long as he remained in Rome.

In his description of the character of the holy Pope, Cardinal Newman says: "I do not deny that St. Pius was stern and severe, as far as a heart burning within and melted with the fulness of divine love could be so; and this was the reason why the Conclave was so slow in electing him. Yet such energy and vigour as his was necessary for his times. He was emphatically a soldier of Christ in a time of insurrection and rebellion, when, in a spiritual sense, martial law was proclaimed. St. Philip, a private priest, might follow his bent, as he expressed it, in casting his net for souls and enticing them to the truth; but the Vicar of Christ had to right and steer the vessel when it was in rough waters, and among breakers. A Protestant historian on this point does justice to him. 'When Pope,' writes Ranke, 'he lived in all the austerity of his monastic life, fasted with the utmost rigour and punctuality, would wear no finer garments than before . . . . arose at an extremely early hour in the morning, and took no siesta. . . . The people were excited to enthusiasm, when they saw him walking in procession, barefooted bare-headed, with the expression of unaffected piety in his countenance, and with his long snow-white beard falling on his breast. They thought there never had been so pious a Pope: they told each other how his very look had converted heretics. Pius was kind too, and affable; his intercourse with his old servants was of the most confidential kind. At a former time, before he was Pope, the Conte della Trinità had threatened to have him thrown into a well, and he had replied, that it must be as God pleased. How beautiful was his greeting to this same Conte, who was now sent as ambassador to his court. "See," said he, "how God preserves the innocent!" This was the only way in which he made the Count feel

that he recollected his enmity. He had ever been most charitable and bounteous; he kept a list of the poor of Rome, whom he regularly assisted according to their station and their wants.'"

Though the reign of Pius V. only lasted six years and a half, his energy was so immense and his activity so incessant that he was able in that short space of time to effect a marvellous reformation in the Church throughout the world, as well as in the condition of the Roman States. His own household was regulated like a religious community, and he exhorted the Cardinals to follow his example. He reformed the administration of justice, enacted stringent laws to suppress immorality, blasphemy, gambling and other disorders; and to punish offenders more certainly, he concerted measures with the governments of Tuscany and Naples for the extradition of criminals. Highwaymen infested the roads leading to Rome, and by the Pope's command, the parish authorities and landowners were held responsible for the safety of the roads passing through their property.

A story about one of these highwaymen, named Marino, illustrates the character of Pius. Marino was a notorious brigand chief, and knowing how anxious the Pope was to stop his depredations, a countryman presented himself at the Vatican, with a plan for his capture. "How do you propose to effect it?" asked the Pontiff. "Holy Father," returned the man, "being his friend he will trust me. I will invite him to dinner at my house in the mountains, and then he can easily be seized." "What!" exclaimed Pius, "you intend to betray him under the mark of friendship? God forbid that I should share in such treachery!" Hearing of this answer, Marino quitted the papal territory, and never returned.

The mission of St. Pius V. may be stated in one sentence—he was raised up to be the executive authority of the Council of Trent in the Universal Church. "It is certain," writes Ranke, "that his deportment and mode of thinking exercised an incalculable influence on his contemporaries, and on the general development of

the Church of which he was the head . . . his zeal and his example combined produced the most powerful effect." In our own times the Church suffers much from the attacks of infidel governments and the plots of secret societies, but her internal unity and organization, and the loyalty of Catholics to the Holy See, were never more perfect. Modern science has so annihilated distance, that the Pope can now communicate with the remotest part of the world more speedily and certainly than formerly with the neighbouring states of Italy, or even with outlying portions of his own territories. Moreover, the bishops of the whole world, closely united with the Holy See, and animated by its spirit, are resident in their own dioceses, and labouring for the salvation of their flocks. The clergy are educated in seminaries, and many pass a part at least of their course of studies in Rome itself. Numberless Orders and Congregations of women as well as men are engaged in every kind of active charity, and especially in the work of education. Three centuries ago, matters were very different. Seminaries did not exist, and often men received sacred orders without any guarantee of an ecclesiastical vocation, and, where the Church was still rich, frequently with very worldly and mercenary designs. Bishops were often absent from their sees and priests from their parishes, while the people, being left without instruction, became corrupt in morals, and an easy prey to heretical teachers. These lamentable abuses gave rise to the decrees of the Council of Trent, for the residence of bishops and parish priests, for the instruction of the faithful, and the establishment of ecclesiastical seminaries—a measure so salutary for the Church, that after it was signed in the twenty-third session, many of the venerable prelates showed their joy by embracing each other with tears.

But legislation, however wise, is powerless for good without a determined, energetic, and yet prudent, executive. This the Council found in Pius V. In the collection of Papal Bulls called the "Bullarium," one hundred and twenty-one Apostolic decrees, on a vast

variety of subjects, for the well-being of the Church and the enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline, are the work of Pius V., and justified the expression of the Dominican liturgy for his feast: "Pius, as a flaming torch, illuminated the world, to direct our feet into the way of peace." These documents may be divided into three classes: those that regulate the liturgy and ecclesiastical discipline; those that regard the religious orders; and those relating to the temporal government of the States of the Church. Seven bulls are concerned with the reformation of the liturgy and worship of the Church, and order the revision of the Breviary, Missal, and other books. This work was entrusted to members of the Theatine Order recently established by St. Cajetan, and when the task was finished, Pius commanded these new books to be used by all the churches of the Latin rite, with the exception of certain churches and religious orders possessing a liturgy more than two centuries old, and already approved by the Apostolic See. By this arrangement, the Benedictines, Carthusians, Dominicans and Carmelites preserved the ancient form of their Offices. The Cathedral of Milan kept the Ambrosian rite. This accounts for the peculiarities in the Mass said by Dominican fathers, the Dominican rite being almost identical with the Roman rite in the thirteenth century.

St. Pius also published the Catechism of the Council of Trent, which is a handbook of the teaching of the Council, composed by three Dominican fathers, assisted by Poggiani, the learned secretary of St. Charles Borromeo. It appeared first in 1566, and was at once translated into several languages. There are several English translations; and Catholics desiring solid instruction in religious matters could not do better than study a book of such high authority.

By command of the Pope, a new edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas was prepared, with the utmost care to secure the most accurate text; and it is interesting to know that in the British Museum there is a superb copy of this edition, printed on vellum, given by St. Pius

to the King of Spain. On many of the pages the arms of the holy Pontiff are emblazoned. In his devotion to St. Thomas whom he declared to be a Doctor of the Church, St. Pius is followed in the present day by Leo XIII., who has declared the holy Doctor Patron of Catholic Schools, and has ordered a special edition of his works, which is still in course of publication.

St. Pius favoured, and did good service to, all the religious orders of the Church, though he showed severity where it was deserved. One well-known example is related in the life of St. Charles Borromeo. The holy Archbishop had taken measures to reform the Order of the Humiliati, which was thoroughly disorganized and relaxed. One of these so-called religious actually fired at the Archbishop, whose life was saved miraculously. St. Pius, in spite of the intercession of St. Charles, suppressed the whole Order.

A study of his dealings with all the governments of Europe during his reign, impresses the mind of the reader with admiration for his sublime character and genius. The eagle eye of the great Pontiff seemed to be everywhere; no evil escaped his notice, no virtue was there that he did not praise, no suffering in which his heart did not sympathize. Above all he was on fire with holy zeal when he saw the faith in danger. His policy had no earthly aim, no worldly ambition ever tainted its purity; it was for God only, and animated by the Holy Spirit. Wonderful is it to see this humble religious, a man loving solitude, recollection and prayer, placed on the watch-tower of Israel, scanning the whole world like a general on a battle-field, observing all the movements of kings and nations, detecting the most wily designs of statesmen, meeting open violence with intrepid constancy, and all this for the cause of God and His Church. To extirpate heresy in Europe, to promote the true interior reformation of the Church by enforcing everywhere the decrees of Trent, to defend Christendom from the threatened inroads of the Turks, were the grand objects towards which all his solicitude, all his labours all his prayers were constantly directed. If space

allowed, this could be shown by describing his relations with all the European countries, with Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland, France, and the various kingdoms of Italy, as well as the vast dominions in Europe, Africa, and America, that formed the Spanish Empire. One instance is of peculiar interest to us as Englishmen. It was owing to the activity and influence of St. Pius that Malta was preserved from the hideous yoke of the Turks and is to this day a Christian island.

The heart of the Father of Christendom was full of deep compassion for the suffering Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. He wrote to her letters full of sympathy, comfort and encouragement; and when she was imprisoned by her cousin Queen Elizabeth, the Pope, unable to rescue her, bestowed upon her an inestimable privilege, which reminds us of the times of the early persecutions. As no priest was allowed to visit her, Pius permitted her to administer Holy Communion to herself with consecrated Hosts brought to her by a faithful attendant. "Most dear daughter in Christ;" he wrote in one letter to the suffering Queen; "ever since information has reached us of the troubles in your kingdom, caused by your enemies and those of the true faith, we have never ceased to offer up prayers for you to God, and to secure those of others. Willingly would we assist you if we could, even at the cost of life itself." On February 25, 1570, St. Pius signed the bull of excommunication against Queen Elizabeth. When, seventeen years later the trials of Mary Stuart ended on the scaffold, the Pope, who had so deeply sympathized with her, was beyond the reach of sorrow, having departed to his reward fifteen years before.

The most memorable of the public actions of St. Pius was the league, of which he was himself the head, formed against the Turks, the result of which was the battle of Lepanto, which, in the words of Alison, "arrested for ever the danger of Mahometan invasion in the South of Europe." Pius clearly saw the fearful danger threatening Christendom. The Turks had captured the island of Cyprus from the Venetians. To quote again

the words of Cardinal Newman, in his lectures on the Turks: "The Saint found it impossible to move Christendom to its own defence. How indeed was that to be done, when half Christendom had become Protestant, and secretly perhaps felt as the Greeks felt, that the Turk was its friend and ally? In such a quarrel England France and Germany were out of the question. At length, however with great effort, he succeeded in forming a holy league between himself, King Philip of Spain, and the Venetians. . With difficulty were the armies united; with difficulty were the dissensions of the commanders brought to a settlement. Meanwhile the Ottomans were scouring the Gulf of Venice, blockading the ports, and terrifying the city itself.

"But the holy Pope was securing the success of his cause by arms of his own, which the Turks understood not. He had been appointing a triduo of supplication at Rome, and had taken part in the procession himself. He had proclaimed a jubilee to the whole Christian world, for the happy issue of the war. He had interested the Holy Virgin in his cause. He presented to his admiral, after High Mass in his chapel, a standard of red damask embroidered with a crucifix and with the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the legend, 'In hoc signo vinces.' Next, sending to Messina, where the allied fleet lay, he assured the general-in-chief and the armament, that 'if, relying on divine, rather than on human help, they attacked the enemy, God would not be wanting to his own cause.' He augured a prosperous and happy issue; not on any light or random hope, but on a divine guidance, and by the anticipation of many holy men. Moreover, he enjoined the officers to look to the good conduct of their troops; to repress swearing, gaming, riot, and plunder, and thereby to render them more worthy of victory. Accordingly, a fast of three days was proclaimed for the fleet, beginning with the Nativity of Our Lady; all the men went to Confession and Communion, and appropriated to themselves the plentiful indulgences which the Pope attached to the expedition. Then they moved across the foot of Italy to

Corfu, with the intention of presenting themselves at once to the enemy. Being disappointed in their expectations, they turned back to the Gulf of Corinth; and there at length on the 7th of October, they found the Turkish fleet half way between Lepanto and the Echinades on the North, and Patras in the Morea on the South; and, though it was toward evening, strong in faith and zeal, they at once commenced the engagement.

"The night before the battle, and the day itself, aged as he was, and broken with disease, the saint had passed in the Vatican in fasting and prayer. All through the Holy City, the monasteries and the colleges were in prayer too. As the evening advanced, the Pontifical treasurer asked an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff on an important matter. Pius was in his bedroom, and began to converse with him; when suddenly he stopped the conversation, left him, threw open the window, and gazed up into heaven. Then closing it again, he looked gravely at his official, and said: 'This is no time for business; go, return thanks to the Lord God. In this very hour our fleet has engaged the Turkish, and is victorious.' As the treasurer went out, he saw him fall on his knees before the altar in thanksgiving and joy.

"And a most memorable victory it was—upwards of thirty thousand Turks are said to have lost their lives in the engagement, and three thousand five hundred were made prisoners. Almost their whole fleet was taken. . . . . It was a repetition, though under different circumstances, of the history of Leo and the Hun. In the contrast between the combatants, we see the contrast between good and evil: the enemy, as the Turks in this battle, rushing forward with the terrible fury of wild beasts; and the Church, ever combating with the energetic perseverance and the heroic obstinacy of St Pius."

As above related, the victory was revealed to St. Pius on the evening it was gained, but it was three weeks after when the official intelligence arrived during the night in Rome. The Pope rose at once, and collected all his household to give thanks to God; and the next

day, in all the churches and convents of the city, the *Te Deum* was solemnly chanted, and thanksgiving was offered with the utmost joy to God for the deliverance of Europe from the Turkish yoke. Before the Christian fleet had sailed from Messina, the Pope had sent rosaries for distribution in his name to all the sailors and soldiers, in order that they might implore the help of the Queen of the Holy Rosary, and might be under her powerful protection. The petition *Help of Christians* was added to the Litany of Our Lady in memory of her assistance at Lepanto; and in a bull dated March, 1572, in which Pius attributes the victory to the intercession of Our Lady, he grants the Confraternity of the Rosary at Martorell, near Barcelona, the privilege of celebrating a feast every year on October 7. His successor Gregory XIII., in 1573, extended this feast to the whole Church, ordering it to be celebrated on the first Sunday of October. The power of the prayers of the holy Pontiff was so well known, that Soliman II. himself used to say: "I fear the prayers of the Pope more than the arms of his soldiers." Sebastian, King of Portugal, declared that "Christendom owed its success to the prayers and tears of the Pope;" and Sixtus V. engraved on the tomb of St. Pius the words: "He conquered by prayers and arms."

Turning from the stirring events of his public life to the personal character of St. Pius, we find him all the time cultivating with unremitting energy the interior spirit of contemplation and union with God. Conspicuous among his other virtues was the heroic patience he displayed, especially in the grievous illness that afflicted him for many years and of which he ultimately died. He suffered agonies from stone. His refuge in pain was the foot of his crucifix, and his constant prayer was this aspiration, revealing the heroic patience of his soul: "Lord, increase my pain, but increase also my patience." In spite of all he suffered, he persevered in the austerity of his life. The strength to endure his pains amidst his incessant labour was drawn from continual meditation on the passion of our Lord. Before him, on his table, a large crucifix always stood, at the

foot of which were written the words of St. Paul: *God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,** and before this cross he spent silent hours in prayer. His custom was to kiss the feet of the image of Christ crucified whenever he left or entered the room. On one occasion a dastardly attempt was made to take his life by poison, placed on the feet of this crucifix. When the Pope bowed his head to kiss the feet, he was astounded to see them move away on one side. At first he imagined that he must have offended his Lord, but on examination, the poison was discovered, and he saw that his life had been miraculously preserved. In thanksgiving, he determined to spend himself more generously than ever in the service of his loving Master.

His profound humility is evident throughout his life, and after his promotion to the Chair of St. Peter, his often expressed desire to abdicate and hide himself in a convent of his Order, was perfectly sincere. He would certainly have carried it into effect, had it not been from a fear of opposing God's will. He often declared that the anxieties of his exalted office were far harder to bear than all the trials of religious life. Nothing more proves the reality of humility, than the love of reproof. As Pius when a Cardinal had always been remarkable for freedom of speech to the Pope, so when himself Pope did he encourage the like spirit in others. Cardinal San Severino was highly praised by him for opposing him warmly in a consistory. When an official of his household was commended in his presence, he agreed in the praise but added: "One defect he has, he never reproves me." Gratitude for small benefits is another unmistakable sign of humility, and in this Pius was incomparable. Among other stories of his grateful spirit, a touching one is related after he was Pope. He remembered a poor page boy, who years before had carried his cloak and bag on a journey, and had paid a ferryman for him. Pius had inquiries made, brought him to Rome, and gave him

* Gal. vi. 14.

employment with a good salary. The same spirit made him the most liberal of masters. He considered the labour of his servants as a personal kindness, was grateful for it, and not content with liberal wages, he twice a year distributed among them 8,500 crowns of gold. In return, he required all his servants to lead not only moral but religious lives: every day they had to hear Mass and to assemble at night for prayer, and to spend some of the time that remained after their duties in spiritual reading, and if clerics, in study. At eight in the evening, the doors of the Vatican were closed.

In his personal life, Pius was even more austere after his elevation than when only a private religious, though his labours demanded superhuman strength. At a very early hour in the morning he rose, and after a long period of mental prayer, offered the Holy Sacrifice, spending afterwards an hour in thanksgiving, He then gave audiences to prelates and officials till a late hour in the afternoon. In winter, he began work before sunrise, continuing till after dark; and all this time his ordinary food was a dish of bitter herbs with bread, and sometimes two eggs. Meat he hardly touched, and it was only at the earnest persuasion of his doctor and confessor, that he consented to eat it on three days a week, and even then he contented himself with a few morsels. During his last illness, they tried to conceal some meat in his ordinary fare, but the Holy Father perceived it: "For the few days that remain," he said, "would you have me break a rule I have kept, thank God, for fifty-three years?" When told to take care of himself for the sake of the Church, he replied: "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me; if God wills me to work, He can support me." He drank a small measure of water just coloured with wine. His dress was as simple as the dignity of his office would allow, and he wore secretly to the end the habit of his Order.

In early life, when engaged in preaching, he was in the habit of passing several hours in prayer during the night as a preparation. As Pope he constantly said

that he "could decide nothing really useful for the Church, without consulting the Divine Master in the morning." Oftentimes he was so completely absorbed in prayer that his attendants were obliged to arouse his attention by pulling his cassock, this being particularly the case when war was being waged with the Turks and Protestants. His devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was so evident and so touching, that it filled the hearts of others with reverence and love. In the solemn procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi, he would never be carried. With bare head and profound recollection he walked all the way, bearing the Blessed Sacrament. One year a Protestant gentleman from England, who had come to see the procession as a grand pageant, was so struck by the sight of the Pope, that he fell on his knees to adore, and a few days after was received into the Church. Out of love of the mystery of the Incarnation, he made the recitation of the Gospel of St. John at the end of the Holy Mass an obligation for the whole Church. His love for our Lady was so great that, as Gabuzio says, he never let a day pass, even after he was Pope and overwhelmed with business, without saying the Rosary, and he recommended this devotion to the faithful in five different letters of instruction. It was he, as has been said, who began the great indulgence of Rosary Sunday.

Many historians dwell much upon the severity of St. Pius, and it must be admitted that against crime, his justice was often inexorable; but, on the other hand, his charity knew no bounds, and his sympathy with every form of suffering never failed. All his severity arose from zeal for God, not from personal motives: so much so, that it was commonly said in Rome, "If you want to ensure receiving a favour from the Pope, the best way is to offend him!" A man named Trovossi had been condemned for a satirical lampoon against Pius. The Pope ordered him to repeat the verses in his presence, and then said, "I pardon you, as you have only attacked Father Ghislieri, but if you attack the Pope, I must let the law have its course." When Prior

of a convent, he used often to beg from door to door for the poor; and as Commissary of the Holy Office, he devoted the whole of his official income to the support of orphans, widows, and those reduced to poverty from better circumstances. The first year of his pontificate was one of scarcity, and purchasing corn in Sicily and France, he sold it to the people at very reduced rates. Poor Catholics, driven out of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Germany, were bountifully assisted, as well as numerous Christians who had been ransomed or had escaped from the bondage of the Turks.

For cases of pressing want, he kept a well-stocked purse on his table; and one day every month was appointed for poor people who had complaints to make or favours to ask, to be received in audience. Seeing Jesus Christ in the person of His poor, he received them with every mark of joy, comforted them in their sorrows, and declared himself their special Father and protector. Like Leo XIII., he manifested the deepest interest in the "labour questions," as far as they presented themselves in the sixteenth century, and did all that was possible to assist the agricultural labourer, and to promote industrial works in the towns. He established in Rome a manufactory of woollen goods, and adopted many excellent measures for the benefit of the working classes. Not content with helping the hospitals with large grants of money, he often visited the wards in person, providing for the spiritual and temporal needs of the poor sick, and this especially during a terrible epidemic that raged in the summer of 1566. Considerable sums of money were given by the Pope to be dispensed by Cardinal Gambaza and a committee of twelve laymen; doctors were paid to attend the poor, medicines supplied, and many priests secular and regular, deputed to administer the last rites to the dying. He showed the utmost compassion for the unhappy prisoners for debt; bore the expense of lawyers to defend them and to protect their rights, helped them by money, and issued several decrees to ameliorate their condition.

His labours of every kind for the conversion of souls were innumerable, and proved the wide and noble charity of his heart. A curious story is related of the conversion of a rich Jewish Rabbi named Carcossi. Pius had often endeavoured to induce him to be baptized, but in vain; and, one day, to relieve himself from the importunity of his zealous instructor, he said: "Well, I promise to be a Christian when you, Father Michael, become Pope." When elected, Pius sent for Carcossi and claimed the fulfilment of his promise, but finding the Jew unwilling to be converted, he passed the whole night in prayer for him. In the morning, grace had done its work; to the joy of the Pope, the old Rabbi presented himself, with his three sons and his nephew, and asked for baptism, which the Holy Father administered solemnly with his own hand in St. Peter's, gave the Rabbi the name of Michael, and bestowed many favours upon him. Pius also showed the utmost interest in a refuge under the patronage of St. Catherine for penitent women, and authorized the Cardinal, whom he appointed its protector, to take charge of poor girls neglected by their parents, to preserve them from danger of corruption. He also opened free schools in Rome for the education and instruction not only of poor children, but also of servants, working people, and others, who needed elementary training, and particularly instruction in religious matters. With the same object he established a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, into which many zealous lay people were received and taught catechism to children and others every Sunday and Feast-day.

In January of 1572 the holy Pope fell dangerously ill, and though he recovered enough to continue for a time his usual life, in the following March his sufferings were so severe that the end was evidently approaching. His patience never failed. In the worst paroxysms of agony, he could not refrain from groans, but, prostrate before his crucifix, he would devoutly kiss the sacred wounds, and cry out: "Lord, increase my pain, but increase

also my patience." Every day, suffering though he was, he used to say Mass in a chapel adjoining his room, and if quite unable to stand, he at least heard Mass and received Holy Communion. When Holy Week came, he received the Blessed Sacrament on Maundy Thursday as Viaticum. On Good Friday, unable to be present at the function, he prostrated himself, barefoot, before his crucifix, kissing the feet with loving veneration.

The report having gone abroad that he was dead, all Rome was in mourning. Touched by the grief of his people, Pius gathered all his strength and gave his blessing to the crowd in the great square of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, but afterwards, when one of his ministers spoke to him of some business affair, he dismissed him with the words, "No business of this world is of any consequence to a man just going to die." Shortly after, having blessed the "Agnus Dei" for the last time, he made a general confession of his life, and had the blessing of the Rosary appointed for the hour of death, in order to gain the plenary indulgence. As if refreshed in body by this blessing, he determined to visit the Seven Churches, and venerate the sacred relics, and he walked at first to St. Paul's outside the walls. While proceeding slowly, with faltering step, supported by his weeping attendants, Mark Antony Colonna, the hero of Lepanto, met him, and throwing himself at his feet, begged the Holy Father to take care of a life so precious to the Church, and to enter a litter. The only reply was an earnest exhortation to go at once to renew the campaign against the Turks. When he had reached the basilica of St. John Lateran, the attendants exhorted him to put off the rest of his painful pilgrimage till the next day, but after a moment's prayer, he replied: "He who has done all, will complete His work." At last the Scala Santa was reached, and unable to ascend on his knees, according to custom, St. Pius knelt down, and kissed the first step three times with heartfelt devotion. A number of English Catholics approached to kiss his feet, and raising these exiles for the Faith with much affection, he ordered their names to be taken, that

alms might be given them during their stay in Rome; then, looking up to heaven, he said: "O Lord my God, I am ready, as Thou knowest, to shed my blood for the safety of these Christian heroes, who have given up their goods and their country to preserve their faith!" After relieving some poor, he returned to the Vatican, read twelve documents that he found waiting for him on his table, and then retired to bed, exhausted.

While waiting for death, he spent his time in constant acts of contrition, hope, love, and thanksgiving, and frequently had the seven penitential psalms read slowly, with a pause after each verse, that he might realize the meaning. In the same manner he ordered the Passion of our Lord to be slowly read to him several times, taking off his skull-cap every time the Holy Name of Jesus was pronounced; after his strength failed him he asked an attendant to lift it for him. Four days before his death he received Holy Communion, and Extreme Unction on the day before his departure. He answered the prayers himself, and then, making a supreme effort, knelt down and prayed for the needs of Holy Church. He then spoke to a number of Cardinals who surrounded his bed with something of the old fire, exhorting them to do all in their power to carry on the crusade against the Turks, and thus to secure to the full the advantage gained at Lepanto. "Give me a successor full of zeal for God's glory, and desirous of nothing but the good of the Church and the honour of the Apostolic See." Shortly after he again kissed the crucifix, and then, devoutly crossing his hands, breathed forth his soul to God. It was five in the afternoon of the 1st of May, 1572. He was sixty-eight, and had reigned six years, three months, twenty-three days.

Clement XI., in 1711, canonized St. Pius, and appointed May 5 for his feast. May he pray in heaven for the Church he loved so dearly on earth!

A Chaplet of Stories

By Mrs. Raymond Barker.

LOST AND FOUND.

It is a sunny morning in June. The sky overhead is clear and blue, a light breeze blows through the trees, swaying the green branches to and fro. The birds are singing overhead, and seem to enjoy the summer to the full; and underfoot, the green moss offers a soft carpet to the wayfarer.

Presently, through the long forest glade come the figures of two youths. They swing steadily along, keeping step as they go; and, as they pass, we can hear them hum the refrain of some jovial students' drinking-song. Happy looking young fellows they seem, without a care in this world, to judge from their looks, as blithe as the little songsters up above their heads.

Suddenly, one of them stops, bends down, picks up something from the path. "A rosary," he says, contemptuously, "and not a very precious one."

He is about to fling it down again, when his companion snatches it quickly from him. "Don't, Max," he says, "there's a good fellow; give it me, I'll see that it is returned to the fair owner."

"Fair owner!" laughs Max, "you seem to have made up your mind, Carl, that the blest possessor of this holy article, belongs to the 'devout female sex,' as the prayer-book says. Well, no doubt you are right; one can't be a University student long, and not discover that a rosary

is not a likely thing to belong to a member of our robust fraternity. Fancy one of our professors trailing about with that in his pocket!" and Max laughed again: "No, I expect you have guessed the sex of the proprietrix, Carl; but how are we to make restoration? Shall we stop at all the houses in all the villages we pass through, and inquire if any lady has lost her rosary; or shall we hire a bell, and cry the missing article through the streets?"

"Don't Max," says Carl, quickly, "don't! I hate to hear you speak like that. Laugh at any mortal thing you please, but not at a religion which, if you do not believe in, you at least are bound to respect."

Max is silent a moment, and bites his lip. "I tell you what it is, Carl," he answers; "I didn't come out on this vacation trip for the mere pleasure of hearing a lecture on faith and morals."

"Nor I to give one," says Carl, goodnaturedly. "My dear fellow, don't let us quarrel about this treasure-trove. I am going to leave it in the next wayside chapel we come to, and Our Lady will look after her property."

He slips his arm through his comrade's, as he speaks, and the two young men stride on in silence for a few minutes. Presently, Max nudges his companion.

"You wanted to dispose of that treasure of yours, didn't you?" he says, a little gruffly. "Here is the place you want."

Carl looks up with a start. They are close to a little wayside chapel. "Thanks," he says gently; and then, turning, as he steps over the threshold, "come in, won't you?" Max gives a shrug of dissent, and Carl goes in alone.

His companion leans against the wall, and lighting a cigar, begins to smoke and to meditate. He wonders what should make Carl flare up so, over this rosary; Carl, who is usually so quiet! then he wonders about Carl himself, what is it that makes him different from most of the other young men at his University; how it is that he likes him better than the others; and is it because of this very difference? "Can it be, perhaps, that there is something in his religion, after all? and what an age the

beggar is stopping in the chapel!" He enters the little chapel. Before the statue of the Mother of God, his friend is kneeling; his face is buried in his hands, motionless, absorbed. Quite in spite of himself, Max stands silent, and gapes at the spectacle. Then, attracted, he gazes, first at the statue, then again at the kneeling form below. But Carl rises in a moment, and turns towards his friend a face all aglow with happiness.

"What is it?" says Max, eagerly, startled by the change of expression; but Carl does not speak. Side by side, they go on their way through the forest; and the chapel has been long lost to sight, when at last Carl draws a deep breath, and, turning to his friend, shows him the rosary, still in his hand.

"What, did you forget it after all?" asks Max. "Well, of all the absent-minded idiots——"

"Not quite that," answers the other; "I am keeping the rosary now, as a memorial of the most important moment of my life."

"What?" says Max, quickly. "Tell me, what do you mean?"

"Only this," and Carl's voice thrills with a grave and earnest meaning. "Till this morning, Max, I have been perplexed and troubled, not knowing what my path in life was to be. Just now, as I knelt down in that little chapel, all my doubts seemed to be swept away; and I felt that my path lay clear and open before me. And I am so happy. You will have first place in the classes, next session, Max; for I shall be entering the noviceship then."

"Noviceship!" gasped Max. "What do you mean? Do you mean to say you are going to be a monk or a priest, or something of that sort?"

"A priest. Yes, by God's grace I hope so."

"But, Carl, you fool; my dear Carl, think of all you are throwing away! *You*, man? The best scholar amongst us—a brilliant career, a great name, wealth, fame!"

"All this world's goods," says the other, smiling at his comrade's earnestness, "though not quite all, perhaps,

that your fancy awards to me. But think of the gain afterwards."

"Gain?" echoes Max, scornfully. "O Carl, you cannot be such an ass. *You!* who are so young, to cut yourself off from everything; go later on, and when you are old and ugly!"

"When I am old and ugly? For shame! When I am unfit to do anything for God! No, no! if I have anything worth giving, I must give it all, and now—no reserve—nothing held back—all my energies for God's service, since He has called me—all I have, and all I am, must be at His disposal."

Max turns away with a disgusted groan. "You know, Carl, I am not addicted to bad language. But if ever a man was strongly tempted to indulge in it, that man is your friend Max at the present moment. Why, you amiable idiot, I hoped that you and I were going to walk along the path of science together. I looked forward to the discoveries we should make; to a friendship that would grow as the years went on; to——"

"And why should it not be so? Why should not our friendship continue?" says Carl, gently. "Our paths, indeed, may lie apart; but, why should not we be friends, all the same?"

"No, Carl," answered his friend, "I know and feel, that it will not be so. To-day begins the separation; we shall never be as we were before. *That rosary has divided us*," he adds, half bitterly, as he glances at the chain that is twisted round Carl's hand.

"Max, it shall be the chain that shall bind us together, and both to God." But Max only shakes his head ruefully, as they emerge from the forest, and enter the beaten track once more. And Max was the truer prophet; for after that vacation, the friends never met again.

Years have passed since that memorable walk through the forest; and once more we are destined to meet Carl, not, as before, wandering under the green boughs; but, in the fulfilment of his vocation, among the sick and the weary, ministering to them, body and soul. Just now, he is in the ward of an hospital, passing from bed to

bed, stopping a few moments by each, with a kindly word for each poor sufferer. Presently he pauses, and seats himself by the bedside of one of the patients. The man turns round sharply, and sees the priest beside him.

"You again?" he says, impatiently.

"Yes, I again," says Carl, paying no heed to the tone in which the words had been uttered: "and how are you to-day?"

"No better, and no hopes of being better; and you know it," answers the sick man. "Can't you let me die in peace, without all your prayers and sermons?"

Carl smiles. "Surely the prayers can't hurt you much," he says, "you don't *hear* me say them; and the sermons —why, you don't give me a chance of preaching one, even if I wanted to." There is a moment's pause; then Carl continues, with the same quiet smile. "Shall we say a decade of the rosary together? That will not tire you, and——"

But the sick man hastily interrupts him. "Don't talk to me about the rosary. If it were not for the rosary, I shouldn't be where I am to-day. To a rosary I owe all my misfortunes!"

"A rosary!" cries Carl; "misfortune from a rosary! what can you mean?"

"I will tell you," answers the other. "Years ago, I had a great devotion to the rosary. I used to say it every evening with my father and mother. Then my father died; and I, like many another misguided boy before me, fell into evil ways, and bad company; soon I abandoned all my devotions. My poor mother was inconsolable over my bad habits, and did all she could to bring me back. But it was all no good: from bad I went to worse, and at last, all that was left me was to leave the village I had been born in, and go out into the world.

"I went: and at parting, my mother blessed me, and gave me a rosary, begging that I would promise to say at least one decade every day. For peace' sake I promised, but as soon as I got clear of the town, I took the rosary from my pocket, threw it on the ground, and trampling it under foot, went on my way.

"But a curse followed me; from that day I have never known peace of mind; nothing has prospered with me; and here I am, a young man still, upon the threshold of eternity, with the curse hanging over me still to the last. The links of that cursed rosary have proved a chain to drag me down, down to the lowest depths of hell."

He paused, shuddering; then continued: "No, I shall never forget that day."

"Was it not the 23rd of June, 1867?" asked Carl, quickly. "I too have cause to remember that day, for it was the turning-point of my life. See here," and as he spoke, he drew out the rosary, and held it before the sick man's eyes. "The rosary you flung aside, God placed in my path. I found it, and with it my vocation to be a priest."

Then after describing the place, and the way in which he had come upon the chaplet, he went on:

"So you see, Our Lady would not have her property lost, nor him who had lost it. She wanted some one to use that rosary, enriched with a mother's blessing and tears, and so it was placed in my way: and now for the first time I know whom I have to thank for the great favour, which made such a change in my life." Then placing the beads in the patient's hands, Carl added, smiling: "You know, we must always make restitution when able, but, you must own, I have not had the chance until now; and you must not say any more that the links of the rosary have formed a chain to drag you downwards; for I think it is just the other way, and Our Lady is stretching you out a helping hand to lift you up again." Carl paused, on seeing that his patient was too much affected to speak. Presently he continued: "I have prayed every day for the owner of my rosary, *our* rosary, I should say, though I never thought to find him; but the goodness of God has given me even this favour—but now, dear friend and brother, let us put the crowning touch to the good work we have begun together, and by virtue of the power God has given me, let me free your soul from the load that lies upon it, and which keeps you back from Him."

The sick man understood, and with deep sorrow and

earnestness, began the humble confession of his past life. Absolution followed; and before he left the poor fellow, Carl had the satisfaction of knowing that his soul was at rest, and all that he desired was the pledge of complete reconciliation with his Lord, in the Holy Communion to-morrow,

Next morning, he received our Lord for the first time for many years, with tears of mingled joy and sorrow; and with the rosary, which had been so marvellously restored to him, in his hands.

"I feel," he said to Carl, "when I hold it, as if Our Lady's hand were holding mine, and drawing me up to her. I dare not look back: it is all dark behind me, but with her to help me I do not fear, for she will not let me go."

In the afternoon, Carl returned to the hospital. As he approached the bed of his convert, he noticed with a start that it was empty. One of the nurses approached, and informed him that the patient was dead.

"About two hours after you left, Father; and very quietly: no pain at all, and he looked so happy and peaceful."

Carl turned away with a full heart, and as he wended his way homewards, there came into his mind the thought of that watchful Providence that guards each and every one of us; and to his lips came a fervent thanksgiving for the great grace bestowed upon him on that June morning in the forest, when he found the rosary lying in his path.

CAUGHT AND CURED.

Any one questioning the courage of Monsieur Robert Dagobert Hubert Dubois, a fine young fellow of twenty-six years, might have known full well beforehand the inevitable result. That fiery individual would have instantly arranged that the question should be settled by *pistols for two—coffee for one!*

But there are two kinds of courage, and they are apt to part company sometimes, as the following narrative—Robert Dagobert Hubert's own account of himself—will show:

Thirty years ago (he tells us) I was travelling in the South of France, and made a short stay at Lyons at a restaurant. I heard some men at the table next to mine make frequent mention of a personage, whose name was unknown to me, but of whom they spoke with the greatest veneration.

"Wonderful man!" said one. "What is there that he cannot tell you?"

"What indeed?" rejoined another. "And yet how gentle he is; though he can pick *the very bones of one's soul!*"

"It is a great privilege to have seen him," observed number three, "and how lucky we were! Only four hours or so to wait! Some people told me they had waited all night!"

My curiosity was excited. Turning to the group, I bowed, and asked *who* might this gentleman be of whom they were speaking? Was he the author of some remarkable book?

"Have you never heard, sir," answered the last speaker, "of Monsieur Vianney, the holy Curé of Ars? I don't know that he has *written* a book, but he *reads*, through and through, a book that to most people

shows little but its binding. I mean, sir, the human heart!"

"The human heart!" I began to suspect that the speaker was, of all things the one I detested most, a pious man.

"Under the circumstances," I said, "I see nothing surprising in that. In his quality of confessor he naturally learns the needs and failings of his penitents, and, like the doctor who feels your pulse and examines your tongue, he prescribes accordingly."

"I beg your pardon, sir," answered the one whom we will call No. 3, and who was plainly a man of higher social standing than his fellow-pilgrims, "the Curé d'Ars will often tell you beforehand what you were going to say. He will tell you your worst malady, and your greatest need, before you have opened your lips."

"Yes," chimed in No. 1 (apparently a well-to-do farmer), "yes, sir; it's true as gospel! Many's the wheel he's got out of the ruts, I can tell you! and many's the man he's put into the right track, almost before he knew he was in the wrong one!"

"Well," put in No. 2, whom I took to be a carpenter, "if there's a screw loose anywhere, he's got his thumb on it before you know where you are. As for veneer and varnish, why, they're nowhere! He sees through them into the grain of the wood, and if there's a speck of dry-rot, he'll out with the saw!"

"He's pretty stern, then?" I asked.

"*To himself*, sir, yes," answered No. 3. "To others, full of helpful compassion. Cases are known in which, feeling bound to impose a severe penance, he has given the penitent a comparatively light one, and done the sharp and heavy part himself."

"*Tiens!*" I thought; "this sort of thing would just suit *me*. I should not object to have my fines paid for me in the fasting line."

Perhaps my face betrayed my appreciation of this arrangement, for No. 3, a keen-eyed man, with heavy brow and square chin, quickly rejoined:

"Special cases, those, sir, no doubt. You can't make a precedent out of special cases. If your walls are weak

you must buttress them; if your roof 'sags' in the middle, you must prop it. Men's souls, like their houses, must be handled by their own experts in the matter of flaws."

While I was pondering this architectural observation, a waiter came to ask if I would allow Canon R——, a venerable priest who had just entered the room, to share my table, the other tables being full. I did so with pleasure, and presently asked *his* opinion of the Curé of Ars as a confessor.

"My opinion, sir, or rather my *conviction*, is, that he is inspired. He is full of the Spirit of God. Whenever you may have occasion to consult him, you will agree with me: if not at the time, you will eventually."

"As I am so near," I said, with indifference, "I may as well pay the holy man a visit; simply from curiosity though; I have not the slightest intention of going to confession."

"Probably not," said the old Canon, quietly, but with an intonation that seemed to say, "You will see, young man, what your intentions will come to."

At that time, although I had not the least *doubt* about the teaching and sacraments of the Catholic Church, I had gradually fallen into almost utter *neglect* of the practices of religion; and this, alas! from the meanest of motives—from the fear of being laughed at by the godless and indifferent set I had taken up with. In this "set," religious faith and practice were alike out of fashion, and it was quite the correct thing, with me and my fellow-imbeciles, to ridicule such old-world "notions" and all who held to them. However, I was now alone, and felt myself free, therefore, to ignore the fetters of folly. I went to Ars, and on presenting myself at the presbytery, was told that the Curé was hearing confessions in the church.

"What could people want to be confessing for on a Tuesday at half-past one in the afternoon!" I thought. "Is to-morrow any particular feast?" I asked the tidy old dame who seemed to be housekeeper.

"*Mais non, monsieur!*" she answered, with a look of surprise at (to her) so unmeaning a question.

I was disappointed. I meant to have made myself very agreeable and got invited to dine with this famous Curé: nevertheless, the poor presbytery struck me as being particularly bare: scarcely any furniture, and that mere lumber. A bonfire of the whole would not have roasted a turkey. (It was not until afterwards that I learnt that the ordinary fare of the Curé, and which I might have had to share, was *black bread, and water;* or, at best, a pipkin of milk just tinged with chocolate.)

"Can I wait until the Curé comes in?" I asked.

The old housekeeper smiled grimly.

"If monsieur will give himself the trouble to come into the church," she said, "he will judge how long he might have to wait." And to the church she forthwith led the way. There was nothing to be done but meekly to follow my leader.

To my amazement I found more than a hundred persons in the church, chiefly men, most of whom were waiting their "turn." I knelt instinctively, but was meditating an immediate return to Lyons, when the Curé chanced to come out of the confessional—only for a few seconds as if to breathe—and then went in again. Was he faint? His thin face was very white. All its life was in those wondrous eyes of his. He looked at me, or so I fancied, and at once I forgot all about my determination *not* to go to confession. Hour after hour, I contentedly waited until my turn came. *It was ten o'clock when I left the confessional.*

Before giving me absolution, the Curé asked me a few questions.

"Do you live in the town where you were born?"

"Yes, Father."

"And you are well-known there?"

"Yes: I may safely say, to everybody in it."

"What is the population?"

"About 25,000, I believe."

"Very well. For your penance you will now, before leaving this church, make the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition. Then, on the next feast of Corpus Christi, you will join in one of the two processions in your native town, and walk immediately

behind the Blessed Sacrament." He then gave me absolution, adding, "And now, my son, go in peace."

I rose from my knees, relieved, consoled, and—dismayed! The latter part of my penance appalled me. It helped me, too, to realize to what a depth my cowardice had dragged me down. Any other priest I would have implored to change it for fasting, alms, "the discipline,"—*anything*, but I was overawed: reverence tied my tongue. If only fate had fixed me in a *religious* town, all would have been easy; but the mayor, the town council, and all the government-chosen authorities, were free-thinkers. In the religious processions through the streets, men had ceased to join. They might, among the crowds looking on from balconies and windows, condescend to patronize their Divine Redeemer as He passed by, with His lowly train of levites, youths, maidens, school-boys and children, the guilds of working-men, a few aged folk, and many poor; but *their* notion of dignity would have led them to share a balcony with Beelzebub himself rather than follow their Creator through the streets. And I had learnt to make their sentiments my own.

It was November when I went to Ars. I reflected with satisfaction that there were six months between me and my dreadful penance.

To an idle man, six months uncoil themselves slowly like a sleepy serpent; but to a busy one, they fly away like a freed bird. When one Sunday at Mass (since my visit to Ars I had quite given up *missing* Mass), the Curé had announced the coming feast of Corpus Christi, I way-laid him at the sacristy-door, to suggest that we were not yet at the end of May and he *might* have mistaken the date!

Monsieur le Curé stood still, from sheer wonder, probably, at my sudden anxiety to keep him accurate in regard to the date of the festivals of the Church. He looked at me, first *through* his spectacles, then *over* them, as if to satisfy himself that my head was on my shoulders; then, with an almost imperceptible shrug of his own, calmly continued his progress into the sacristy and began to unrobe.

The fateful Sunday came.

In our town, the out-door processions took place after Vespers. As it was many years since I had assisted at any offices of the Church, except Mass, I did not doubt that my presence must excite general attention. This was pure imagination on my part; but what is more imaginative than self-conceit? A lady of my acquaintance chanced to glance at me. Yes; I knew it! I was, evidently, uppermost in everybody's thoughts! This notion took complete possession of me, and *also of my nerves*.

The procession began to form. The Blessed Sacrament, borne under the canopy by the Curé, who was absorbed in the adoration of his Divine burden, passed close to where I stood, by the steps of the Altar. The guildsmen were falling into rank behind It. I did not stir: I seemed rooted to the spot. "Next Sunday will do!" I said to myself; "I will let my penance wait till then."

Next day, to my complete satisfaction, I was seized with a feverish attack. "Ah," I thought, "now I am safe to be invalided for a fortnight!" And in order to make *quite* sure of this eventuality, I sent for a doctor.

Alas! he was an honest man! A hot bath, a draught, and a tonic, finished my fever in three days! In vain I tried to feel languid, or even to *look* so. "There's nothing to be nervous about, my dear sir; you are *quite* well, upon my word you are!" gaily chirped this provoking little man.

"Nothing to be nervous about!" I groaned to myself; "and,—next Sunday!"

Sunday came—only too soon. The sky was cloudy. It began to rain. A new hope sprang up; the rain had made it grow. "We shall doubtless have a thunderstorm—perhaps even an earthquake! in that case there will be no out-door procession!"

The clouds passed: I walked to the window, and the glad sun seemed fairly to laugh in my face.

Vesper time came: I was in the church, and this time I prayed God very earnestly to help me to be "rather less of a fool!" The procession formed, as before. I joined it, and walked along, keeping my eyes steadily down.

My heart, beating fast, seemed to send all my blood into my ears, dyeing them crimson. I felt much as did Midas, after his mishap.

The devil, who has an excellent memory, suggested to me name after name, in long succession, of friends who would wonder and whisper, and acquaintances who would jest and jeer at the sight of Robert Dagobert Hubert Dubois, of all folks in the world, turning out a Saul among the prophets, and walking piously through the streets with a blessed taper in his hand; and the only prayer I could think of was still: "O my God! have pity on me! Holy Virgin, help me to be not quite such a fool!"

All at once, the thought darted into my mind: *Can you expect the Holy Virgin to help a man who is ashamed of her Son?*

This startling question changed the whole aspect of the case. It was a flash of lightning, which, while it cleared the air, made me tingle,—no longer with *false* shame, but with *true*.

By this time, the procession was issuing from the western entrance, into the great square. The organ was pealing in the church, priests and people were singing the sweet *Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium*, the bells in the tower filled the air with their jubilant clamour, the silver censers leapt aloft, sending forth clouds of fragrance along the flower-strewn path of the King of Kings, as He passed, shedding the benedictions of His Sacred Heart upon the kneeling people.

I walked as one in a dream, no longer wasting a thought upon what Messieurs So-and-so might think or not think, but humbled to feel, that, in this fair pageant of worship and love, I had no right to be, as long as I was the one note out of tune with all this harmony. And now, with repeated acts of contrition, while following the veiled Majesty of my Redeemer, I, who had been ashamed of Him, implored His mercy, that, now and at the hour of death, and in the Day of Judgment, He would not be ashamed of *me*.

. . . . . .

About a fortnight afterwards, I received a visit from a fellow-townsman, a highly esteemed member of the bar. He came to ask my co-operation in establishing the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in our parish.

I felt shy of the matter, well knowing that I was one of the last to deserve the honour; and endeavoured to prove to him my unfitness to take the *lead* in any good work, although I might hope to *follow*, among its subordinates.

"My dear sir," he answered, "your objections against joining me and the friend who sent me, are only additional reasons why we should wish for you. Besides, we want men who, like you, *have the courage of their convictions*. They are easily counted in this town of ours! I was by your side, though you did not seem to see me, in the procession on the Octave of Corpus Christi."

"The courage of their convictions!" I mentally ejaculated. "If only he knew——!!"

Can anything be more humiliating than to get a good opinion, when you know that a bad one is all you deserve?

However, as my visitor would take no denial, I had to submit, and, having submitted, resolved to do my best in regard to the work.

Within two years, our Branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society numbered *thirty active members*, belonging to the most respected families in the town.

When, as has often been since that time, I have the honour of walking with them, in a body, in the processions of Corpus Christi, it is no longer with cowardly shame, and the fear of man, but by the mercy of God it is with very hearty shame of past cowardice, and glowing exultation at being permitted publicly to confess Him, and help to promote in my small measure, His greater glory.

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

Town after town was thrown into excitement by the enormous placards wherewith the walls were covered, announcing the prompt arrival of a brilliant company of riders and acrobats, whose performances were to delight all beholders. Most brilliant among all the brilliant ones stood the name of the far-famed "Queen of the Air." Every life contains a history, and this is the history of the "Queen of the Air," as related by herself.

Twenty-five years ago a baby was born into the world, in a very small, wild, remote village of Canada. As a name was found necessary, she was called Tilly, but there was no thought of baptizing her. Indeed, the world she had come into was sorrowful and un-Christian enough. The father was sober just as often as the means of getting drunk were not to be had, and the poor ignorant mother brutalized by long-continued ill-treatment. Tilly herself unwashed, except by the rain; unkempt, except by the thorn-bushes, and clad in tatters, had grown up from her cradle (if she ever had one) as wild and untended as the brambles, whose berries it was her daily occupation to gather for food.

On one of her expeditions among the rocky heights within whose sheltered crevices cranberries love to grow, she caught sight of a string of gaily-dressed people, mostly on horseback, and accompanied by a van or two, moving along the road through the valley below. A man who seemed to be the leader of the company, chanced to look up. With an interested shrewdness, he watched her, whilst, with the agility of a squirrel, she sprang from rock to rock, or swung herself down by the bushes, in her haste to get a nearer view of the gaudy show of tinsel and vermilion, glittering in the sunshine of the autumn afternoon.

The man stood still, and beckoned to the child: and when, flushed and panting, she leapt into the road, he invited her to join the party—a troupe of mountebanks—and see the splendid entertainment to be given on the morrow, in the circus at a neighbouring town.

"But if I don't take home the cranberries, father will kill me!" objected Tilly.

"Never you fear!" said the man; "I'll take good care he shan't!" And, stopping one of the vans, he fetched out of it a spangled cloak, and a broad, plumed hat, in which Tilly's rags and elf-locks being then and there arrayed, her disguise was complete, Then mounted on a pony, side by side with other girls, some of whom were little older than herself, she rode gaily on, enchanted, and like one in a dream.

When the morrow's entertainment was over, Tilly, wearied out with heat and excitement, slept till late in the morning, in the corner of the van, which she found on awaking was moving on. She again proposed to return home, but was told that it was impossible—that she had now travelled many miles away, and, moreover, that she was being lodged and fed free of cost, and must therefore learn to "perform," like the rest of her new companions.

Her home-life had been too wretched to regret: and soothed by their promises, strangely moved, moreover, by the only kindness which she had ever met with in her life, she resigned herself without much difficulty to her changed existence. She did not, however, remain long with the people who had first decoyed her; but, sometimes by flight, sometimes by exchange, passed from one troupe of players to another. With each of these changes, she changed her name, and the last of the strolling bands with which she was connected had endowed her with the wonderful title of the "Queen of the Air."

In the course of these wanderings she traversed a considerable portion of North and South America, spent some time in Australia, passed from India into Egypt, and thence to Algiers. Then, crossing into Spain, she travelled through France, Italy, Austria, and Russia, and

was at Moscow at the time of the murder of the Tsar, in regard to which event she gives some curious details.

It was not until she was in Spain that she learnt what a church is. The large buildings with towers she had alway supposed to be theatres; until, one day, as she stood watching the people going in, she noticed with surprise that no payment was demanded; and, mingling with them, she entered too. It was Christmas-time. Like those she saw around her, she knelt before the Crib, where the Holy Child was lying on the straw. She gazed at the sight in utter astonishment, and furtively watched the faces of those who were praying around her.

As she left the church, burning with anxiety to know what it could mean, she asked a little girl what child that was before whom the lights were burning.

The girl to whom she spoke gasped with surprise at her question. "Do you not know?" she said; "it is the little Jesus."

"Is Jesus alive?"

"Alive? He is not alive there; that is His image."

She went back into the church, and again knelt before the holy Manger, pondering what it could mean, and who Jesus might be; but after seeing the surprise of the girl, she did not dare to ask more.

About this time, she had two dreams which made a deep impression upon her. In one, she saw a noble Lady, who showed her a great book in which all her actions were written. On awaking, she said to herself, "It is God, or else it is the Mother of God, if God has a Mother."

In the other, she saw a fair enclosure, walled all round, in which grave and sweet maidens were walking in silence. She had not then the least idea of such a thing as a convent of religious, but she thought: "These are persons who must love God very much, and who must be very dear to God!"

In Europe, when lodging with some worthy Christian people, she heard them speak of Hell. In order to give herself some idea of it, she held her hand, then her foot, as long as she could bear it, close to a large fire. "And yet," she observed, "this is nothing in comparison with

a fire that burns the whole body, and which must burn always, because there is in me something which cannot die, and which will hinder me from being consumed while burning."

In 1882, the troupe to which she then belonged was in Sicily. At Catana, a young man, struck by her modesty and simplicity, which contrasted with the bearing of some of those around her, made her a proposal of marriage, and obtained her consent to the engagement. Towards the close of 1883, she first heard of Baptism, at Palermo; and learnt that, without it, no one can be a Christian.

Without a day's delay, she went, of her own accord, to the Archbishop's palace and begged to be baptized. The Archbishop desired her to be brought to him, received her kindly, and asked her many questions. Satisfied as to her sincerity, he entrusted her religious instruction to the Nuns of the Sacred Heart, requesting one of the Jesuit fathers, who spoke English, himself to examine her from time to time; for though the Queen of the Air speaks many languages with more or less fluency, English is still her native tongue.

This Father writes of her as follows:

"I soon had reason to marvel at the facility with which my poor catechumen grasped the truths of Catholic doctrine, and made them her own; but I was still more surprised at perceiving in her, not only the fervour of a neophyte, but also a certain Catholic instinct, and a delicacy of thought and expression, which I was scarcely prepared to find in one of her class."

The Rev. Father goes on to describe the method he adopted in examining her: "'What is this?' I asked, showing her a wafer. 'Bread.' 'And to-morrow, after consecration, what will It be?' 'Bread no more, but Jesus.' 'But you will see nothing but bread?' 'Yes, but Jesus will be beneath—no;—*in place of* the bread.' 'And if I divide the Host?' 'You will not divide Jesus.' 'Why not?' 'Because, even if you divided me, you could not divide my soul.' 'Is there, then, more than one Jesus in one Host?' 'No; it is the same Jesus Who is here, and in Australia, and everywhere.'"

The dogma of the Real Presence had struck her pro-

foundly. She one day asked: "Can one receive Jesus often? Is it not enough to receive Him *once*, provided that one lose Him no more?"

The nun who instructed her asked one day: "What are the effects of the Holy Eucharist?" "I don't know in the least," she answered, "but let me think about it a little. First, It ought to keep us free from every great sin; and then, It should kindle in the heart a burning fire of love; and also, It should bring great peace."

In order to acquire this instruction, however, the girl had to make many sacrifices. Each time that she failed to take her part in the performances at the circus, she had to forfeit a certain amount: not more at first than four francs, but as her absences became more frequent, this sum was increased to six, eight, twelve, and, lastly, to fifteen francs, each time.

An early day of January, 1884, was fixed for an especially grand and "first-class" performance, the most exciting and difficult portions of the exhibition falling to the Queen of the Air. In huge letters, the placards announced that this world-renowned actress would execute one of the most perilous and unimaginable feats ever attempted. As her horse passed in full speed, she was to grasp an elastic cord with her teeth, and by force of the recoil to raise herself to sit and swing upon it without the aid of her hands. This feat was one demanding constant practice, and she had not practised it for five months; moreover, in order not to miss her religious instruction on this day, she gave up her only chance of doing so.

She asked the nuns to pray for her: they were aghast, but she calmly and earnestly commended herself to the protection of our Blessed Lady. The performance began: her nerves were tingling with excitement; but she was filled with trust in the Providence, which had never yet forsaken her.

She commenced badly. As the horse tore madly round the ring, urged to an unusual speed, she fell, and the animal dashed over her in his furious career. The crowd was intensely agitated; but she sprang to her feet

unharmed, and in an instant regained her seat. Then the decisive moment came. Her success was brilliant; but while the building shook with thunders of applause, her overwrought nerves gave way, and she cried out, with streaming eyes and hands uplifted to Heaven: "O sweet and holy Virgin, how you have prayed for me!"

"What would you have said," she was asked, "if the people had heard you?"

"I should not have been sorry," she answered, "if they had." She had no pride; only gratitude, for her success.

To prepare herself the sooner for her baptism, she carried about her a book of prayers, which she studied during her free moments. Of the jeers of her companions she took not the slightest heed. She once said, in answer to their taunts, "Until now, I have lived like a mere animal; but from this time I mean to live the life of a Christian. I wish it might please God, that, as soon as I am baptized, I might die!"

The longed-for day arrived at last—the 24th of January, 1884. The first part of the ceremony took place in the porch of the Church of the Sacred Heart.

"I was at her right hand," wrote the Father from whose account this is taken, "the Princess of Strozzi on her left. The Archbishop of Palermo, who took great interest in this conversion, himself performed all the successive ceremonies of Baptism, Confirmation, Marriage, and First Communion.

"During most of the time, the Queen of the Air, or, as we may again call her, Matilda, was shedding quiet tears of thankfulness and joy. When all was ended, she kissed my hand, saying, 'Father, have you ever made any one so happy as you have made me?'

"It may be asked: How could a soul keep itself upright, living habitually in the midst of so many dangers? It may, indeed, be called a miracle, but one which only confirms the theological principle, 'To him who does what he can, God never denies His Grace.' This poor girl, while having a mere vague notion about God, or the distinction between good and evil, never, I am convinced, went against her conscience. Moreover, her charity and

generosity were remarkable. Being high in her profession, she could earn about £50 a month. Up to the time of her marriage, she had invariably distributed the half of her earnings amongst the poor. On arriving at any place, she bought everything requisite for her housekeeping, and on leaving, gave all away to the needy, except the few articles indispensable for her next journey.

One day, she had a quarrel with one of her companions, who was jealous of her success. Some time afterwards, hearing that this woman, who called herself her rival and her enemy, was ill, she at once had her nursed, and in other ways assisted, out of her own resources. On the way towards Venice, she heard of an unhappy woman, who had also been a circus-dancer, and who was now suffering abject poverty and neglect. "If we halt at Venice," she said, "I will go and take care of her." On the day of her baptism, she distributed a large sum of money amongst the poor. She declared, however, that, what had helped to convert her, was not so much the charity as the piety of Catholics. "I have travelled through the world," she said, "and have found that *only Catholics pray in earnest.*"

To those who do *not*, we will add one word of entreaty that they will take to heart the lesson taught by the subject of this little narrative, and call to mind our Blessed Saviour's warning: *I say to you that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the Kingdom of Heaven, but the children of the Kingdom shall be cast out.*

JOHNNY'S LETTER.

Translated from the French of Paul Feval.

Jean, or Jeannot, or, as we will call him, *Johnny*, was six years old. His thick and curly locks would have sufficed to furnish two fashionable ladies with a fine head of hair apiece. His large blue eyes sometimes tried to smile; although, young as he was, they were already much less used to smiles than tears. His little coat, prettily cut, was patched and tattered, his small nether garments were sadly out at the knees; one of his feet was thrust into a schoolboy's old shoe, the other into a cloth boot that had once belonged to a young lady, and both were too long, too wide, and, alas! too full of holes to be more useful than they were ornamental.

The wearer, poor little lad, was cold and hungry; for, this winter's afternoon on which we first make his acquaintance, he had not broken his fast since the previous evening. But suddenly the thought had come into his head that he would write a letter to Our Blessed Lady.

Now I must tell you how Johnny, who knew no more how to write than he knew how to read, managed about his letter.

Somewhere in the narrow streets of that quarter of Paris called Le Gros Caillou, at the corner of an avenue, not far from the Esplanade, was a poor little shop, the owner of which, a worthy scribe, wrote letters for those who could not write, or who might fail to express themselves properly. He called himself by the dignified title of *rédacteur*, or "Editor." This quarter of Paris is the favourite domicile of retired old soldiers, who not seldom

have a fancy for addressing petitions, or "representations" to the government, whether the said government be in the form of a king, emperor, or president. The *rédacteur* who owned this little shop was himself an old soldier, not remarkable for good temper; and though not given overmuch to saying his prayers, or, to use his own expression, "no bigot," he was, nevertheless, a worthy man in his way. He was not rich, and was somewhat soured by the reflection that he was in possession of all his limbs, instead of being sufficiently maimed or mutilated to be admitted as a pensioner in the Hôtel des Invalides—the Chelsea Hospital of Paris. A man of this kind, tough and touchy, is by no means easy to deal with.

This important personage, all eyebrows and moustache, Johnny carefully reconnoitred through the smoke-dimmed panes of his little shop-window. He wore a dark blouse and a military cap, and sat smoking a short pipe, and waiting for customers.

"Good evening, monsieur," said Johnny, venturing timidly in. "I am come to write a letter."

Daddy Bouin—for by this name the old man was known in the neighbourhood—lifted his shaggy brows as if the better to see his small customer. "Fivepence," he said.

This quite unforeseen part of the transaction put out Johnny's plans. "Ah, then, excuse me, monsieur," he said, opening the door again to go out. He had no cap to take off, but his gentle politeness did just as well without one. And so thought Daddy Bouin.

"Are you a soldier's son, my little chap?" he asked.

"No, monsieur. I'm mother's son, and she is alone."

"Good! I understand. And you've not got fivepence?"

"O no! I've got no pence at all."

"Any more than your mother has; that's plain! Well, is this letter to get something to set the pot boiling?"

"Yes," said Johnny; "it's just that. If only we had some soup!"

"Humph! Come here, urchin. I shall be none the poorer for half a dozen lines and half a sheet of paper!"

Johnny faced about. "Papa Bouin" then arranged his paper, dipped his pen, and wrote, in the flourishing hand on which he prided himself, and which his customers thought so impressive, *Paris, January* 17, 1857. And then for a beginning: *To Monsieur*——

"What's his name, little one?"

"Whose name?" asked Johnny.

"Why, the gentleman's name, to be sure!"

"What gentleman?"

"The individual for the soup."

"O! but it's not a gentleman at all, monsieur."

"Ah, bah! then a lady. *Madame*—who?"

"Yes—no—that is——"

"Bless us!" exclaimed Daddy Bouin; "don't you even know whom you want to write to?"

"O yes, indeed I do!"

"Well then, tell me, and be quick about it."

Poor little John was crimson. The fact is, it is not at all convenient to have to address one's self to a public scribe for correspondence of this kind. However, taking his courage in both hands, he said: "I want to send my letter to the Blessed Virgin."

Papa Bouin did not laugh: he did not even smile. He laid down his pen, took the pipe from his mouth, and looked sternly at Johnny.

"Youngster!" he said, severely; "I suppose you don't intend to make game of an old man? You are too small to have your ears boxed. File to the left, quick march, before I take you in the rear!"

Johnny obeyed, and turned on his heels. I mean his *own* heels, seeing that his boot and shoe were without any. But seeing him so gentle and sad, Papa Bouin, a second time, thought better of it, as he watched the child more narrowly.

"Sure enough," he muttered to himself; "there's poverty, and no mistake, in this Paris of ours! What's your name, mannikin?" he added, aloud.

"John."

"John who?"

"Nothing but John."

Papa Bouin shrugged his shoulders. "And what do you want to say to the Blessed Virgin?"

"I want to tell her that mother has been asleep ever since four o'clock struck yesterday, and I want her to wake mother, if she will be so kind—for I can't."

The old soldier felt a tightening in his throat as he listened. He was afraid to understand the boy. However, he asked again, "What were you saying about soup, just now?"

"I said, that is what we want so much. Before she went to sleep, mother gave me the last bit of bread we had in the house."

"And what had your mother had to eat?"

"Nothing at all, for two days. She said she was not hungry."

"What did you do, when you tried to wake her?"

"Why, I did as I always do: I went to her and kissed her."

"Was she breathing?"

Johnny smiled. How sweet and pretty his little pale face looked when he smiled!

"I don't know," he said. "Don't we *always* breathe?"

Old Bouin turned away, for he felt the tears start into his eyes. Instead of answering, he said, while his voice trembled somewhat: "When you kissed her, did you notice anything?"

"Yes, she was very cold; but it *is* very cold in our house."

"And was she shivering at all?"

"Oh, no, she was quite still. She looks so pretty and white. Her hands are across on her chest, and her head is thrown back on the bolster, so that her eyes, not quite shut, seem as if they are looking up to heaven."

Daddy Bouin thought to himself: "I have envied the rich—I, who have plenty to eat and drink—and here is one who has died of hunger. Yes, of hunger!"

He beckoned to the child, set him on his knee, and putting an arm round him, said, very gently: "Little one, your letter is written, and sent, and received, *and answered!* Take me to your mother."

"Yes," said Johnny. "But, monsieur," he added, wonderingly, "why are you crying?"

"Nonsense! *I* crying?" answered the old soldier,

hugging the boy, while his tears fell like rain. "Do you mean to say that men cry? Ah, it's you who will cry, poor little urchin! But do you know, Jeannot, I love you as if you were my own. I don't know what's come to me, to be such a soft-hearted simpleton, unless——well, *I* had a mother once, Johnny; and I can see her now as I saw her dying. 'Paul,' she said, 'be an honest man and a good Christian.' A picture of Our Lady hung by her bed. It only cost a penny. Our Lady was smiling and I loved that picture. Well, I've lived an honest man, but as for being a good Christian—why, I'm nothing to boast of, that way!"

He got up, still holding the boy in his arms. "Now then, my dear old mother," he continued, "you may rest content. Comrades may laugh, if they please. Where *you* are, *I* mean to go too, when my time comes, and I'll see that this little lad gets there also. He shall never leave me, never! and all because this sly letter of his, which has never even got written, has 'killed two birds with one stone'—found a father for him, and a heart for me!"

And this is all.

But that poor woman who had died of want—who was she? I know not. What had been the martyrdom of her life? I know not. But there is, somewhere in Paris, a man, still young, who is an editor also, a *rédacteur*, but not after the manner of Papa Bouin, nor in a tiny shop. He writes and "edits" many eloquent things, and his name is known to us all. Let us call him, as formerly, John—nothing but John.

Papa Bouin is a very happy old man. He is not merely the "honest man" he has always been, but a good Christian too. He rejoices in the fame of his "Jeannot," as he still sometimes calls the illustrious son of his adoption; and he says (for it is he himself who told me this story without beginning or ending), "I don't know what postman may carry letters of that sort; but anyway, they surely reach their address in Heaven."

"PETER OF THE KEYS."

"WELL, now, I don't know what *you* think about it, but I call that a beautiful account, *I* do!"

It was a master-locksmith of Unterkreutzen who spoke. He and his men, having finished their week's work on Saturday afternoon, were chatting over the news of the day. Their parish church, which had for weeks been undergoing repairs, was to be re-opened on the morrow, and the account referred to above was that given by the local *Weekly Gazette*. It told of all that had been done —the strengthening of the ancient tower, the restoration of the fine oaken roof, the beautifying of the Lady Chapel, the gifts of pictured windows, and much besides.

The men agreed that it was a beautiful account, and that they were proud of their parish church; especially of the handsome scroll-work in wrought-iron—their own handiwork—adorning the new oak doors.

One youth alone, with his head propped on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, sat silent.

"What ails you, Peterkin?" said one of the men; "you, at any rate, don't seem proud of your parish church, to judge by your looks!"

"Not I," growled Peter. "It's not that I find fault with what's been *done* but what's left *un*done!"

"Here's a fellow that's hard to please! Now, has a single thing been forgotten, from the cross on the spire to the scraper by the porch?"

"Yes, there has!"

"What?"

"St. Peter!"

Under its carved stone canopy, on the outside of the church, a life-size statue of the Prince of the Apostles had stood for about six hundred years. It was weather-

stained and moss-grown. The right hand, raised in blessing, had lost two fingers and the thumb; and, in the left, the keys were broken.

"I don't see," continued the boy, "why the patron saint of our parish, and *my* patron, is to be left in the lurch, when all the rest of the church is smartened up. Besides, the keys are the emblem of my trade; and then, too, I like that statue, because it looks straight down on my father's grave."

"You are right, my lad," said the master; "our patron must not be forgotten. We will undertake to repair the statue ourselves."

"Give me the metal," said Peter, "and I will make the keys."

This being settled, Peter took great pains with the design, as well as the workmanship. One key he made of bright brass, gilt, fashioning the head like a trefoil, and the wards like a cross: the other of iron, without wards, and the head a thick circle of metal, a fetter without an end.

Peter was proud when the well-scrubbed statue was once more brandishing its keys. The parish priest, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Your patron will not forget what you have done for him, my boy."

Shortly afterwards Peter, as is customary with apprentices in Germany and Austria, started on his travels as journeyman-apprentice, and gradually worked his way to Vienna. Here he fell in with a former comrade, who professed great pleasure at meeting him again, promised to help him to employment, as he knew the city well, and altogether, seemed likely to be of considerable use to the new-comer. The two shared the same lodging, and for the first evening, all went well. Next morning, however, when Peter got up, he missed, not only his comrade, but the purse containing his small savings, and the old-fashioned silver watch he had inherited from his grandfather—the only things he possessed, except a few poor coppers.

Under these circumstances, Peter thought the best thing to be done was to find his way to the "Schlosser-

hof," of which his acquaintance had told him. This is the Locksmith's Guildhouse, or inn; a sort of club, where those of his craft were in the habit of meeting, and where he would readily hear of employment.

On his way, passing a church, he entered. After a short but fervent prayer before the tabernacle, he begged his great patron to find him work that day; and, as he did so, dropped into the box for the Peter's-pence half of his few remaining kreutzers.

After wandering about a long time, he asked the way of a passer-by. The man, whose dialect was strange to Peter, pointed down one of the streets, and then made a sign with his hand to the right. Following these indications, Peter, after walking some distance, took a turn to the right, when, to his joy, he saw, straight before him, a large building, over the chief entrance of which were the cross-keys, very large, and almost as well made, he thought, as those of his own handiwork for the statue at home.

"The locksmiths here have a grand place for their guild!" he said to himself. "It's ten times as big as the little 'schlosserhof' in our village. They must get famous pay, hereabouts!"

He mounted the steps; the great door was open. He entered the hall. On each side were doors, one of which he opened, expecting to find himself in a refreshment room. Nothing of the kind! Not even a buffet at the far end. On the contrary, the far end was almost taken up by a crimson canopy and curtains, under which, on a dais, stood a throne, with its front facing the wall, and its back towards the room.

Puzzled by this arrangement, he advanced to examine it more closely, noticing, as he walked along, portraits of venerable Church dignitaries hanging between all the tall windows.

"These," he thought, "are the guild chaplains, I suppose, who got to be bishops. But what grand folks the Vienna locksmiths seem to be. They ought to get work for me in no time!"

He reached the dais, mounted it, and sat down on the throne, staring at the curtained back of the canopy, and

wondering if there was anything behind it. He was thus occupied, when a side-door opened, and a servant in livery came in. For one moment, the man was dumb with amazement; but the next he had collared the usurper, and with a torrent of exclamations at his astounding impertinence, began to hurry him out of the room. At this moment, however, two ecclesiastics entered—one in the ordinary dress of a priest, but the elder of the two wore a scarlet skull-cap, and on his breast a small gold cross.

"Stop, Ruprecht," said the latter; "what has this boy been doing?"

"Doing, please your Eminence? Why, I find the good-for-nothing fellow seated in the Holy Father's Chair, just as if he were the Pope himself!"

"Not quite like the Pope," said the Nuncio, scanning the honest face before him. "The Pope would face the *world*, not the *wall*. But what is your name, my son, and how came you there?"

"O my Lord Cardinal Archbishop," said the lad, kneeling down in awe, and stringing together all the titles he could think of, "what have I done! I am a stranger here, a 'prentice from Unterkreutzen. My name is Peter—*there* they call me Peter of the Keys, because I made such beauties for St. Peter's statue."

"And what do you want here, Peter?"

"I came, my lord, to look for work; and——"

"Well! and what?"

"Breakfast, please your Eminence; but this 'schlosserhof' is not at all like ours at home. I don't know where to find the eating-room."

"But this is not the Locksmith's Inn, my boy. Who told you that it was?"

"No one, my lord; I knew it by the keys of Peter."

The Nuncio smiled. "Doubtless it is St. Peter who has brought you to the house of his representative. You shall not want a helping hand. Go with Ruprecht, and when you have breakfasted, this reverend father will speak with you."

The result proved that the priest of Unterkreutzen had spoken truly. St. Peter had not forgotten his client; the good priest readily found work for him.

Peter was skilful as well as honest, and in due time became a master-locksmith himself. He has married a good wife, the daughter of a carpenter: and if ever you go to Vienna, and visit the rather out-of-the-way street called the Zimmermann-Strasse, you may know their house by three small statues under a beautifully-wrought iron canopy over the door. There is St. Joseph, the Foster-Father of Him Who is the *Key of David*,* and patron of the young *Hausfrau*, Josephine; St. Peter, with the keys of Heaven and Hell; and between them, with her Jesus in her arms, that sweet Mother whose prayer is the golden key that can instantly unlock the treasures of His Sacred Heart.

* Isaias xxii. 14. *Et dabo clavem domus David super humerum ejus: et aperiet et non erit qui claudat; et claudet, et non erit qui aperiat*—"And I will lay the key of the house of David upon his shoulder: and he shall open and none shall shut; and he shall shut, and none shall open."

MR. COLLETTE AS A HISTORIAN.

By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.

The irrepressible Mr. Charles Hastings Collette is much disconcerted at the good work done by the Catholic Truth Society in exposing some venerable Protestant errors concerning the Catholic Church. Accordingly his misguided zeal has been stirred up to strenuous action. He has "taken thirteen of their most popular tracts," and "confidently submits to the judgment of the reader whether in his replies he has not sufficiently established the truth of this charge:"[1] the charge, namely, that the Catholic Truth Society tracts are "bristling with fallacies, fictions, and misrepresentations."

We have no intention of replying separately to each of these thirteen valiant replies to the Catholic Truth Society's tracts. Mr. Collette's controversy is not of a very high order, and we should prefer to reserve ourselves for opponents more worthy of our steel. Still as his tracts may do some harm among those who have not otherwise the opportunities of estimating them at their worth, we propose to take the first of the above-mentioned series, or rather the first half of this first tract, and submit it to a thorough examination. We shall then invite the reader to apply to the remainder the principle *Ex uno disce omnes*—"Judge what the others are likely to be from this one." The tract in question, like that of the Catholic Truth Society against which it is directed, bears the title *Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy.*

In the first page we read, "It was Pascal who said 'Truth is of so delicate a nature that the least deviation betrays us into error.'" This is a most righteous position to take up, but unfortunately with Mr. Collette as with Pascal there is a striking want of endeavour to make practice conform with theory. It will be seen that without going beyond the borders of the first half of this first pamphlet, we are compelled to set

[1] *Catholic Truth Society Exposed.* No. 1. By Charles Hastings Collette.

down to Mr. Collette's credit no less than *thirty-one deviations*, no one of which can be called slight.

Father Cologan, the author of the Catholic Truth Society's tract, *Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy*, gave one short paragraph to the matter of Henry's divorce from his wife Catharine of Aragon. Mr. Collette in his reply gives half his tract, eighteen pages, to this point. It is to this portion we are confining our attention.

The Catholic Truth Society tract says:

> Some years after [the marriage with Catharine] the King tired of his wife, who had given him no surviving male issue, and, in love with Anne Boleyn, affected to have scruples about his marriage, and solicited the Pope for a divorce from Catharine, on the ground that the Papal dispensation through which they had married was invalid. The cause of the divorce was a failure, and Henry determined to take the law into his own hands. . . . He had not found the "favour" he expected--in other words, licence for bigamy—so he had recourse to another remedy, his own authority.

To this Mr. Collette rejoins:

> Here we have a complicated series of misrepresentations. Henry's scruples did not originate with his love for Anne Boleyn, nor was his application to the Pope for a divorce, on the ground that the Papal dispensation was invalid; and so far as his application to Pope Clement VII. was concerned for a divorce (and he made no other application to another Pope) it was *not* a failure. Nor did Henry take the law into his own hands and act on his own authority; for the divorce and second marriage were rectified by Convocation, acquiesced in by Bishops and confirmed by Parliament, all members of the Roman Church (p. 5).

This passage gives us three points to examine, and we shall examine them separately.

> I. Henry's scruples did not originate with his love for Anne Boleyn, nor was his application to the Pope for a divorce, on the ground that the Papal dispensation was invalid.

It should be noticed at the outset that Mr. Collette disregards a clause in Father Cologan's statement, and makes him attribute the origin of the King's scruples solely to "his love for Anne Boleyn," instead of to this love supervening on his aversion for Catharine "who had given him no surviving male issue." The omission is material. It might perhaps be

hard to explain why Henry should move Heaven and earth to obtain a divorce for no other purpose than to marry Anne Boleyn, a young lady of very doubtful reputation, who would probably have accepted without so much difficulty the *rôle* of royal concubine, had not circumstances suggested to her that with some shrewd strategy she might aim much higher and attain to a royal crown.[1] What Father Cologan distinctly says, and what seems to us far more likely, is that the King's "scruples" originated with his desire for a male heir and consequent dislike for Catharine, and that they were stimulated by his passion for Anne Boleyn. This misrepresentation of Father Cologan's statement must be set down as *Deviation I.*

What Mr. Collette wishes us to believe is that the King's scruples were of a conscientious kind and were due to his discovery that the marriage with Catharine was against nature. Let us see how he proves it.

His first argument is that the scruples were of very ancient date, though for a time they were satisfied by the advice given him by mistaken counsellors. Catharine had first been married to Arthur, the elder brother of Henry. Arthur died in April 1502, and soon after a dispensation was solicited by Henry VII. of Pope Julius II. to permit of her marriage with Henry. This was obtained, and the two were married, Catharine being then seventeen, and Henry only eleven.

We may remark, by-the-way, that of this grant by Pope Julius at the instance of Henry VII., Mr. Collette says "the Pope sacrificed principle to expediency." This must count as *Deviation II.* For it is said in the teeth of evidence which was under his very eyes. The very first document of Pocock's *Records of the Reformation* is a letter to Henry VII. from Cardinal Hadrian de Castello, through whom Henry VII. made the original application for the dispensation. In this letter the Cardinal says, "His Holiness, after having much praised your Majesty and answered favourably to all your (other) requests, said of the dispensation *that it was a grave matter, and that he did not at the moment know if a Pope had power to dispense in it, but that if it could be done he would satisfy the desires of your Majesty and of the Catholic sovereigns.*"

To return to the main issue. Mr. Collette says that when Henry VIII. came of age to act for himself, he had already

[1] Cf. Friedmann's *Anne Boleyn*, i. p. 46.

discovered that his marriage was invalid, and that *on this very ground* he then protested publicly that it was null and void.

This fact [that Pope Julius had no authority to dispense for marriage with a brother's widow] was brought to the attention of Henry VII., *and that the issue of such a marriage could not succeed to the throne as being illegitimate:* accordingly on Prince Henry's coming of age [Jan. 27, 1505], by his father's command he declared before a Public Notary: "that whereas being under age, he was married to the Princess Catharine, on coming of age he protested against the marriage as illegal and annulled it." This document is in the Cotton Library, Vitell. B. xii. And this took place before Anne Boleyn was born. It was exactly on this principle that Henry separated from Catharine in 1527 (p. 3).

There are several things to criticize in this passage. In the first place the reference to Vitell. B. xii. is so given as to suggest that Mr. Collette had verified it. Otherwise, according to the accepted rules of literary honesty, he should have said where he did get it from. He did not get it from Vitell. B. xii., as it is not there. In all probability he got it from Burnet's *Collection of Records*,[1] where, as he had access to Pocock's edition (for he refers to it elsewhere), he should have seen Mr. Pocock's footnote telling him the protest was not to be found in the Cotton Library. This then is *Deviation III.*

However, we do not question the authenticity of the protest, but only the account given of its nature. It is untrue to say that the protest was motived by any scruples whatever about the lawfulness of the marriage, or that it speaks of the marriage as "illegal." Nor is there any reasonable ground for supposing that Henry VII., and still less Henry VIII., had any difficulties at all about the Pope's competency to dispense. The protest is quite intelligible to any one acquainted with the Marriage Law of those days, and might, and doubtless would, have been made, just as much if Catharine and Henry had been connected by no bond of affinity whatever. In fact the ground of the protest is stated in its text. A marriage contract between very young children was held to be valid in itself, but revocable by either of the parties on attaining to the marriageable age, which for a boy was fourteen. A protest then made by either of the parties dissolved the contract, but, unless it was then made, the chance was lost, and without any further

[1] Vol. iv. p. 17, Pocock's Edition, to which we shall always refer.

ceremony, the contract became irrevocable. Such a protest by his father's desire Henry VIII. made at the age of fourteen, and apparently his father's object in requiring even this much was purely political.[1] He wanted to frighten King Ferdinand, Catharine's father, and prevent him from withholding the remainder of her dowry. As for Henry VIII., his mind and its freedom from the supposed scruples can be seen from the fact that at once on his father's death, namely, six weeks after his accession in 1509, he proceeded to marry her. This protest was indeed utilized by Henry VIII. and Wolsey in their application to Clement VII., but utilized in a way very different from that which Mr. Collette's view of its nature would have led us to expect. This misrepresentation of the nature of the protest is *Deviation IV.*

Mr. Collette next proves the conscientious character of Henry's "scruples" from his undisputed conjugal fidelity up to 1527.

> From 1509 to 1527 the bitterest enemies of Henry cannot point to one act of his married life to his discredit. There is not one atom of evidence to support your slander.[2]

We are prepared for a deal of imaginative history from Mr. Collette, but hardly for this even from him. Just fancy a man undertaking to write of the divorce case, who has never heard of Elizabeth Talboys, and Henry Fitzroy, the natural son whom the King had by her, and whom he afterwards created Duke of Richmond. And there was a similar improper connection with Mary Boleyn, the sister of Anne. That Mr. Froude denies this we all know ; but we all know also that Mr. Froude's authority is generally discredited. Mr. Pocock, a historian of far higher reputation, says, in 1870, "The next point in the case which can no longer be denied with any show of reason, is the King's intrigue with Mary Boleyn, the elder sister of Anne."[3] Friedmann, another writer of high authority, says the same,[4] and has an Appendix in support of his statement and against Mr. Froude's, which cannot fail to produce conviction in any even moderately impartial mind. Indeed, Henry indirectly acknowledged to this misconduct on one oc-

[1] See the correspondence between England and Spain in *Calendar of State Papers*, Spanish (1502–9).

[2] P. 6. The "slander" imputed is apparently the suggestion that Henry was not acting in good conscience.

[3] *Records*, Pref., p. xxxviii. [4] Op. cit., i. p. 43.

casion,[1] and the fact is obviously contemplated by the terms of the dispensation he solicited from the Pope in 1527, namely, to marry, if his first marriage should be annulled, any woman "even if she stood in the first degree of affinity to him, through carnal intercourse, whether licit or illicit, provided she were not his late brother's widow."[2] The suppression of all this by Mr. Collette is *Deviation V.*

Mr. Collette finds a further confirmation[3] of his belief in Henry's conscientiousness from "a letter of the Legate" to the Pope in 1528; the letter saying "that it was mere madness to suppose that the King would act as he was doing out of dislike to the Queen, or out of inclination for another."[4] The letter in question is from the "Legates," not the "Legate," and Wolsey's not Campeggio's hand is conspicuous in its composition. In any case, it is from the private, rather than from the public, despatches of diplomatic personages that we gather their real minds; and Mr. Collette would have done well to mention the cipher despatch sent off about the same time to Salviati by Campeggio: "The King perseveres more than ever in his desire of wanting this woman for his wife, and caresses and honours her openly and publicly as such."[5] This misrepresentation of the value of "the Legate's" letter is *Deviation VI.*

As a fourth piece of evidence for Henry's conscientiousness we are told that the first suggestion of the invalidity of the marriage with Catharine came from abroad in a most serious form.

> Mary was betrothed to the son of the King of France. In 1527, the Archbishop of Tarbes, the ambassador of France in England, advised his master to cancel the contract, on the ground that Mary was illegitimate and could not succeed to the throne; thus practically renewing the fatal objection raised in 1505. This was the first blow. The contract on that ground was cancelled. The objection involved that the succession to the throne would be in James of Scotland, the enemy of England. This episode has lately been called in question. Dr. Lingard, however, gives it credit, but he seeks to establish the fact that the objection, said to be urged by the Bishop of Tarbes, to the legitimacy of Mary, was a mere invention urged by Henry and Cardinal Wolsey to cajole the Primate Warham (p. 6).

[1] Cf. Brewer, C.S.P. *Henry VIII.*, Introd. vol. iv. p. cccxxix, footnote.
[2] Pocock's *Records*, i. p. 23.
[3] Collette, p. 10.
[4] Burnet's *Collection*, iv. p. 106.
[5] Brewer, *Ibid.*, Appendix, p. cclxvii.

Dr. Lingard, we are told, gives this story credit, but at the same time seeks to establish that it was an invention of Henry's and Wolsey's. In other words, Dr. Lingard does not give it credit at all, and in fact Mr. Collette knew perfectly well that Lingard utterly discredited the story: for Lingard[1] has a note on the subject, and finishes with saying, "Hence it is clear to me that the whole story is a fiction." And no wonder. This note is most conclusive. The complete correspondence —instructions, despatches, and journals—relating to the embassy of the Bishop (not the Archbishop) of Tarbes has been entirely preserved and contains no reference whatever to the matter, an omission quite inconceivable if it had been really mooted during the negotiations. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Brewer, in the Preface to his *Calendar of Letters and Papers*, takes the same view.[2] More might be said on this point, but really it is not necessary. *Deviation VII.*

The date of Anne Boleyn's return to England from France is also invoked to prove that his attachment to her had nothing to do with the origin of the King's "scruples."

> From that time, 1527, Henry virtually separated from Catharine. Anne Boleyn was then still in the Court of France, and had not appeared in England, at least the date of her arrival is a disputed question (p. 7).

Mr. Brewer[3] and Mr Friedmann[4] agree with Dr. Lingard[5] in dating Anne's return from France in 1522, and according to Mr. Brewer,[6] in 1527 "it (the name of Anne Boleyn) was buzzed about in every ear, and every tongue was talking of it": he means to say of her love affair with the King. Hence we must find here *Deviation VIII.*

II. We may now leave alone for the present the King's scruples and see whether Mr. Collette is less inaccurate in imputing utter unscrupulousness to Clement VII.

He is anxious to defame Clement, not because he was Clement, but because he was a Catholic prelate and a Pope. Accordingly, he first throws in some other wild charges against Popes and prelates, with the charitable intention of raising an unpleasant antecedent presumption against the conscientiousness

[1] C. viii. note F, vol. iv. p. 584. Edition of 1849.
[2] Brewer, *Ibid.*, pp. ccxxii and cxcviii.
[3] Brewer, *Ibid.*, p. ccxxxviii.
[4] Op. cit., p. 42.
[5] Op. cit., p. 477.
[6] Op. cit., p. cclii.

of any and every Papal act. Clement himself is charged with having sanctioned "the most impudent request for a divorce case ever presented to a court of justice," namely, that of Henry's sister, Margaret of Scotland, from the Earl of Angus. "Roman Catholic Bishops" are charged with sanctioning the divorce of Josephine from Napoleon, merely "that he might marry again to secure an heir to his throne"; and Pius IX. with "giving his dispensation for the divorce of 'Lady Hamilton' from the Prince of Monaco, though there were children of the marriage, on the flimsy pretext, on her assertion, that she had no right *intention* when she married." It is impossible to pronounce judgment on the propriety of these decrees without weighing the full evidence, and Mr. Collette has certainly not had it before him, although his language is calculated and apparently intended to make his readers believe that he has. We can, however, say that the juridical grounds on which these three marriages were annulled were, if substantiated by the facts, clearly sufficient. Margaret claimed that Angus, when she married him, was already married to another, to 'a daughter of Tracquair,' and Mr. J. Riddell considers that her contention was valid.[1] Napoleon's original marriage with Josephine was said to fall under the dire Impediment of Clandestinity, an impediment which the civil law recognizes in England; and the second ceremony which she exacted from him in 1804, was said to have been without effect because he had studiously withheld any expression of consent during the rite, and brought witnesses to prove it.[2] The Princess of Monaco urged, if we remember right, that her marriage came under the Impediment of Fear; that, in other words, she had been forced into the marriage, and had not been a free agent. Mr. Collette says she got a sentence "on her assertion." Perhaps he means to say we are to believe this on "his assertion." But the known character of Pius IX. is sufficient warrant for taking Mr. Collette's "assertion" as false. A fourth case of an alleged unscrupulous divorce on the part of the present Pope is brought forward. It rests on a report "in the *Echo* for March 9, 1891," and gives no materials by which to test it. Mr. Collette's name is down on the list of solicitors. Let us hope for the sake of his clients that his views of the suffi-

[1] *Inquiry into Law and Practice of Scotch Peerages*, vol. i. pp. 470, 471.
[2] Cf. *Life of Pope Pius VII.* By Mary Allies, p. 196.

ciency of evidence are more exacting in his professional than in his polemical undertakings. His attempts to deceive his readers over these four cases make up *Deviations IX., X., XI., XII.*

These, however, are mild charges against the Papacy in comparison with what has next to be considered. Our historian is prepared with evidence that the Popes claim "to set aside the laws of God and man" at the bidding of expediency.

> Popes have repeatedly granted divorces to princes on no legitimate grounds whatever. Of course if you are prepared to maintain that the Pope can do no wrong, and can set aside the laws of God and man, all argument ceases. According to the "Gloss" in your book of Canon Law, on the authority claimed by Popes as alleged successors of St. Peter, Popes can dispense, not [only] contrary to the Gospel, but against the Apostle [Peter himself]. (Dico enim quod contra jus naturale potest dispensare tamen contra evangalium [*sic*] vel contra articulos fidei tamen contra Apostolium [*sic*] dispensat [*sic*].[1] Glossa ad cap. *auctoritatem*, ii. Cause [*sic*] xv. qu. vi. verbo *absolvimus*.)
>
> And in Decret. pt. i. dist. 40, sec. 6, we are told: "The Pope of Rome may be judged by none, but God only, for although he regard neither his own salvation nor no one else, but draws down with himself innumerable people to Hell, yet may no mortal man in the world presume to reprehend him [forasmuch as he is called God he may be judged by no man, for God may be judged by no man] except by chance he be convicted of heresy."

Mr. Collette probably wrote down these two passages with much gusto. Such an illustration of far-reaching erudition, and such a downright knock-down crushing argument against the Pope! Nevertheless, we must pronounce the first of the two an excellent specimen of blundering controversy, and the second an excellent specimen of fraudulent controversy.

As regards the extract from the Gloss, the writer should have explained what the Gloss is, and have given a better reference; for the Gloss is hard to find, being only in a few editions of Gratian's *Decretum*. Since Mr. Collette does not vouchsafe the information, we may say that the *Decretum* is a collection of Canons of Popes and Councils, and of sayings of Fathers and Saints, made by one Gratian in the twelfth century. It became the basis of the study of Canon Law. The Gloss is a Commentary on the *Decretum*, written mostly by

[1] Mr. Collette seldom transcribes his Latin without a gross blunder or two.

one John the Teutonic, a Dominican canonist in the thirteenth century. Being held in high esteem by the canonists of those days, it was sometimes printed by editors in the margin of the *Decretum*. It was essentially a private composition, and did not commit the Church to any of its assertions. Still there is no need in the present instance to disclaim its assertion which, rightly understood, is both intelligible and reasonable. Mr. Collette has, however, interpolated the words, which in transcribing from him we have on that account included in brackets, the terms "only" and "Peter himself."

Obviously the first of these interpolations make a considerable difference. Instead of the Popes claiming "to set aside the Gospel," which would indeed be a horrible blasphemy, they are at best only chargeable with going against "the Apostle." It turns out too that "the Apostle" is not Peter in particular, but the Apostles taken indefinitely. Let us see if this phrase, to "dispense against the Apostle" cannot bear a reasonable meaning.

After the word "Apostle" in the quotation we are dealing with, John the Teutonic adds, "xxxiv. dist. cap. *lector*: lxxxii. dist. cap. *presbyter*." This may be gibberish to Mr. Collette, but it supplies the key to what is meant by "the Apostle"; for it refers us to two instances in which Popes have dispensed from supposed Apostolic *laws* (not *teaching*). The two dispensations referred to by John are not so serious in their nature. The first allows one who had married two wives (of course successively) to minister at the altar in one of the four minor orders; the second allows a priest who had been guilty of fornication, but had repented, to be received back to the exercise of his functions after ten years of specified, and most severe, penance. Both these dispensations were against laws found in the so-called *Canons of the Apostles*. The laws in question are not found in the Bible at all; but even if they were it would not at once follow that they did not permit of dispensation. If Mr. Collette ever has fowl for his dinner, he probably does not think it needful to inquire whether the bird had its neck wrung? Yet if it had he cannot eat it without "going against the Apostle." For did not the Apostles, at the Council of Jerusalem, forbid "to eat things strangled"?[1]

But how about the Pope having power to dispense with the

[1] Acts xv. 29.

natural law? Mr. Collette does not refer expressly to this point in the tract before us, though it is evidently in his mind, and he takes refuge in it, when his interpolations had been detected, in a letter sent to the Secretaries of the Catholic Truth Society on January 23, 1893. The answer is simple enough. A little acquaintance with logic would have taught him to distinguish between these two meanings of which the assertion in the Gloss is susceptible: (1) "The Pope can dispense in *every* matter of the natural law;" (2) "the Pope can dispense in *some* matters of the natural law." John the Teutonic only means to affirm the latter; his censor imputes to him the former. This Mr. Collette could not honestly have done, had he read the Gloss in question right through. The case is of a Bishop who had been compelled by the violence of some lawless barons to swear that he would alienate some Church property in their favour. The Bishop should not have yielded thus to force; but, as he had, what was to be done? Clearly he had no right to alienate land of which he was only the trustee, and the Pope forbids him to do it. Now seeing that the obligation of an oath is a matter of the natural law, how is the Pope's prohibition to be explained? Some, according to John the Teutonic, say that the Pope's action is merely declaratory. He declares this to be a case in which the obligation of the oath lapses, as involving a sacrilegious injustice. Others, with whom John himself agrees, would rather say that there are *some* few cases in which the Pope, by delegation from God, can dispense with the natural law, and that this is one of them. Most modern Catholic canonists would prefer the former explanation to this of John's, but it is a question of words rather than of things. That in such a case all obligation to keep the oath lapses is admitted by all.

This misrepresentation of the Gloss is *Deviation XIII.* in number, though in view of its seriousness we might fairly make it count for half a dozen. At a lecture at St. George's Schoolroom (on Jan. 18, 1893), it was pointed out to Mr. Collette, who was present. Mr. Collette has since promised, in the letter referred to, to suppress a portion of it in a revised edition. This is a step in the right direction. But many other palpable errors were likewise pointed out to him on that occasion. If he corrects this only, and leaves the rest as they stand, his revision will not do him much honour. We would

recommend him also in his own interest to show a little intelligence in his corrections. In the letter mentioned he excuses himself thus for substituting "Peter himself" for "the Apostle":

> In the edition (of the *Decretum*) Coln. 1779, p. 229, tom. i. purporting to be a reprint of Paris edition, 1687, in the text (for there is no "gloss") Peter is named (see col. 2). I therefore concluded that St. Peter was referred to.

It is true St. Peter's name does occur in the text in this place, both in Pithou's Paris edition of 1687 and in every other. It occurs thus. A certain Pope Alexander is mentioned as having dispensed in an oath, and by way of identifying which Alexander it was, he is described as "Alexander, the fifth (Pope) after St. Peter." Mr. Collette should know best how to vindicate his own reputation, but we should have imagined it would have been better served by not giving us this interesting little insight into his modes of inference.

The second extract which Mr. Collette gives is from Gratian. This also we might dismiss as unauthoritative. Gratian takes the passage from a letter attributed to St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, and the fact that he has placed it in his collection does not confer on it any fresh or higher authority. We need not, however, dismiss the assertion of St. Boniface any more than that of John the Teutonic, though neither of them were Popes. Here again the clause which we place in brackets, the clause, "inasmuch as he is called God, he may be judged by no man, for God may be judged by no man," is in this passage an interpolation of Mr. Collette's.[1] This interpolation removed, the passage only asserts what is the obvious consequence, if the Pope is the supreme visible Head of the Church. Since there are none above him on earth, there are none to judge him. But St. Boniface adds what Mr. Collette prudently omits, that "God will judge him and punish him, and that very severely." *Deviation XIV.*

Mr. Collette's unscrupulous endeavour to create from extraneous sources a presumption against Clement's honesty of purpose having broken down, we are entitled to prefer, and shall unhesitatingly prefer, the opposite presumption.

[1] The clause does indeed occur elsewhere in a perfectly lawful sense. See *Does the Pope claim to be God* (C.T.S., 1*d*.), pp. 19–21.

We claim for this Pope his undoubted right to the most favourable construction of all his measures. Nor is it difficult to explain the general course which he pursued in a way conformable with good intentions. Clement may not have been a great Pope like Gregory the Great, or Innocent III., but placed by Charles V. and Henry VIII. in the cruellest of positions, he struggled to do his duty as best he could. Even Mr. Friedmann, though naturally inclined to judge harshly of the actions of a Pope, and though he does charge Clement (on grounds questionably sufficient) of untruthfulness, acknowledges that "he was influenced much more by regard for the welfare of the Church of which he was the head than by fear for his personal safety or by apprehension of another sack of Rome."[1] Now Clement VII. was far from being a courageous man, and would naturally fear very much the peril of personal danger: and he had bitter and recent experience of what a sack of Rome could be. On the other hand, at that time the "welfare of his Church" must to his mind have meant her fidelity in guarding the sanctity of the marriage bond, since her political ascendency would, as far as we can see, have been better served by compliance with Henry's desires. Surely then the praise accorded to Clement by Mr. Friedmann is higher praise than that writer seems to realize. And that this is the truth about Clement's motives comes out strikingly in some passages in the letters of Henry's agents to their master. These agents were ever urging on the Pope the harm Henry would do to the Church if the divorce were refused, and how on their own showing were these threats received? Casale writes:

> On this (namely, on hearing the English threats) our Most Holy Lord showed how distressed he was at heart by the agitation in his arms and his entire person, and he said: "I wish to think over the ruin which is impending over me; and what I have done grieves me greatly; but if heresies and other evils are to spring up, how will it be my fault. It must be enough for my conscience that I have kept myself from the sin of which I should be guilty if I were to grant even what you now ask of me."

He goes on to say that whatever he had promised he had performed, ... that he had denied the King nothing he was able to grant, that he had even gone beyond what was becoming; "but," he adds, "when the integrity of my conscience is in

[1] I. p. 87.

question, I must disregard everything else for it."[1] This was in December 1528. In July 1529,[2] and again in October 1530,[3] Bennet gives a like touching description of the Pope's agitation, but determination to yield nothing against conscience.

It is to a Pope who speaks thus out of the agonies caused him by his English tormentors, that Mr. Collette refers when, concealing the evidence just given and much besides of the same kind, he assures us Clement was a man regardless of any higher considerations than those of worldly ambition. *Deviation XV.*

We shall deal in a moment with Mr. Collette's definite charges against Clement; but first of all a word is necessary to show the true relation of this Pope's conduct to his fears of the Emperor. Charles was a much better man than Henry, and really had a conscience. Still his conscience was far from perfect, and Clement had solid reasons for fearing lest he should resent any Papal action to the detriment of his aunt, Queen Catharine, by doing still further havoc on the Papal States, and holding the Pontiff in captivity. These were matters which Clement was bound in conscience to consider, just as much as he was bound to consider the threats of Henry, when he found himself placed between the two fires. His duty was in the first place, as he has explained it to us, to guard the laws of justice and the sanctity of the Sacrament of Marriage. But his duty was in the second place to try his utmost to combine the discharge of these primary duties with prudent endeavours, by diplomacy and otherwise, to stave off the danger to the peace of the Church from the wrath of powerful sovereigns. This double aspect of his duty should be borne in mind, for it gives us the key to his policy, and will help us to judge of Mr. Collette's misrepresentations. Of these we here find three needing special comment. Mr. Collette says:

> (1) He (Clement) told the Bishop of Tarbes that he would be happy to hear that the King had got married without consulting him, in fact on the King's own responsibility, so that he (the Pope) was not committed by the act.—*Déchiffrement des Lettres de M. De Tarbes.* Le Grand, vol. iii. p. 211, quoted by Froude (p. 10).

And "the Pope recommended Henry to marry again, provided he, the Pope, was not compromised in the transaction."[4]

[1] Burnet's *Collection*, vol. iv. p. 67.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 123.
[3] Pocock's *Records*, i. p. 453.
[4] P. 13.

The reference here given to Le Grand is, like the reference to Vitell. B. xii., both second-hand and incorrect: and correctness here was the more desirable as Le Grand has no Index. The true reference is Le Grand iii. 400. Also, if we could expect in Mr. Collette any command of the facts he undertakes to marshal, we might complain that instead of referring us to the Bishop of Tarbes, who gives a very brief and obscure account of the Papal utterance, he has not referred us to Sir Gregory Casale's letter to Wolsey[1] (June 13, 1528).

Mr. Collette's suggestion is that the Pope said he did not care whether Henry acted conscientiously or not, provided he himself were not involved in the matter. This suggestion is quite unwarranted. One thing at least is certain from Sir Gregory's letter. The Pope's desire was that Henry *should* act conscientiously, and the proposal made was of a method by which he could form his conscience on solid grounds. Beyond that we do not clearly understand what precisely the Pope's suggestion involved, and we imagine that the Bishop and Sir Gregory Casale did not understand it either, or else misrepresented it. The suggestion is in itself simple enough. "I have given them an authorized judge. Let them refer the case to him, and if he decides in their favour, and the King is conscientiously convinced that the judgment has been honestly formed, let him marry at once." As it is clear from Casale's text that Henry was not wanted to go against his conscience, Mr. Collette for this baseless charge against Clement must be credited with *Deviation XVI.*

(2) The next charge against Clement is that he did distinctly, and at the very outset of the negotiations, give Henry a divorce from Catharine and leave to marry Anne.

> In 1528, the Pope gave his written consent that Henry might marry any other woman, though related to him in the first degree of affinity (p. 13).

And in proof of this, the following passage from Dr. Lingard is quoted as from a witness likely to be accepted by Catholics:

> The envoys of Henry (in 1527) presented to him (Clement) two instruments—by the first of which he would empower Wolsey to hear and decide the cause of the divorce; by the second, he would grant to Henry a dispensation to marry in the place of Catharine *any other*

[1] Burnet's *Collection*, iv. p. 41.

woman, even if she were already promised to another, or related to him in the first degree of affinity. The latter he signed without any alteration; the former after it had been composed in a new style by the Cardinal Santi Quarti (he means "Quatro").[1]

There is nothing very alarming in this passage as it comes from Dr. Lingard, but by italicizing one of its clauses Mr. Collette reveals to us that he has understood the dispensation to contain in itself a sentence of divorce or nullity. Could anything be more ridiculous? If he had consulted Mr. Pocock's Index, he would have seen a copy of the instrument in question entered as "Copy[2] of a conditional dispensation for the King to marry again, *on the supposition of the first marriage having been pronounced invalid.*" Had he consulted Mr. Brewer's Preface,[3] he would have found that Henry had indeed at one time imagined he could get a dispensation to re-marry without the character of the first marriage being previously investigated, and that unknown to Wolsey he had sent a secret agent of his own named Knight to solicit it: but that Knight had got nothing of value, and Wolsey, to whom the matter was then left, knew that a dispensation like that was too absurd to expect. And had Mr. Collette used his common sense, he would have seen that if the dispensation had been really of the kind he supposes, all the other commissions, negotiations, trials, etc., which lasted so long and exasperated Henry so much, would have been unnecessary. In that one dispensation Rome would have already spoken and the case would have been ended. We must therefore credit Mr. Collette with another deviation. *Deviation XVII.*

Why then was this dispensation issued so soon? why was it not withheld till the trial had determined if it could have any place? The answer is very simple. There were no telegraphs in those days, or even swift posts. At Henry's request, the judicial inquiry into the facts was to take place in England, and, if it should terminate in favour of Henry, he would like to proceed to his new marriage at once. And as he intended to marry Anne Boleyn, a woman perhaps already contracted to another, and one with whom he had contracted affinity in the first degree by his relations with her sister, he

[1] Collette, p. 7; Lingard, *ibid.*, p. 499. [2] *Records*, vol. i. p. lvi.
[3] C.S.P. *Henry VIII.*, vol. iv. pp. cccviii–cccxx.

required a dispensation to remove these two impediments before he could marry Anne validly.

(3) Mr. Collette's third charge against Clement is that he proposed to give Henry leave to keep two wives at the same time.

> You (*i.e.*, the Catholic Truth Society writer) further say that "Henry had not found favour with the Pope, in other words, licence for bigamy." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his *History of Henry VIII.*, gives the text of a letter under date, September 17, 1530, written to Henry by Gregory Cassalis, his agent at the Court of Rome, the original of which Lord Herbert declares he had examined. In this letter Cassalis informs the King that Pope Clement VII., admitting the importance of this matter, had proposed to concede to His Majesty the permission to have two wives (p. 11).

Mr. Collette refers us to Lord Herbert of Cherbury for this letter of Casale's, thereby showing his want of familiarity with Pocock's *Records*, a more natural and a fuller source for his readers to consult, and one that he ought himself to have studied thoroughly before venturing to come forward as an historical authority on this question. Mr. Pollock's Collection would have told him that Ghinucci and Bennet[1] wrote to Henry on this matter much more fully than Casale. In forming our judgment of the incident, we must remember what has already been observed, that these agents of Henry were men not solicitous about Clement's good name, men who would not mind suppressing the precise details of the Pope's "proposal," and leaving a broad fact which as such was much more objectionable. Still it is clear from their account, even as it stands—and Mr. Collette is culpable for omitting to mention it—that the Pope was not understood by these agents to be making any serious suggestion. He merely "spake so doubtfully" on the subject that Bennet at once suspected it was an attempt to catch the King and his agents in their own toils. Instead of quoting Bennet at length, we may quote Mr. Pocock's summary of the whole affair from his Preface to the *Records*.[2] Mr. Pocock says:

> We come next to the question of the proposal emanating from Clement VII. for the King to have two wives at once. . . . Burnet made the most of it, and hastily concluded that it was a *bona fide* proposal from the Pope, and that the Imperial party were anxious that this compromise should be effected. The parties more

[1] See *Records*, i. pp. 428, 458; ii. p. 9.

[2] P. xlix.

immediately concerned were wiser than the historian of the Reformation. It appears that each party saw through the meaning of the other. . . . It is probable that the suggestion was made in order to give the Pope a handle at some future time to prove that the King had not, as he pretended, been actuated by considerations of conscience; but, probably at this time, each party knew full well that the other was aware that this plea amounted to nothing in reality; for *it is clear that the ambassadors*, though pretending to be shy of the proposal when coming from the Pope, *had it in their instructions to propose it themselves*. Clement pretended that he was doubtful at first whether he had the power to give such a dispensation, but afterwards admitted that he had been informed by his divines that it was impossible: but it seems scarcely possible that the Pope was not aware from the first that such a dispensation exceeded his powers.

Mr. Pocock's authority is recognized as that of a leading historian. Moreover, as we have said, Bennet's letter,[1] to any one who reads it once, dispels Mr. Collette's insinuation that the Pope made a serious proposal to Henry to commit bigamy. This insinuation must therefore be called *Deviation XVIII.*

We cannot resist the inclination here to retaliate a little. A little lower down Mr. Collette invites us to praise the consistency of the "Reformers, Luther, Melanchthon, and others," who, he says, "gave their opinion that the marriage was void; but maintained that the King should not marry again during Catharine's lifetime."[2] Consistency is hardly the special praise which these persons merit. Still in the present instance, from whatever motives, they judged not unwisely. Their judgment, however, was the exact opposite of what Mr. Collette imputes to them: for they replied that such marriages were in themselves undesirable, and, if without dispensation from the proper authority, illicit: licit, however, and valid, if such dispensation has been given.[3] *Deviation XIX.*

But we call attention to these Reformers, because they did seriously suggest what Clement is unfairly charged with seriously suggesting. Luther, in his reply to Henry's request for a judgment, says: "Rather than sanction such a divorce, I would give the King leave to take another Queen as well (as the present one), and after the example of the patriarchs

[1] *Records*, i. p. 458, and Lingard, *ibid.*, p. 554, footnote. [2] P. 15.
[3] *Lutheri Epist.*, p. 290, Ed. Halæ, 1717; Seckendorff's *De Lutheranismo*, p. 112, Ed. Lips. 1694; Burnet's *Collection*, iv. p. 145; *Table-Talk*, c. 50, "On Matrimony."

and kings (of old), to have two queens at the same time."[1] That this was a serious suggestion is proved by comparing it with the similar language of his colleagues: as Melanchthon, in his *Consilium de Divortio Henrici VIII.*, and, according to Burnet, of Grynæus, the Lutheran agent whom Henry employed to collect for him these judgments. Strype also gives a letter, undated, but written about this time by Cranmer to Osiander. The original is in the Cotton Library,[2] from which I transcribe the passage:

> To say nothing of . . . . your allowing the sons of noblemen to keep concubines (that their inheritances may not be split up), ... what can be said by you in excuse of your permitting new marriages after a divorce while both parties still live, or what is still worse, even without a divorce permitting several wives to one man. For you yourself, if I remember right, in one of your letters to me, distinctly said that this was done among you, adding that Philip (*i.e.*, Melanchthon) himself had taken part in this new marriage, I suppose as best man or approver.

And then there is the notorious case of the scandalous permission to have two wives at the same time given to the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, and signed by Luther, Melanchthon, Bucer, and others. At the lecture of January 18th, Mr. Collette indignantly denied that it had ever been given. But there is no doubt at all about it, as he may gather by consulting the critical *Life of Luther*[3] by the Lutheran Professor Köstlin. This scholar tries his best to excuse the deed, but has no thought of denying it. With all this evidence in the field, Mr. Collette might have restrained somewhat his virtuous indignation against a Pope, who, aware of the outrageous notions entertained by Henry and his agents, tried a little *ruse* to shame them into an acknowledgment that their alleged scruples were fictitious.

III. In dealing with the third of Mr. Collette's propositions, we must be content to set down the needful comments with the utmost brevity. This is unfortunate, but necessary in view of our limited space. The proposition, quoted above,[4] is that Henry, when unable to get a favourable sentence from the Pope, did not "have recourse to another remedy, his own authority." "He acted with prudence, forbearance, and not

[1] Epp. supr. cit. p. 290. [2] Cleop. E. v. 111 (old paging).
[3] Abridged English Transl. of 1883, p. 508. [4] P. 2.

on his own authority."[1] That is, he awaited the candid opinions of theologians, and the candid judgment of his own prelates and parliaments, without any attempt to bias their decisions by terrorism and bribery. For of course if he did that he was really acting on his own authority, not theirs; if he did that, he did exactly what the Catholic Truth Society imputed to him by the phrase, "acting on his own authority," and what Mr. Collette unhesitatingly asserts to be untrue.

We will take Mr. Collette's proofs in order:

(*a*) On May 17, 1528, both Cardinal Wolsey and Archbishop Warham, at a Court in Westminster, held that the marriage with Catharine was incestuous (p. 13).

Answer. Here (1) the date is wrong. It was May 17, 1527. (2) They came to no decision at all, but only opened a secret preliminary inquiry, which was at once discontinued when Catharine got wind of it. *Deviation XX.*

(*b*) In May, 1529, the Legate again wrote to the Pope: "It pitied them to see the rack of torments of conscience under which the King had smarted for so many years, and that the disputes of divines and the decrees of Fathers had so disquieted him," etc. (p. 14).

Answer. Mr. Collette says the Legate (he means "Legates") *again* wrote. It is the same letter from which he quoted before, and on which we have commented sufficiently above.[2] This attempt to make two proofs out of one is *Deviation XXI.*

(*c*) In the *State Papers* (vol. i. pp. 195–6), we read that Archbishop Warham decided in favour of the divorce (p. 14).

Answer. This is another similar case of doubling. Warham's decision, which was not a decision, is that just set down under the letter *a*. *Deviation XXII.*

(*d*) At a Court held in June 1529, in the presence of the Legate [he means "Legates"], he [Warham] declared in his official capacity that the King and Queen Catharine were living in adultery, or rather incest (p. 14).

Answer. No reference given for this statement, which is a distinct untruth. Warham said on that occasion that, as to the validity of the marriage, "he referred himself to the judges who were to determine it."[3] The utmost he granted was that, when

[1] P. 13. [2] *Vid. supr.*, p. 6.
[3] L. Herbert of Cherbury, p. 379. Ward and Lock's Edition.

the marriage was as yet only in contemplation, he had disliked it (as many now dislike the marriage of cousins), but that after the Papal dispensation was obtained he had ceased disliking. *Deviation XXIII.*

(*e*) The judgment of the English Bishops, except Fisher of Rochester, in April 1530, had declared the nullity of the first marriage (p. 15).

Answer. No reference for this important statement, and no evidence of it to be found. Of course Fisher was the only consistent advocate of the cause of justice. He, alas! was the only one among them all brave enough to defy the terrorism of Henry even to the cost of his life. But Standish of St. Asaph opposed the divorce in 1529, before the Legates;[1] and Clerk of Bath and Wells and Athequa of Llandaff in the Convocation of 1533. *Deviation XXIV.*

(*f*) The two Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, endorsed this opinion; and in that year the same opinion was formally endorsed by the Universities of Orleans, Padua, and Toulouse; the Faculty of the Civil and Canon Law at Angers; the divines of Bruges and Bologna and Ferraris (*sic*), and the celebrated Faculty of Sorbornne (*sic*) in Paris. This opinion was also endorsed by most of the Jewish Rabbis and the Canonists of Venice, and by many of the Cardinals at Rome; even Cardinal Pole at one time espoused Henry's divorce. . . . As an excuse it has been alleged that all these public bodies were bribed. If that be true what rascals they must have been, and all Romanists! (p. 15).

Answer. (1) Mr. Collette cannot eat his cake and have it. If these opinions were obtained by bribery, whoever be responsible, Catholics or Protestants, Henry's conscience remains undischarged. (2) That they were obtained by gross bribery, terrorism, and chicanery, is not an allegation, but a fact recognized by all competent historians: Lingard,[2] Friedmann,[3] Hallam,[4] Dixon,[5] Pocock,[6] even Froude.[7] (3) Even so they have no right to be called the opinions of these several bodies, as Lingard's note shows. At Cambridge the King only just got his majority of two-thirds, out of a Commission of twenty-nine, by getting one to stay away; at Oxford it was disputed whether

[1] C.S.P. *Henry VIII.*, n. 5732, in ann. 1529.
[2] *Ibid.*, note M. [3] I. pp. 114, etc.
[4] Hallam, *Const. Hist.*, vol. i. p. 83. Ed. 1832.
[5] *Hist. Ch. of England*, i. 34. [6] *Records*, Pref. p. xlvii.
[7] *Hist. of England*, vol. i. c. 3, pp. 263, etc. Ed. 1870.

he got any majority at all; at Bologna he got only the opinion of five friars, given secretly, which the University disowned as soon as they heard of it. At Paris also, where Henry had bribed the French King to put on pressure, he got a small majority on a chance day after many minorities; and so on. (4) The remark about Pole is misleading. (5) True, these people were "Romanists" *at that time*. But bad, or timid, "Romanists," which explains why some of them soon left the Church and drifted into Protestantism. It is out of that class of "Romanists" Protestants are wont to come. *Deviation XXV.*

(*g*) On July 13, 1530, a memorial was prepared to be submitted to the Pope, which was signed by the Archbishop Warham, Cardinal Wolsey, and four other bishops and eleven commoners, representing the justness of the King's cause, and the concurrence of the English and foreign Universities (p. 15).

Answer. (1) Six bishops. Yes, only six bishops. (2) It would have been well to mention that Wolsey just then was in disgrace and desperation. (3) Also that even Burnet attributes the letter to royal pressure: "To make his address to the Pope carry more terror with it, *he got a letter to be signed* by a great many Members of Parliament to the Pope."[1] So here again is only Henry's own authority, and no candid opinion of others. *Deviation XXVI.*

(*h*) On June 1, 1531, a deputation, consisting of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Northumberland, and Wiltshire, with several other peers; the Bishops of Lincoln and London; Drs. Lee, Sampson, and Gardiner, waited on the King supporting the divorce. What was easier for the King than to act on his own authority, had he been so inclined? (p. 16).

Answer. (1) No reference given, and none to be found. (2) Just at the time mentioned a deputation thus composed went to Catharine to persuade her in the King's name to withdraw her appeal, which she refused. The authority for this is a letter of Chapuis,[2] who had no motive for deceiving the Emperor, and who also tells us that the deputation was at heart with the Queen. Mr. Collette's suggestion, based on no other evidence, and in the teeth of this, that a deputation came to Henry spontaneously, is *Deviation XXVII.*

[1] Burnet, i. p. 164. [2] C.S.P. *Henry VIII.*, n. 287, in ann. 1531.

(*k*) In April 1533, the Upper and Lower House of Convocation declared the nullity of the first marriage *de facto et de jure*. At this meeting Cranmer, Gardiner, Stokesly, Clerk, and Longland; and the Bishops of London, Bath, and Lincoln were present (p. 16).

Answer. (1) The reference, to Burnet, is wrong. It should be Pocock's *Records*, ii. 447. (2) The Houses of Convocation did not "declare the nullity of the marriage." They only gave a theological opinion on the abstract question, and a legal opinion on the presumptive evidence of consummation. They were not judges to pass a sentence. (3) They were at this time under terrorism more than ever.[1] (4) We have here from Mr. Collette another case of trying to improve the evidence by doubling. "Stokesly, Clerk, and Longland" *were* "the Bishops of London, Bath, and Lincoln." (5) No one would gather from the way in which his name is mentioned that Clerk's vote was against the King's contention. *Deviation XXVIII.*

(*l*) The Chancellor More himself brought up the petition for a divorce to the House, and both Houses unanimously passed the Act decreeing the divorce, and confirmed the marriage with Anne (p. 16).

Answer. What House, and when? Does he mean Convocation, as his language implies, the present statement following straight on the one about Convocation? If so, he should know that Chancellors appertain to Parliaments, not Convocations. Or does he mean the Parliament of March 1534,[2] the only one which could in any sense be said to "have decreed the divorce and confirmed the marriage with Anne"? If so, he should know that More resigned the seals in May 1532. Or does he mean the Parliament of 1531, to which, in the spring of that year, More did take a message[3] about the divorce from the King—a message to the effect that the King was truly actuated by conscientious motives? If so, he should know that to this day Chancellors or Commissioners can bring down Royal messages to Parliament without becoming committed to approval of their contents. In any case no reference is given by Mr. Collette, and More's consistent view about the divorce is well known. *Deviation XXIX.*

(*m*) The marriage took place in January 1533, celebrated with

[1] Dixon, *ibid.*, i. 151.
[2] 25 Henry VIII. 22, § 3.
[3] Bridgett's *Life of More*, p. 233.

great pomp, bishops supporting Queen Anne's train, and the ceremony was assisted in by the Bishop of Bayonne.

Answer. Two deviations here. (1) The marriage was not celebrated with great pomp, but in the utmost secrecy, being known only to one or two persons. He confounds the marriage in January 1533, with the coronation in June 1533. *Deviation XXX.* (2) The date Mr. Collette gives for the marriage is, though some writers assign it to an earlier date, the one to which the best evidence points. But what follows? Why, that the marriage took place three months *before* "Convocation declared the nullity of the first marriage," four months *before* May 23, 1533, when Cranmer judicially pronounced on this nullity, and a whole year *before* Parliament passed its Act to the same effect. And yet Mr. Collette ingenuously assures us Henry would not act on his own authority, or *until* he had that of his ecclesiastics and Parliament. Is not this simply delicious? And he does not shrink, too, from telling us lower down, without a suspicion of the significance of the date, that "Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne, was born (as she certainly was) on Sept. 7, 1533." *Deviation XXXI.*

And now to finish where we began. Mr. Collette has a fluent pen and limitless leisure. He will doubtless disregard all that has been said here in exposure of his reckless misstatements, and will continue to publish tract after tract of the same quality as this. But we have no intention of troubling ourselves to examine any more of his productions. We will invite our readers to consider whether the hero of thirty-one gross deviations from historical truth in sixteen short pages is not likely to "deviate" just as much elsewhere, and whether, therefore, it is not best to leave his rubbish unread.

P.S.—Just as this tract leaves the press, Mr. Collette's promised revised edition appears. It removes the interpolations from the Gloss, but corrects nothing else. To meet the detection of many misstatements by the correction of one or two is a recognized form of literary unscrupulousness.

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Saint Anselm.

(1033–1109)

By Mrs. Ward.

St. Anselm was born at Aosta, in the north of Italy, about the year 1033. His parents, Gundulf and Ermenburg, were of noble if not royal descent. They had two children—a son, Anselm, who was some years the elder, and a daughter, Richera.

It has been said that Anselm was devoted by his mother at his birth to a religious life, but that his father, though a pious man, wished him to follow the profession of arms and take his place as Count of Aosta at the head of his estate. However this may be, it is certain that very early Anselm showed a marked predilection for a monastic life, so much so that when he found that his father destined him for a military and courtly career, he prayed for an illness which might prevent his entering that state. This prayer was heard, yet it was some time before he obtained the object of his wishes.

He entered the Abbey of Le Bec in Normandy where he became Prior and subsequently Abbot; and

finding in the peace of a religious life all he could desire, he trusted to remain and end his days in this monastery, to which he had become much attached.

Some of the lands of the Norman monasteries lay in England, and it was necessary for their superiors to visit them from time to time and see how they were being cared for and managed. It fell to Anselm's lot to go to England on this mission on different occasions, and the reputation of his piety, his learning, and many gifts, procured him a warm reception from both clergy and laity.

Archbishop Lanfranc, the patron and friend of Anselm had held the See of Canterbury under William the Conqueror who had greatly looked up to him and valued his advice. There can be little doubt that the first William, with all his faults, much excelled most of his descendants in his reverence for Holy Church and her saintly sons.

Mr. Martin Rule, in his interesting *Life and Times of St. Anselm*, says:—

"When William was dying, in speaking of Gerbert Abbot of St. Wandrille, then lately dead, he said: 'Never have I dishonoured Mother Church: on the contrary, it has been the great desire of my life to show her respect. Never have I made traffic of ecclesiastical preferments, and as to simony, I have always detested and kept clear of it. In the choice of dignitaries I have tried to find out sound doctrine and meritorious life, and so far as in me lay I have entrusted the government of the Church to the worthiest men that were to be had. This my boast has its verification in such men as Lanfranc Archbishop of Canterbury, Anselm Abbot of Le Bec, Gerbert Abbot of Fontenelle, &c., &c., and many others of this my realm, whose praise if I mistake not has extended to the very limits of Christendom. Men like these have been my companions in counsel, I have found truth and wisdom in their society, and it has always been a satisfaction and a pleasure to me to avail myself of their advice.'" An interesting incident is related of this King which we must not omit, as it shows the power the teachings of Holy Church

have over monarchs and conquerers. When William was lying in his last illness at Rouen, Anselm, whom he had wished to have near him, was ill at Satteville Priory; and whenever any delicacy was sent to the King he sent half of it across the Seine to Abbot Anselm.

On the 28th of May, 1089, Lanfranc died, and William Rufus lost no time in plundering the Church and oppressing his subjects.

Anselm was pressed at this time to visit England again, to see if its more fertile soil would yield grain for the monks of Le Bec, whose corn-crops had failed from drought. Some rumours seem to have reached Anselm of the impending Archiepiscopate, which afterwards pressed so heavily upon him. At all events he strove with all his might to avoid this visit, when a summons from the Earl of Chester, a very old and much loved friend, who was grievously ill, overcame his resistance. His tender and loving heart could not refuse to go to his friend, who in his distress declared it was only to Anselm that he could pour out his inmost soul; and to England he went.

He found the country in great confusion. The King had held the See of Canterbury vacant for three years that he might appropriate the revenues, and had treated other Church preferments in the same manner. Even his rough barons were scandalized, and Anselm's saintly presence was hailed amongst them as an omen of better things. The Court of William Rufus was so utterly immoral that it was hardly a fit place for a layman of respectable life, much less for a holy monk. But Anselm had a duty to do, nor would anything deter him from offering a chance of amendment to the unhappy sinner whom he now approached.

He had entered England for the inspection of the monastic estates, but his first duty was to pay his respects to the King, and as the Court was then at Westminster he repaired thither. The King received him with great apparent cordiality, and they spent some time in conversing together on general subjects. He then asked the King to give him a private interview. Anselm's rebuke was filled with holy authority, com-

bined with the sweetness natural to his temperament and influenced by his great piety. But the King only burst out into a forced laugh, and told Anselm it was beneath him to believe all he heard. Anselm, seeing no good was to be effected at that time with the royal reprobate, withdrew.

Some years before this, when Anselm was Prior of Le Bec, an incident occurred which seems to have been known all over England, and which impressed the mind of the nation that he was designed to be their Archbishop. One night when Anselm was retiring to rest, a gold ring was found in his bed, and notwithstanding the inquiries made, no one seemed able to tell how it had come there. But when Lanfranc heard of it he said, "Mark my words, that man will some day be Archbishop of Canterbury."

The religious prestige with which the See of Canterbury—'the Chair of St. Augustine'—was invested by the whole people of England was very great; and they felt that a very grievous wrong to the Church was done by keeping the See vacant so long. The clergy and barons therefore approached William and begged that he would allow prayers to be offered in the churches, that God would vouchsafe by the appointment of a worthy pastor to the Mother Church of the kingdom, to raise her up from her fallen estate. The King was rather indignant at the proposal, but gave the permission, adding with a scornful laugh, that, let the Church pray as she might, he should not desist from doing precisely what he pleased, for that no man's prayer should ever change his will.

The scenes which follow are so remarkable as pictures of the times in which they took place that we prefer now and again to quote Mr. Rule's work, which gives them with much vividness.

The King seems at this time to have been pursuing the pleasures of the chase in a royal park in the west of England. William Rufus, while retaining in his own hands the See of Canterbury and its revenues, had detained Anselm in England, who, being refused permission to return to his Abbey in Normandy, retired

to Arle, a manor belonging to St. Peter's Abbey at Gloucester.

One of William's barons had, in the course of conversation, remarked: "We do not know a holier man, I am sure, than the Abbot of Le Bec, Anselm: he loves nothing but God, and it is as clear as noon-day that his heart is set upon nothing here below." "No, indeed?" asked the King with a sneer, "not even upon the Archbishopric of Canterbury?" "Not even upon that, certainly not," was the curt but respectful reply; "such at least is my conviction and there are many others who share it." The King could not restrain himself. "I tell you what," cried the flushed and excited Prince, "he would come clapping his hands and skipping for joy and would throw himself into my arms, if he had the slightest hope of aspiring as high as that, but I swear by the Holy Face of Lucca, that just now neither he nor any other man shall be Archbishop but myself."*

These words would seem to have reached heaven, for scarcely were they spoken when the King was taken dangerously ill. He had been hunting in the royal park of Alveston, in the valley of the Severn, and was carried off in haste to Gloucester, where there was an abbey adjoining the Cathedral, and in a few days Gloucester Castle was filled with the bishops and other clergy, and the nobles who were expecting the speedy death of the King. They assembled round the dying monarch, and implored him to think of his eternal interests—to free his unhappy captives, to forgive his debtors, and above all, to fill the See of Canterbury, the vacancy of which had degraded the religion of Christ in England.

The sick King was alarmed. Eternity was at hand, and William, amidst his wickedness, could not shake off the Faith. He 'believed and trembled.' What now took place we are told by Eadmer, a young monk who had entered Anselm's service in one of Anselm's visits to England, and remained his devoted follower and historian.

* *Life and Times of St. Anselm*, i. 323.

The King, in agonies of terror, cried out for Anselm and insisted that he should be sent for. When Anselm arrived, the bishops consulted him as to the course to be pursued for the salvation of the wretched King's soul. They said they had already advised him to undo the evils he had done so far as he could. Anselm approved of what had been done, and advised that the King should confess his sins, promising to forsake them should his life be spared, and then see that the advice of the bishops should be carried out. The room was cleared and Anselm heard his confession.

The King made the most solemn promises of amendment, even going so far as to commit to writing his intentions, and had the Great Seal affixed to it, and to make them more sacred, he begged the bishops to lay the sacred rod of sovereignty, one of the ensigns of royalty, on the altar on his behalf. Whilst the procession of the bishops left the room, carrying the dove-crowned ensign of royalty to the altar, a clerk was instructed to draw up an edict, in which the sovereign proclaimed three acts of indemnity and pledged himself to as many principles of government. All his prisoners whatsoever were thereby set at liberty, all debts due to him irrevocably cancelled, and all offences hitherto committed against his person consigned to lasting oblivion. The document went on to promise good and holy statutes to the King's subjects, strict observance of law and inquiry into all wrongs and abuses. The contents of the parchment were now read to the sick man, who, amidst tears of joy and exclamations of thanksgiving from the charmed and affected by-standers, commanded the Great Seal to be affixed to it.

Anselm, whose duties were now ended, was retiring, wishing to be alone, when some of those present suggested that now was the time to raise the See of Canterbury from her widowhood by appointing an Archbishop. The King, just absolved and under the influence of his newly-acquired penitence, fervently acquiesced in the suggestion, adding that it was the very thought which occupied his mind. But the Bishop reminded him that he must point out to them the person he desired

for the office. The King, still in extreme illness, raised himself in his bed and faintly said, pointing to the Abbot of Le Bec, "That is the good man—I choose Anselm." A murmur of applause filled the chamber from all present except the Abbot, who stood silent and pale as death.

Some of the bishops attempted to lead him to the King's bedside, but he refused. They remonstrated vehemently, reminding him of the wretched state to which the Church was reduced in England where, said they, the law of Christ had almost become a dead letter and everything was in confusion.

Anselm persisted in his resistance, when the bishops, exasperated by what they considered his obstinacy, dragged him up to the King's bed and forced the pastoral staff into his hand, holding it there while bishops, barons, abbots and courtiers, bore him away in the direction of the Church. As they went, a voice sang out, *Te Deum laudamus*. The clerical members of the moving mob immediately caught it up, and the convoy of laymen shouted as they scuffled along, 'Long live the Bishop.'! *

Thus they gained their Archbishop, and Anselm then learnt that from the Christmas before, communications had been held with Rome as to the subject of the vacancy of the See of Canterbury, and that his name had been mentioned as the object of the national choice.

When Anselm found himself alone with the lords spiritual and temporal, he turned to them and said, "Do you know what mischief you are planning? You are for yoking to the plough a poor weak old ewe by the side of an untamed bull. And what will come of it? The savage bull will drag the poor sheep right and left over thorns and briars, and unless the poor thing disengage herself, will dash it to pieces. The plough is the Church, and in England the two best steers of the herd are set to draw the plough and trace the furrow—the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The King's business is with temporal justice and rule: the Archbishop's with divine instruction and spiritual government. One of them, Arch-

* *Op. cit.* i. 322.

bishop Lanfranc, has left this earth, and the other—the King,—dragging the plough after him at will, has shown the wildness of a bull that nothing can tame, and yet you want to yoke me with him, a feeble ewe with a mad bull." "The King," said he, "will treat me with cruelty, and the Church you are hoping to raise from widowhood will fall into widowhood again, with her pastor still alive." He added that when the King had persecuted him, he would not fail to wreak his vengeance on his bishops and barons, who had desired his promotion. More also he spoke as to his fitness for the monastic life and unfitness for the affairs and business into which he would be plunged when Archbishop: and he then burst into tears and retired to his lodging.

Anselm seemed formed for the quiet prayer and contemplation of the cloister, therefore the prospect which now lay before him was the more grievous. He went to his Abbey in Normandy to wind up his affairs, and returning to England, accepted the Archbishopric on certain conditions, of which the first was the restoration of the lands of the See of Canterbury which had been pilfered by the King. The latter made promises of restoring these, which, needless to say, with all other conditions, he did his best to break. But, to the honour of the English nation, all the barons and some of the clergy stood by Anselm so much that the lands were at last partially restored.

Six weeks after William Rufus' illness at Winchester he was well again, and with his returning health, all his good promises and resolutions vanished. The illness of the King and his seeming repentance, followed by the forcible election of the Archbishop, took place in March, during the Lent of 1093. By Easter the King was well enough to hold his court at Winchester.

Seeing, as Anselm expresses himself in his parting letter to his monks at Le Bec, that the fear of God and the obedience he owed to Him and His Church compelled him to accept the Archbishopric, he wrote to his broken-hearted monks a letter of farewell, with such holy and pious advice as might be expected from a saint.

The King was now bound to put his new Archbishop in possession of his temporalities, but his ecclesiastical domains and revenues had been so rack-rented by the merciless King, that they could not support an ecclesiastic of exalted position. William, who had for his adviser a man called Renouf, known as the Firebrand, tried hard to keep possession of some of the Church lands, but the barons interposed, and William found that the whole nation was indignant. The monk who seemed so gentle and pliable, was as firm as a rock when he saw the interests of God were involved; and the King had finally to yield.

The good Bishop of Rochester had been the chief promoter of King William's short repentance, and doubtless hoping to confirm him in his good dispositions, he urged him, now that his health was better, to live a better life and walk in holier ways before God. But the reprobate had returned to his wickedness. "Know this, Bishop!" he cried, "that never, by the Holy Face of Lucca, shall God have good for evil out of me!"

It is now that we first hear of one of Anselm's miracles. When the court was assembled at Winchester for the Easter, Anselm, the Bishop of Rochester, and others, were in lodgings in an outskirt of the city, when one night a neighbouring thatch caught fire. The flames spread rapidly, and the dwelling in which the Bishops were was being emptied of its furniture to save what might be saved, when the mistress of the house desired that nothing should be touched, as she had no fear. So long as Archbishop Anselm was there, she and hers were safe. Overhearing this, Dom Baldwin of Tournay, who was with Anselm, begged of the Archbishop to lend his help to their hostess. "What can I do? What assistance can I render?" asked the humble Archbishop. "Go out," was the reply, "and make the sign of the Cross before the flames; God might perhaps keep them back." "For me?" said Anselm, "no such thing." But the flames increasing, it was needful to seek safety in flight, and no sooner were they out of the burning roof, than Baldwin seized the Archbishop's hand and made the

sign of the Cross with it in the face of the conflagration. In an instant the flames collapsed and expired, leaving a house they seized half consumed.

The King had now conveyed to Anselm his temporalities but it was not probable that he would live at peace with a holy Archbishop whose whole heart and care were for the things of God; and war soon began. Anselm had warned his suffragans and barons that if he were forced into the See of Canterbury, that See would be widowed with an Archbishop still alive, and his words were now to be verified.

In all the struggles for power between the kings of England and the Church, it was always Rome that was chiefly attacked, and the Pope especially, as the representative of our Lord.

There was then a rival Pope, Urban II. being the true Pope, and the King of course, made the most of this opportunity of giving trouble to Anselm. William's father had tried to place as a law, one of four customs in virtue of which he claimed the right of recognizing a duly appointed Pope, pretending it would appear that meanwhile the disciplinary authority of the Holy See was in his dominions void. In other words, during this interregnum, he deposed the papal power and wished to reign himself instead of it, a proper foreshowing of what Henry VIII. actually accomplished. But the faith of the old Baronage of England in those days was strong, and it was not so easy as in more degenerate times to overcome it. Anselm had, as was then the custom, done homage to the King for his temporalities, but the Pope now forbade churchmen to perform this act of homage, seeing clearly that it was an invention of princes to obtain the investitures of Church dignities which belonged alone to the Holy Father. In fact, it made bishops the slaves, not the servants of their King.*

On Sunday, September 25th, as morning dawned on the inhabitants of Canterbury, the new Archbishop entered the city. He was met by a long procession of monks and clerks who, with songs of joy scarcely audible

* *Op. cit.* i. 387.

above the acclamations of the delighted populace, led him to the venerable Primatial church of Britain. But the King gave no peace to the poor Archbishop, for scarcely had the echoes of the *Te Deum* expired when, insensible to every sentiment of pity or delicacy, Renouf the Firebrand, the King's most evil counsellor, marched into the sacred place. He was come to serve a writ on the new Archbishop. Everyone was shocked at the indignity. "What!" they cried, "might he not pass his first day in peace?"

The account of the first disagreement between the King and the Primate may here be given in the words of Matthew Paris, quoted by Mr. Rule. He says: "It was then that William, King of the English, wishing to circumvent Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, rudely demanded of him a present of a thousand pounds, alleging as his reason—and to him it appeared a perfectly just one—that he had accorded a gratuitous assent to the prelate's elevation to the episcopate. But the Archbishop who could see in such a case no difference between paying down money before promotion and paying it down after, deemed the latter course just as guilty, and just as reprehensible as the former; and as he could not fill the King's purse without violating conscience, chose to incur his resentment rather than cast a blot on his own honour, imperil his own soul, and sow for time to come the seed of inevitable evil and scandal in the Church of God. 'Keep your money and your scolding to yourself,' cried the King; 'I have as much as I want, get away with you.' The Archbishop blessed God for having been preserved from the stain of an evil report, and gave the money to the poor."

The next trouble was caused by the Archbishop's request to go to Rome to receive the Pallium. The King asked from which Pope he was going to ask it, and when he replied, "From Urban," flew into a violent passion, saying that he had no right to call any man Pope in his dominions without his permission, and that it was treason to own subjection to the Pope save by the express grace and favour of the Sovereign.

To settle these and other difficulties, a council was

called at Rockingham, in Northamptonshire. The assembly consisted of the bishops, barons, and a large body of the untitled laity. Its first business was to discuss the obedience due to Pope and King respectively.

The Archbishop, in a dignified speech, addressed his suffragans and explained the cause of difference. He reminded them of his unwillingness to accept his present dignity, saying that he would rather have been burnt alive than made Archbishop, and how they had forced it upon him: that he had as Abbot of Le Bec given his allegiance to Pope Urban and would never withdraw it. Quoting the words of Holy Scripture, he declared that he would give to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's and to God the things that were God's, and begged their counsel and help. But the Bishops were thoroughly frightened and would not stand by him. Their terror of the royal displeasure was so great that they became King's men on the spot, and declined to take his messages to William. Then the heroic Primate, lifting his eyes to Heaven, and with a voice trembling with emotion, addressed them: "Since you who are called the shepherds of the flock of Christ and the princes of the people will not give counsel to me your chief save according to the behest of a mortal man, I will resort to the Chief Shepherd and the Prince of all. To the Angel of Great Counsel will I turn and crave the counsel I must follow in this affair, which is not mine but His and His Church's. And as I have said, in those things which appertain to God, I will yield obedience to the Vicar of St. Peter, and in those things which by law concern the territorial rank of my lord the King I will give faithful counsel and help to the utmost of my power."

Then finding the Bishops had retired, too much alarmed to carry his words to the King, Anselm walked into the royal closet, repeated his declaration to the King, and came back again.

The anecdote which follows curiously disproves the popular delusion that Holy Scripture was an utterly unknown book to the laity in the middle ages. The lay element in the council was thoroughly roused to indigna-

tion by what they had now seen and heard. Their Christian instincts and their English hearts too well informed them who was the real friend of truth and liberty.

Eadmer relates that now a knight stepped forward, and, advancing before the altar, knelt down before the Archbishop, and thus addressed him: "My Lord Archbishop, and Father in God, your suppliant children beg you through me, their spokesman, not to let your heart be troubled at the words you have just heard. Remember how Job on his dunghill vanquished the devil, and so avenged Adam's wrong who fell in the Garden," meaning probably that in adversity there is safety, but prosperity is our greatest danger. Though Anselm scarcely knew English well enough to follow all the words, he caught enough to see that the laity of England was on his side, "and we," says Eadmer, "took courage and were tranquilized, feeling sure that the voice of the laity was the voice of God."

The King of course swelled with rage at being thus met by the firm and heroic churchman, and endeavoured to stir up his subjects, both bishops and laity, against the Primate, but in vain. The terrified prelates indeed were cowardly enough to renounce their fealty to the Primate, but when the King charged the barons to follow their example, he met with a stout resistance. "We were never his men," said they, "and we cannot abjure a fealty which we never swore. But he is our Archbishop: the religious interests of England are entrusted to his keeping, and so long as we live in England the very fact that we are Christians makes it impossible for us to slip the bridle, particularly as there is not a stain of reproach upon him that can bind us to treat him otherwise than we do."

The King felt that it would not do to go further with his stubborn barons; and the bishops hoping to escape the scorn of men whose statemanship, whose theology and whose manhood made them ashamed of themselves, hung down their heads while one of them was called Judas, another Pilate, a third Herod, and so on, by the scornful and indignant peers, who thus showed that they

were at least well acquainted with the history of the New Testament and the doings of those worthies. The Archbishop asked for leave to go to Rome, but as the King did not agree to this he returned to his see.

Meantime the King had recognized the lawful Pope, and a Cardinal, at this time, sent by his Holiness, arrived at Court to give the Pallium to the new Archbishop. The King tried to get Anselm removed by the Pope from the Archbishopric, but the Cardinal assured him that such a step was impossible; and William, seeing himself utterly defeated, sent for Anselm to Windsor Castle, where an apparent reconciliation was effected.

The Pallium had been sent to Canterbury, where Anselm was to receive it from the hands of the Papal Legate. As Anselm left Windsor Castle, two of his suffragan bishops followed him, Robert of Lorraine, Bishop of Hereford, and Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, who begged him to forgive them their denial of him at Rockingham. Compassionating their distress, he halted at the nearest wayside church, and there gave them absolution. The Bishop of Hereford died a few weeks after this.

It was at the High Altar of Lanfranc's basilica in Canterbury Cathedral, that Anselm received the Pallium. It was a picturesque ceremony, and first the Cardinal, then the bishops in their order, then the lower clergy, advanced one by one, knelt at his feet, and kissed the sacred ornament. Then the Mass began, and when the Sanctus was finished, and he descended from his throne to the altar to begin the Canon of the Mass, the Pallium was wet with his tears.

William Rufus, however, only bided his time to renew the war with his Primate. The kingdom, owing to the tyranny and vices of the sovereign and his advisers, was one vast scene of physical woe, moral degradation, and social chaos; and Anselm, finding that he was powerless to remedy evils which were upheld by the sovereign himself, felt that the authority and sentence of the Holy See upon these things should be sought. After much persecution and many difficulties with his

tyrannical master, Anselm obtained the King's leave to quit England.

The narrative of his last interview with the King is very touching. "Sire," he said to William, "I am going. Had it pleased you that I should go with your good will it would have been at once much more becoming to you, and much more agreeable to all good men. But things have taken another turn. For your sake I am sorry for it; for myself I will endeavour to bear it with even mind, and by God's blessing will never on that account give up the tender interest I take in your soul's welfare. Now, therefore, as I know not when I shall see you again, I commend you to God; and as a Father in God to his dearly beloved son, as Archbishop of Canterbury to King of England, I wish to give you God's blessing before I leave, and my own if you will not refuse it." The Prince was abashed, and said, "I do not refuse your blessing." The Prelate rose, and as William bent his head, made the sign of the Cross over him. Thus they parted in October, 1097.

When Anselm reached Lyons, he sent a messenger to Rome with a letter to the Pope explaining the cause of his journey, his desire for an interview with His Holiness. From this we extract some passages.

"It seemed to me better to die out of England than to live in it, so many were the evils which it would have been wrong in me to tolerate, but which I had not the power allowed me of correcting. 1st. The personal conduct of the King was far from what it should have been. 2nd. He treated vacant churches in a manner the very opposite of right. 3rd. He oppressed me and the Church of Canterbury in many ways:—i. By not restoring Canterbury lands which he had given to some of his knights when he had the Archbishopric in his hands after Lanfranc's death. ii. By giving away others after my institution according to his own caprice and without my will and consent. iii. By requiring of me grievous services unknown to my predecessors and beyond the extent of my power and duty. I saw that he was overthrowing both the law of God and Papal authority by certain arbitrary customs.

"Seeing there was no one who could give me help or advice, I asked his leave to come to you and unbosom my troubles so that by your advice and help I might do what was best for my own soul. But the King was very angry, tried to make me do him satisfaction for this as if I had done him a grievous injury; and never in an emergency to seek the Pope; or else to appeal to your Holiness at once if I ever meant to do so. Hence it is that choosing the second of these alternatives I have crossed the sea to come to you."

It was on the 20th of March, 1098, that our saint reached Rome. The Pope received him with the greatest kindness, listened with all sympathy to the tale of his wrongs, and approved his conduct in all particulars. He also wrote to the King, requiring that he should be re-instated in his rights and possessions.

The Pope having in 1098 called the Council of Bare in which the question of the Procession of the Holy Ghost was discussed, ordered the Saint to be present, and, placing him next him, told him that he thought God had brought him thither to defend the Church against her enemies. Anselm spoke with so much learning, penetration, and judgement, that he silenced the Greeks, and all present joined in pronouncing anathema against those who should afterwards deny the procession of the Holy Ghost from both the Father and the Son. When the behaviour of the King of England fell next under debate, the Council was equally won by the charity of the Saint, who cast himself on his knees before the Pope, and persuaded him to stop the sentence of excommunication which he was about to pronounce on the iniquitous monarch.

Anselm stayed some time at Rome with the Pope, who always placed him next in rank to himself. After the Council of Rome in 1099, he returned to Lyons, where he was entertained by the Archbishop with the greatest cordiality and regard. Before leaving Rome Anselm had implored the Pope to receive his resignation of the Archbishopric, but the Pope absolutely refused.

Meanwhile the state of England was as deplorable as ever, and the life of the Red King as wicked. The

Pope and the Archbishop both wrote to the King, but without any good result, and he only threatened to put out the eyes of Anselm's messenger.

Pope Urban died in July, 1099, and was succeeded by Pope Paschal II. To him Anselm wrote, detailing the miseries of his Archiepiscopate and of England in general.

Seven years before this, a fiery crozier had been seen passing along the sky, surely an emblem of the struggle which was coming. And now William Rufus dreamed a strange dream. Before him was an altar, and on the altar a Child divinely lovely. He approached the Child, laid hold of him and began to eat. The flesh was sweet to the taste, and he ate on, when the Victim bent an angry look on him and said, "Stop, you have gone too far!" William awoke in great alarm and next morning asked the saintly Bishop of Rochester what this might mean. "Good King," said the Bishop, "cease from persecuting the Church; a kind God has sent you this dream. Accept the reproof; do not go to the chase to-day." He heeded the words so far as to remain the morning at home. He then dined, ate and drank more than usual, and went to the chase. That evening he was found dead, pierced through the heart with an arrow in the New Forest.

The accounts are so varied of the way in which this awful event occurred that it is impossible to say through what agency it happened. The body was laid on the cart of a charcoal burner named Purkiss, who lived in the Forest and whose descendants are said to be still found in the same spot; and next morning it was buried by the monks under a ruinous tower close to the Cathedral Church of Winchester. William's death happened on the 2nd of August, 1100.

Prince Henry Beauclerc, William's brother, no sooner heard of the event than he hurried to Winchester, overbore the opposition of such of the barons as declared the crown to belong to his brother, Duke Robert of Normandy, and seizing the royal treasure, proceeded at once to Westminster, where he was crowned on August 5th, a few days after his brother's death.

It is related that early in the morning of the 1st of August one of Anselm's attendants who was lying awake but with closed eyes outside the Archbishop's room, saw a comely youth who approached him and said, "Adam, are you asleep?"—"No," was the reply. "Would you hear the news?"—"Yes," answered the attendant. "Know then that the difference between Archbishop Anselm and King William is ended and appeased." Adam opened his eyes, looked round but saw no one. On the following morning, in the early hours after midnight, one of the party stood singing matins with his eyes closed when someone appeared holding out to him a small scroll on which were the words: "William the King is dead." He opened his eyes but saw none but his companions.

Towards the end of August, Anselm was at Chaise Dieu, when two visitors were announced—a Christchurch monk and a monk of Le Bec. These two men brought him the news of the King's death. For a few moments the Archbishop sat stunned with dismay and horror, and then gave way to a paroxysm of grief, gasping through his sobs, "To die like that! O that I had been taken instead of him!"

Anselm returned at once to Lyons, where a letter from the Christchurch monks was brought him, conjuring him to return to Canterbury.

A letter also reached him from the new King, Henry I. It ran thus:—

"Be it known to you, my dearest Father, that my brother King William is dead, and that elected, thank God, by the clergy and people of England, I, with all the people of England call upon you as our father to come as quickly as you can and give your counsel to me, your son and them, as to those whose souls have been committed to your care." He then advised him not to return by way of Normandy, which was in confusion, owing to the two claimants for the English throne, but by Wissant, and assured him that his barons would meet him at Dover with money to repay what he had borrowed.

Anselm landed at Dover on the 23rd of September, 1100. The King had summoned the Court to meet at

Salisbury in September, and the Primate was there. Henry received him most graciously.

It must have been a great relief to the Primate and all the clergy to have a man of higher education and refinement and of comparatively respectable life to reign over them, after the profligate barbarian who had just been taken from them by a sudden and violent death. Yet though Henry ruled in a more refined way, the old Norman ambition which had been introduced at the Conquest, of desiring to be head over both Church and State, was not subdued, and a long struggle as to the right of investitures of Church dignities and Church lands followed. Letters and embassies to Rome passed, and the King still imitated his evil brother, Rufus, in his endeavours to subject the Spouse of Christ to the temporal power.

The Queen, a daughter of Margaret the sainted Queen of Scotland, and a person of great piety, had always been Anselm's devoted daughter and firm friend. Before her marriage, her relations, fearing for her safety in the lawless times in which she lived, had placed her in a convent, where Henry sought her for his bride. It was supposed she had taken the veil, but as she strongly asserted this was not the case, Anselm and other prelates examined the facts, and having clearly proved that no vows had been taken by the princess, or any intention formed of entering religion, she was married to Henry on the 11th of November, 1100.

Nearly four years had since elapsed in the constant struggle between the King and Anselm, whom nothing could force to consent to place the Church in bonds to the royal power.* The Archbishop had now reached his seventieth year, and his health, always weak, was worn by asceticism. Once only in the day would he, at the solicitation of his monks, consent to take some little meagre sustenance, and even then he ate sparingly.

Finding all his arts to subdue the Archbishop unavailing, and not liking to incur the odium of banishing him, Henry cunningly devised the plan of sending the Archbishop to Rome under pretence of consulting

* *Op. cit.* ii. 291.

the Pope as to the questions at issue respecting his customs the giving of investitures, &c., and so keeping him out of England. The Archbishop set forth on a journey which in those days involved months of fatiguing travelling over rough and perilous roads, difficult and dangerous to young and active men; how much more to one so advanced in years and with a worn and enfeebled constitution!

Anselm, however, never daunted in the service of God, for whom he would undertake all dangers, set forth, and landed at Wissant on Monday, the 27th of April. And after a short stay at his former beloved home, Le Bec, he passed on to Chartres, where he was most kindly received by the Countess Adela, Henry's sister, the Bishop of Yves, and many others, who all joined in persuading the Saint to postpone his journey on account of the heat, and many dangers at a time of the year that wayfarers did not usually travel. So that by the sheer force of their advice, wrote the Saint, they have prevented me going.

About the middle of August, Anselm again set forward for Rome. An annalist who wrote two generations after the event expresses himself thus upon the journey:—"St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, yielding to the urgent entreaty of King Henry I., set forth for Rome to get the Apostolic See to grant confirmation of that prince's customs which it is now [*i.e.*, in Henry II's. time] the fashion to call the laws of the king's grandfather and the royal liberties. But he cannot have expected, neither did he wish to succeed. For call them what you will, they are nothing less than abuses foisted on the country by tyrants, and tricks of the devil for the subversion of the Church's freedom."*

The reply of the Pontiff to these enforced demands requires no repetition. The King had forbidden the Primate to return to England, unless he complied with demands which enslaved the Church, and Henry had availed himself of the Archbishop's absence, reduced him to beggary, and treated his complaints, admonitions, and threats with cool indifference. The Holy Father

* *Op. cit.* ii. 307.

felt that it was time the Archbishop should be protected and the offender brought to penance. He threatened the King with excommunication.

As Anselm was passing in the direction of Rheims, he heard that Adela, the Countess of Blois and Chartres was very ill. He was her director, and at once turned back and hurried to Blois; there he found the Countess better, but in great distress about her brother, whose excommunication she was dreading. An interview with the Archbishop and Henry was arranged by her means at the castle of L'Aigle in Normandy, the same castle in which had been enacted the scene of the quarrel between the three brothers, where the two younger ones threw water on Robert their elder brother, afterwards Duke of Normandy. The King had promised his sister that in this interview, could it be arranged, he would make great concessions. It is not known accurately what passed. Henry sought Anselm, and they embraced and remained alone for some time; and when the interview ended, it was seen that the King and Primate were friends again. On Saturday, 22nd of July, 1105, Henry by formal document reconveyed to the Primate the temporalities of his see, and in so doing tacitly relinquished the claim about investiture and homage, which had occasioned all these troubles. Thus ended the King's persecution of the Primate. Anselm had won a great victory.

The King now having returned to England, and finding all his affairs in great disorder, sent to Anselm urgent messages to come back to his widowed Church.

The Primate, consoled by the new hopes of peace, for his see and for the Church in England, gathered up strength and set forth, but fell ill at Jumièges. The King wrote him a pathetic letter from Windsor deploring his illness, and assuring him he should come to him ere long. The Queen also wrote, ending her letter with the words, "May the all-merciful Omnipotence of God restore you."

Anselm again revived, consoled and strengthened no doubt by the words of affection and reverence from the King, whose true friend he had ever remained through

all the discussions and dissensions of his Archiepiscopate, and from the Queen, who had ever revered him as a saint and as her Father in Christ. He set out from Le Bec, whither he had retired when his malady overtook him to reach England. A pretty story is related of the Archbishop's illness. He was lying at Le Bec in a hopeless state, so hopeless that Bishops and Abbots had been summoned to attend his funeral which it was thought must take place in a few days. In this state his afflicted children were kneeling round him imploring him to try and take some nourishment, for his extreme abstemiousness had rendered him so averse to food that now it seemed he could not eat. At length he faintly said, not for his own sake as he thought his end was near, but for theirs, 'Perhaps I could take some partridge if it could be had.' At once some of the inhabitants of the monastic establishment set out to hunt the country in search of a partridge, but in vain; all the day was spent and no success, when a servant of the monastery going by chance through the neighbouring wood on some other errand, he saw in the pathway before him a weasel with a partridge in its mouth. The weasel dropped the bird and fled, leaving its prey to the monk who carried it home in triumph to the kitchen. When it was cooked a morsel of it was offered to the invalid, who now slowly recovered.

We will now follow the narration of Eadmer, as quoted by Mr. Rule, of the last days of the Saint:—

"Not long after his return to England, it was evident that the health of the holy Archbishop was declining. His heart was already in Heaven, but his will united to that of his Lord was still willing to remain and toil and suffer for Him yet longer if it were the Divine pleasure. One of those who were with him seeing his weakness ventured to say: 'Father and Lord Archbishop, the Easter court that you will attend is an Easter court with our Lord God.' It was Palm Sunday. 'Yes,' he replied; 'if it be His Will I shall obey it willingly. But were He to let me stay with you a little longer till I had resolved a problem about the origin of the soul, I would gladly accept the boon; for I do not know whether

anyone will work it out when I am gone. If I could but eat I think I should pick up a little strength. I feel no pain in any part of my body; only I cannot retain nourishment, and that exhausts me.'

"And then he sat still, revolving the problem of the origin of the soul. To a mind so formed for meditation and heavenly contemplation, it must have been no ordinary cross to have to descend into the arena of earthly combats and struggles even though it was for his Lord that he fought.

"But his weakness daily increased. He could no longer stand at the altar, and was daily carried into his chapel in a chair to hear Mass. Still the intellect remained clear and bright as ever. On Tuesday, as it was growing dusk, the recently consecrated Bishop of Rochester asked him to give his blessing to the by-standers and all the Christchurch monks, to the King and the royal family, and the good people of England who had ever been true to him. He was still sitting though unable to speak articulately; but bending his head to the crucifix, raised his right hand, and with all his old vigour made the holy sign with it. Then he sat still.

"About midnight—he was by this time lying in his bed—the monks went into choir to sing matins, and one of the small group of attendants who remained with him took up the book of the Gospels, and began to read the Gospel for the day, the Wednesday in Holy Week. Anselm lay listening. The reader had only reached the words 'Ye are they who have continued with Me in My temptations, and I appoint unto you as My Father hath appointed to Me a kingdom that you may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom,' when the summons came. The breathing grew slower, and they lifted him from the bed to the sackcloth, on which a Christian then should die.

"The brethren in choir, startled by a sharp quick whirl of the wooden rattle, quitted their stalls, and went in dumb procession to the death room, and so with all his children gathered round him he breathed his last breath into the hands of his Creator, and slept in peace.

"It was the day before the Maundy; on the 21st of April, 1109, in the sixteenth year of his pontificate, and the seventy-sixth year of his age."

The struggle of Anselm with the temporal power had lasted sixteen years, the long and weary period of his Archiepiscopate, and notwithstanding the gentle, tender, and patient temperament of the churchman, and the violent and rapacious character of his royal persecutors, no protection of the immunities of the Spouse of Christ could be more firm, no resolution so immovable where the interests of his Lord were concerned, than that of the holy monk who had been forced into the position of guardian of the interests of the Church in this country. So far as he prevailed it was by his great personal holiness and his inflexible determination to defend the rights of the Church against her enemies which seems to have, at least to a great extent, subdued King Henry I. Though truly the old leaven was not absolutely eradicated as it arose again under King Henry III., and caused the exile of another saintly Archbishop, St. Edmund. But Anselm had in the conflict in his time prevailed, had kept England in union with the centre of Christendom, and had preserved the Spouse of our Lord from the fetters which were being forged for her by the malice and ambition of godless kings.

GOOD FRIDAY.

WE have come now to the day of the Church's widowhood, and she would have it to be a day of desolation, as her true children feel it to be. The Sanctuary is altogether bare and unadorned. The Altar was stripped of its ornaments yesterday morning, and nothing remains except the Crucifix, now veiled in black, and the six candlesticks. The sanctuary carpet has been taken away, and even the candles are not lighted until the latter part of the function. To enable us to enter into the spirit of this service, and to appreciate fully the meaning of its various parts, we must bear in mind that to-day the priest does not offer sacrifice—that he does not, so to say, stand in the place of Jesus Christ and speak in His name and with His power; but rather as the spokesman and representative of the congregation present: as a consequence of this, they follow and take part in the various acts of reparation he performs. This is the key-note to the right understanding of the whole function.

The service of to-day consists of a series of distinct actions. We shall divide our explanation into four parts: 1. *History*, containing the Prophecies and the Passion according to St. John. 2. *Supplication*, containing public prayer for all sorts and conditions of men. 3. *Reparation*, containing the unveiling and adoration of the Cross. 4. The *Mass of the Presanctified.*

I. THE PASSION.

The choir and sacred ministers approach the Sanctuary in silence. Neither incense nor lights are carried before them, and the vestments are black, "as when one mourneth." On the Altar there is neither Missal nor Altar-cloth. When the sacred ministers reach the Sanctuary, instead of beginning by public prayer, they prostrate themselves on the ground in silence, while a cloth and the book are laid on the Altar. They then rise, and at once proceed to read the Lessons and Collects, which bring before us the Paschal Lamb, the type of the Lamb

of God, Who is to-day sacrificed for our sins. These Lessons prepare us for the "Passion," which gives us St. John's account of the terrible events of this great day. The Passion is sung, as on Palm Sunday by three deacons (or priests), who each take a part, the choir sustaining, as before, the part of the multitude.

II. THE PRAYERS.

The second part of the service consists of *supplication* and *petition*. The idea of the Church in this action is to make intercession with God on this day for all classes and conditions of men. While the Church bids us pray at all times for the conversion of sinners and evil-doers, on this day she makes *public* and *official* prayer for those who are "enemies of the Cross of Christ." For mercy knows no bounds; and our dying Saviour has given utterance to the words, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*

The Celebrant sings eight prayers, each of which is prefaced by a few words to show its object. Before each prayer the deacon bids us all kneel for a moment, and the subdeacon bids us rise, to show by this bodily action our union in the petition made by the priest in our name. First comes the prayer for the Spouse of Jesus Christ, the Church of God; then the prayer for the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Pope happily reigning; then the prayer for bishops, priests and other servants of the Church; then the prayer for catechumens; then the prayer for all in tribulation or danger; then the prayer for heretics and schismatics; then the prayer for the Jews; and, lastly, that our charity may embrace all human creatures for whom Jesus shed His Blood, comes the prayer for pagans. Before the prayer for the Jews, the deacon refrains from bidding us to genuflect, because they turned this mark of adoration into an insult against our Lord in His Passion.

III. THE UNVEILING OF THE CROSS.

The third action in to-day's service is *reparation*. The Church will have us make what reparation we can to

Jesus Christ for the ignominy of His passion by showing honour and veneration to the cross in memory of His Crucifixion to-day. Accordingly, the Celebrant takes off his chasuble, the symbol of his priestly dignity, in order to be the first to humble himself on this day of mourning. He receives the veiled cross, and, standing at the side of the Altar, he uncovers a small part, raising it slightly for people to see, and sings in a low voice: *Behold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the salvation of the world;* and all kneel to pay their homage to the sign of our redemption. Mounting nearer the Altar, he goes through the same ceremony a second time; and then, coming to the centre of the Altar, he removes the veil entirely, and lifting the cross aloft sings on a high note the same words a third time, in memory of our Saviour's words: "When I shall have been lifted up, I will draw all things to Myself." By this uncovering of the Cross is represented the gradual preaching to the Jews and afterwards to the Gentiles the great mystery of the Crucifixion, "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Gentiles foolishness."

The Celebrant then places the Crucifix on the ground, and, in token of his humiliation and abasement, takes off his shoes, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground, and goes to kiss the feet of the figure that represents his dying Saviour. As he approaches, he kneels three times and finally kisses devoutly the symbol of our redemption. All who are present follow his example, either at this Crucifix or at one of the Crosses in the side chapels (according to convenience), taking care to make *three* genuflexions (not more), and making the third close to the Cross itself, so that as they kneel they can kiss the figure. During this touching ceremony, the choir sings in plaintive chants the *Reproaches*, which bring before us in a dramatic way the rebukes, loving and gentle, addressed by our Saviour to the Jews. It will help us much to realize to-day's events if we read these Reproaches, which our dear Lord addresses now to us.

IV. THE MASS OF THE PRESANCTIFIED.

We need not delay long over our explanation of the fourth action in to-day's service—the Mass of the Presanctified. The candles on the Altar are now lighted in reverence for the coming Presence of Jesus Christ. The clergy go in procession to the Chapel of Repose, and bring back to the High Altar the Blessed Sacrament, which has been reserved in a chalice since the Mass of yesterday. During the procession the choir sing the *Vexilla Regis*. On this day alone throughout the Christian year the Church suspends the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that our thoughts may be wholly taken up with the contemplation of the one Sacrifice that was consummated to-day on Calvary. The Blessed Sacrament, which the Celebrant receives to-day, was consecrated (or *presanctified*) yesterday. Consequently, since there is no actual Sacrifice to-day, this part of the service is called the *Mass of the Presanctified*. When the Blessed Sacrament is brought to the Altar, the priest incenses It. He then turns to the people and bids them pray (*orate, fratres*), and himself prays aloud, singing the *Pater noster*, He holds up for their adoration the Sacred Body of our Lord, and then reverently receives It. To mark our mourning and confusion to-day, the priest does not remain at the Altar to say any public prayers of thanksgiving or to give a blessing, as in other Masses; but straightway leaves the Sanctuary. As soon as he departs, the Vespers are recited as yesterday, and the altars are stripped. The Sanctuary is empty, its light is gone, no lamp burns in any part of the Church, the pictures are veiled; the naked Cross stands alone to proclaim the mourning of the Spouse for the Crucifixion of her Lord. *They shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for an only son, and they shall grieve over Him as is the manner to grieve for the death of the first-born.*

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